Collier's

MAY 3, 1941

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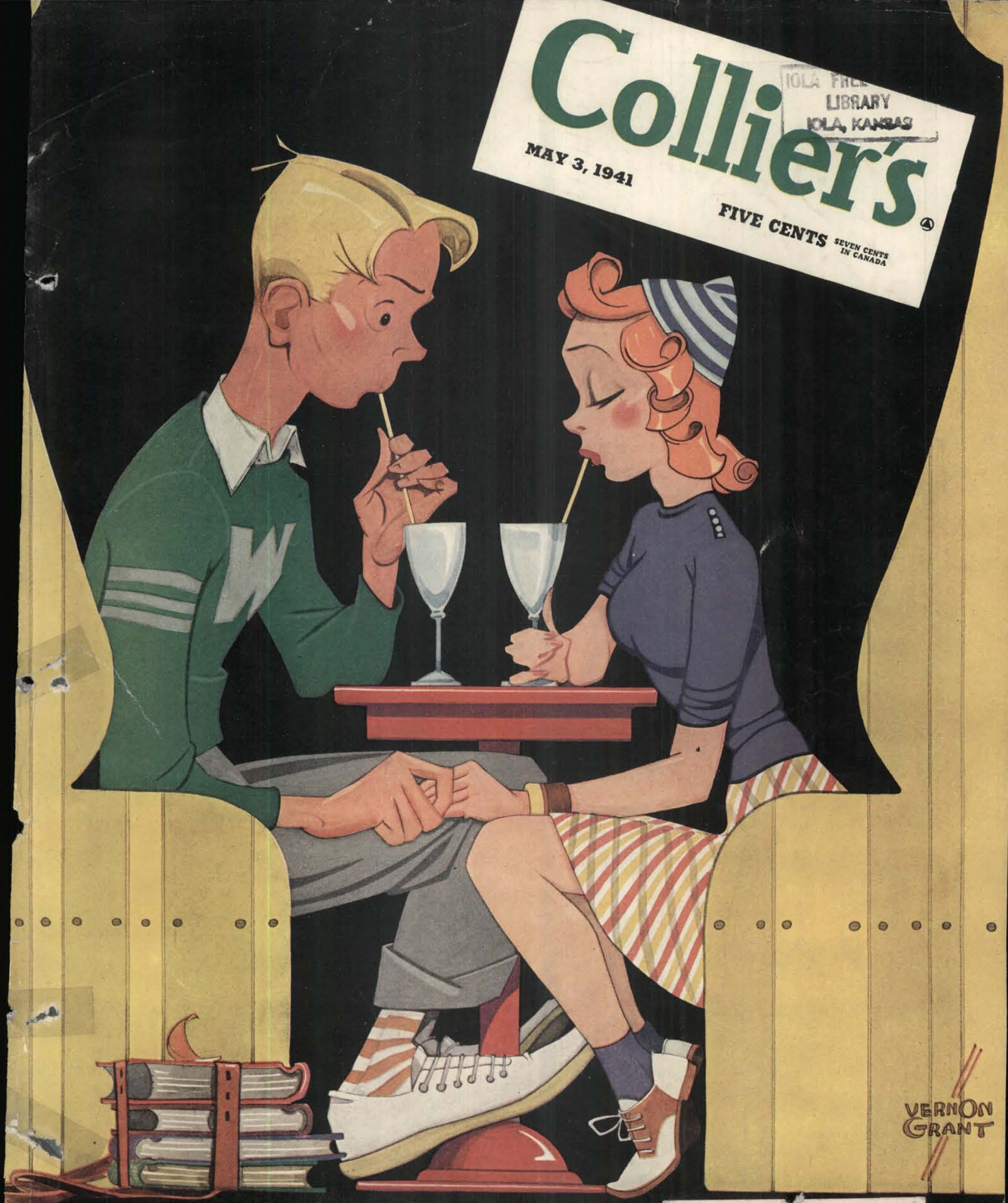

Beginning LADY IN ARMOR By OCTAV **N**

May 3, 1941

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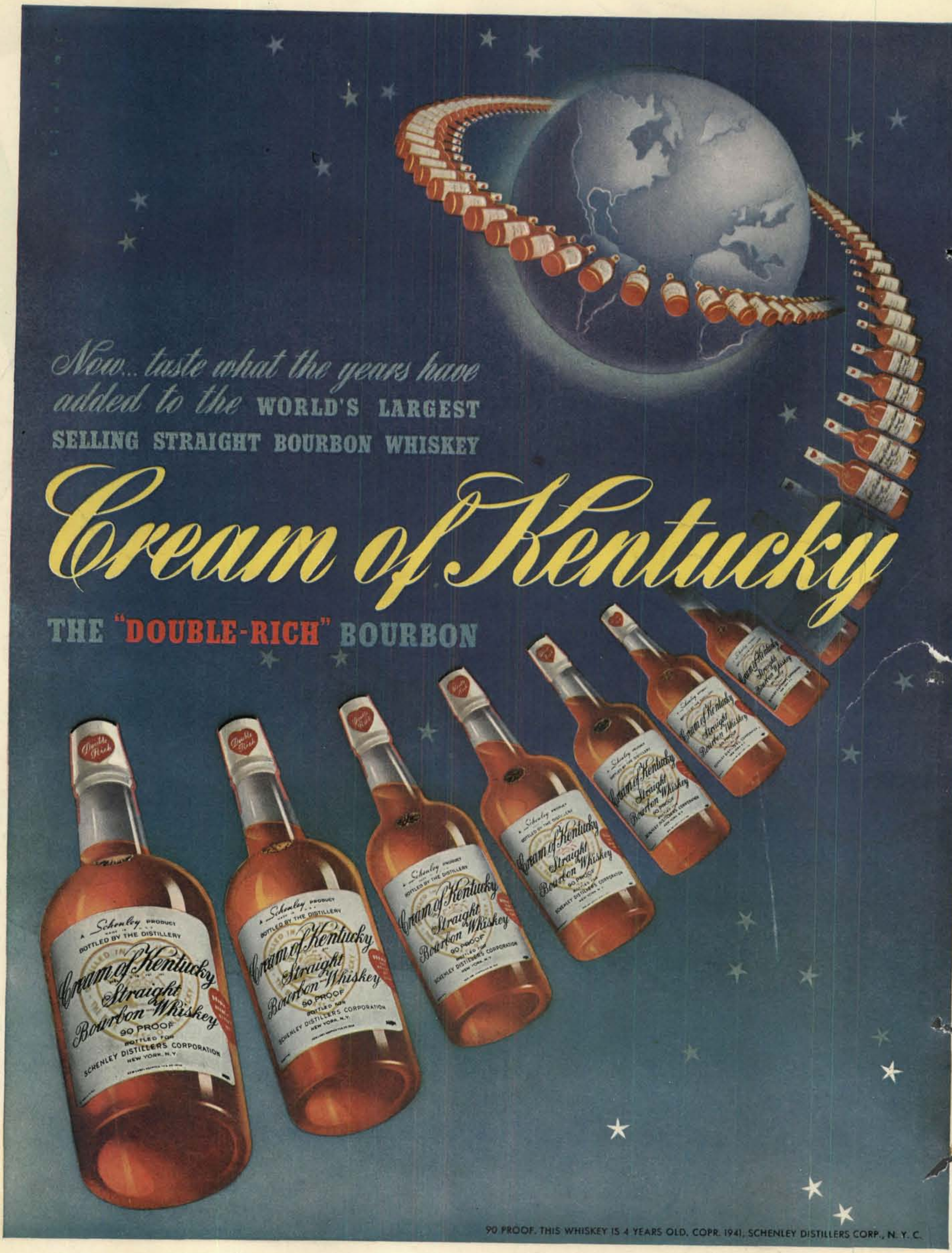
Now... taste what the years have added to the WORLD'S LARGEST SELLING STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
Cream of Kentucky
THE "DOUBLE-RICH" BOURBON
Double Rich
A Schenley PRODUCT
BOTTLED BY THE DISTILLERY
Cream of Kentucky
Straight Bourbon Whiskey
90 PROOF
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SCHENLEY DISTILLERS CORPORATION
NEW YORK, N.Y.

90 PROOF. THIS WHISKEY IS 4 YEARS OLD. COPR. 1941, SCHENLEY DISTILLERS CORP., N. Y. C.

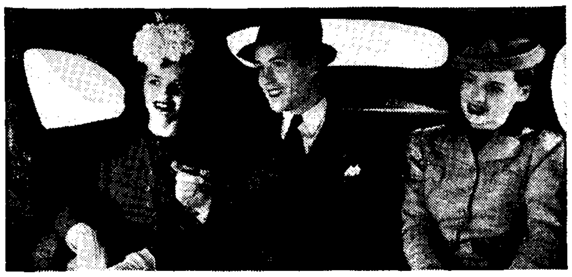
New High-Torque Performance, New Power-Gearing...

IT'S A "POWERHOUSE"

IP-301
CHRYSLER CORPORATION'S NO. 1 CAR

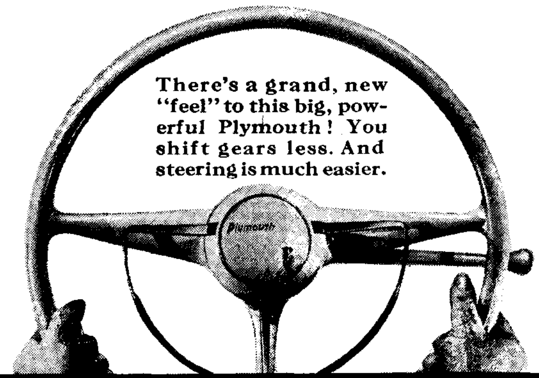
COME IN—RIDE PLYMOUTH! **Get the thrill of driving the greatest Plymouth of all time! Learn why there's a big swing to Plymouth!**

New Power and Less Shifting! And Plymouth is Lowest-Priced of "All 3" on Many Models!



SIT BACK AND RELAX in the luxury of Plymouth's smart Fashion-Tone Interior! It has the widest rear seat of "All 3"—by a full 2 inches!

YOU TAKE THE WHEEL! Enjoy a new mastery in driving. This Plymouth is so responsive—has the greatest power per pound of "All 3"!



There's a grand, new "feel" to this big, powerful Plymouth! You shift gears less. And steering is much easier.

IT'S A DELIGHTFUL EXPERIENCE—your first ride in the new Plymouth! You discover far finer performance... greater comfort... more enjoyment than low price ever bought before!

This Plymouth is a *big* car...with the roominess and riding comfort of a 117-inch wheelbase, longest of "All 3" low-priced cars.

And with Plymouth's increased horsepower and torque and new power-gearing—it has more power per pound of weight than either of the "other 2"! What a difference *this* makes!

You're safer, too, with Safety Rim Wheels—designed to keep a flat tire from rolling off.

Go see Plymouth—*ride* it and you'll *buy* it! *Prices subject to change without notice.* Plymouth Division of Chrysler Corporation.

TUNE IN MAJOR BOWES, C.B.S., THURSDAYS, 9-10 P.M., E.D.S.T.

☛ SEE THE NEW 1941 PLYMOUTH COMMERCIAL CARS!

GET BEHIND THIS WHEEL— RIDE THE NEW PLYMOUTH

Collier's

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THIS WEEK

MAY 3, 1941

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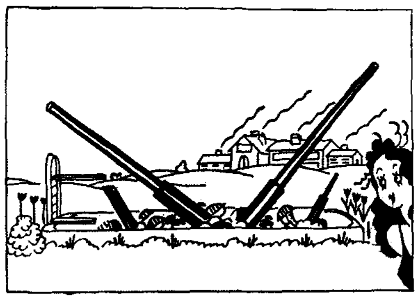
COVER VERNON GRANT

ANY WEEK

YOU may feel pretty secure in your plastic tower. Still, we have accumulating evidence that a large number of you are becoming resigned to the inevitability of our participation in this war. We've just received word from Hollywood that the United States Army is surveying Beverly Hills and other residential areas of the movie colony with a view to emergency use of swimming pools for machine-gun and antiaircraft-gun emplacements. It's even better than that. If, by some incredible circumstance, you have no swimming pool but live, nevertheless, on strategic ground, the United States will build you one. You're expected to supply the water. Of course, you get *paid for such military* use *of your* premises and you may get a bit of timely training, too. If all goes well Army sergeants will call on you and convert you in a dozen easy lessons into a crack machine gunner or antiaircraft sharpshooter. And after the war, you can have the armaments—very handy for holding off tourists, journalists, ex-wives, autograph collectors, fellows subscriptioning their way through college, collectors for the cultural rehabilitation of Turkestan and necktie salesmen.



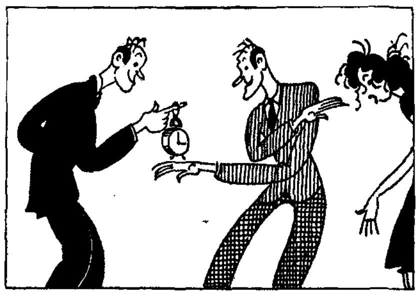
ALSO a friend of ours went home to Bronxville, a suburb of New York, the other night to find the neighborhood in a pretty state. His wife told him that after he had left that morning two official-looking gentlemen called bearing steel tape measures and asked for her permission to measure the cellar. Thinking they had come from the gas company or some such mysterious agency, she let them in. After they had been in the cellar some time she grew suspicious that they might be casing the joint. But they explained that they were merely looking around for likely air-raid shelters in the event that somebody should bomb Bronxville. About a half-hour later there was quite a commotion in the street. A less trusting housewife was chasing the air-raid shelter seekers with a broom. Naturally there was a lot of telephone investigating done. The United States Army disavowed the fellows. The local defense authorities knew nothing about it. Finally someone called up WPA. The lady on the WPA end of the wire said: "Maybe it's us and maybe not. We've lost all track."

PERHAPS we'll calm down. England seems to have done that quite well. Our associate, Mr. William Hillman, tells us that just before he left England he rode through the Kentish farmside and stopped at a farm that had been completely ruined by German bombs—the house, the barns, everything and everybody except the farmer-owner. "But why?" asked Mr. Hillman of the farmer. "Why? This is miles and miles from any military objective." The farmer shrugged, said nothing. "But what do you think of all this?" persisted Mr. Hillman. "I tell you, sir," replied the farmer, "this sort of thing vexes me."

HOWEVER, *this country is not without* a certain number of practical folk who are regarding that seven billion dollars as something more than a debt. To Mr. Knudsen's office the other day came a letter from a patriot in Arkadelphia, Arkansas. "When you get to spreading around that seven billion dollars where it will do some good," he wrote, "take down my application for a new rabbit rifle. Mine's plumb wore out. Never seed such a season."

AND from the scholarly James Robert Aswell of Nashville, Tennessee, we get word that he has been talking to a politician who describes his opponent as "uglier than a mud fence dabbed over with toadfrogs and would rather climb to the top of a greased pole and tell a lie than set easy on the ground a-tellin' the truth." Mr. Aswell, encouraged by this, carried on his researches until he found a woman of the hills who, describing a peculiarly warm summer day, said: "I swear to a billygoat, I felt I was drug through hell back'ards and beat to death with a soot bag." There was no stopping Mr. Aswell after that. So he mingled with the courthouse crowd only to hear another politician say of yet another politician whom he didn't seem to care for: "If I was seven miles deep in the co' of hell and that man came along totin' chunks of free ice, I wouldn't speak to him."

WE'RE so busy fighting ourselves that we'll scarcely have time to fight any foreign power. Our mail is running over with the misery. It tempts us to believe something that we've refused thus far to entertain—that *the only way to end the nation-wide* dithers is to fight somebody. Most of these letters we're disregarding but now and then we get one that won't be ignored. An example comes from Mr. John St. John Clerribee of Baltimore, Maryland. "If," says he, "only to show that our sympathy is real, the United States should go on food rations just as the English are at the moment. Let us ration ourselves, refusing to eat butter, bacon and fruits and limiting ourselves to two pounds of meat weekly. Let us send to the noble British people (England) the food that we deny ourselves that they may not be rationed. They are doing the fighting and therefore should eat full peacetime allowances. To make sure that the food we deny ourselves reaches England I urge that we extend the Monroe Doctrine to include the British Isles."



WHILE that is being threshed out by any of you who want to make something out of it, we're going to call on a lady who informs us that she has been married four times. She tells us that her first husband traded her to her second for an alarm clock—the first, having got a job, needed an alarm clock more than he did a wife. The second gave her to the third in exchange for a lot in a cemetery. He had never been a well man and his health didn't seem to be improving. The third managed to get himself into an old-soldiers' home and wrote back that he hadn't left her wholly destitute, his brother having agreed to take up the burden. "This fourth," she writes, "doesn't smoke, drink, chew or curse. He has read the Bible twenty-two times and is a witch-hazel cutter by trade. His first name is Adam and he has killed more than two thousand snakes in the name of the first Adam. He is also a vegetarian. My first husband was a fine man."

WE don't know whether you've been following those truly startling advertisements that this magazine has been running in the newspapers recently—the ones based on the personnel of this staff and garnished with our portraits. However, we've had several letters about them. It seems to be generally agreed that this is a staff of more than average beauty. Miss Eugenia Mourdeaux of Grosse Pointe, Michigan, says that we bring the *average of pulchritude down to human* levels. "If," says she, "you were all as handsome as Courtney, Gervasi, Colebaugh and Chenery, I couldn't stand it. Congratulations to you and Reynolds." A somewhat bitterer note creeps into this one from Mr. Jarr McOrry of St. Louis, Missouri: "If all you guys are as good as those ads say you are, why don't you do something about it—in the magazine, fc instance?"

WE didn't know it. . . .

W. D.

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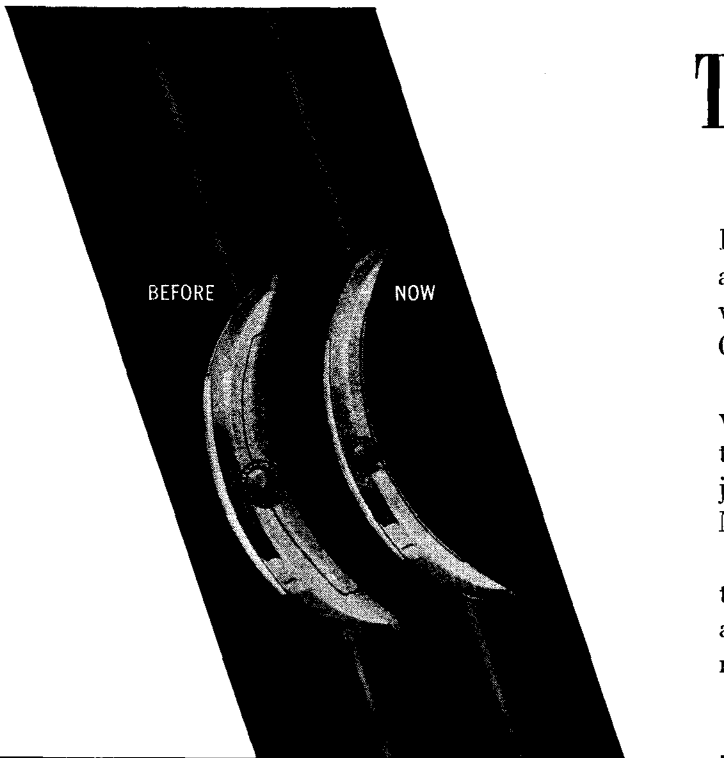
Now Ultra Thinness—*in the smartest watch you could wear*

THE NEW GRUEN CURVEX



IF YOURS is the kind of heart that leaps at sight of a beautiful thing—the one watch in the world for you is at your Gruen jeweler's now.

It is the latest Gruen Curvex, 1941 version of the watch which at its introduction five years ago stirred the jewelers of America to cries of "Miracle!" Now there's another "miracle."

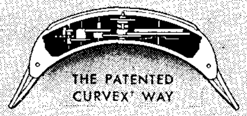
The new Curvex for men is 50% thinner in appearance! Now both men's and women's models are by far the thinnest curved wristwatches ever made. And the *smartest*—choice of the most respected designers in American fashion.

Yet they're marvelously accurate and sturdy—powered by the patented Gruen Curvex Movement which fully utilizes the modish curved case.

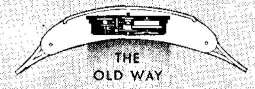
* * *

Gruen watches, at Gruen jewelers only, from $24.75 to $250; with precious stones to $2500. Write for folder. The Gruen Watch Company, Time Hill, Cincinnati, Ohio, U.S.A. In Canada: Toronto, Ontario.

THE "MIRACLE" GRUEN CURVEX† MOVEMENT


THE PATENTED CURVEX† WAY

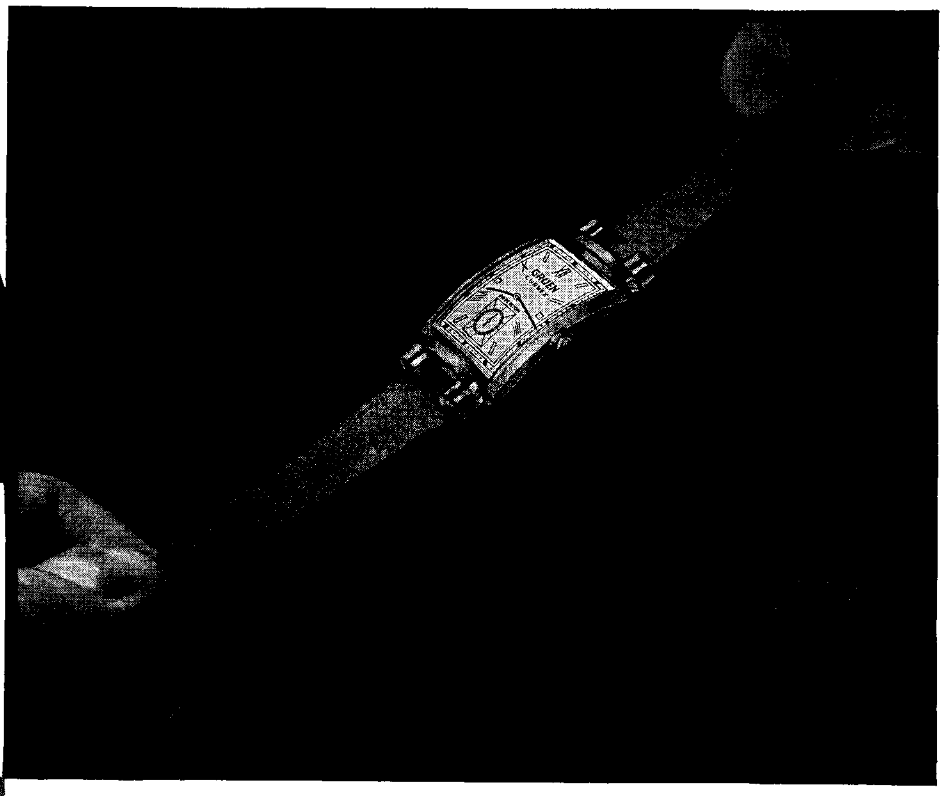
Only the Patented Gruen Curvex† movement is curved both top and bottom to fit the wrist form case. The Curvex construction assures pocket watch accuracy, ruggedness and long life.


THE OLD WAY

An ordinary flat movement inside a curved case.

†Reg. U. S. Pat. Office, Patented U. S. Patent Nos. 1855952, Re. 20480. Canadian Patent No. 370997. Copyright 1940 by The Gruen Watch Company.

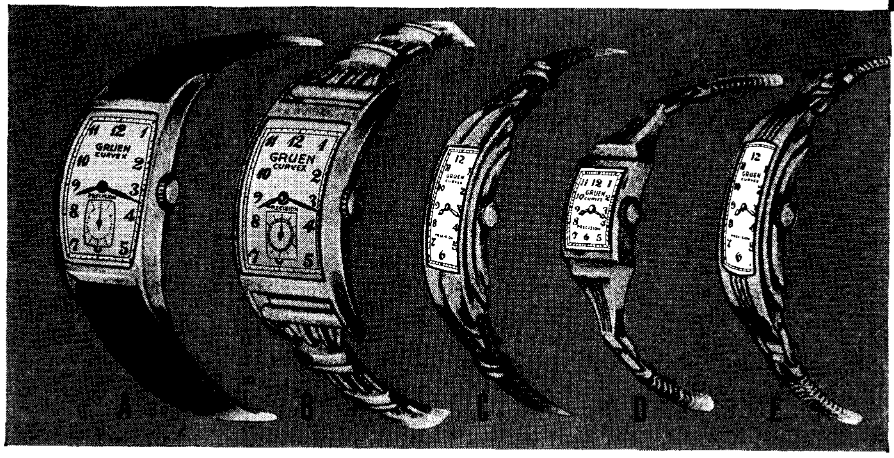
THE GRUEN CURVEX was the world's most copied watch before . . . but see how much thinner, handsomer, it is now!



Illustrated above—CURVEX† ROYALTY, 17-jewel Precision* movement, pink or yellow gold-filled case..........$59.50. With matching flex band................................$67.50.

Only Gruen makes the Curvex ... Only Gruen jewelers can sell the Curvex

GRUEN *Curvex*†
THE PRECISION* WATCH
*TRADE MARK REGISTERED



A. CURVEX† TROOPER, 17-jewel Precision* movement, pink or yellow gold-filled case, $49.75
With matching flex band.........$59.50

B. CURVEX† CENTENNIAL, 17-jewel Precision* movement, pink or yellow gold-filled case........$59.50
With leather strap.. $49.75

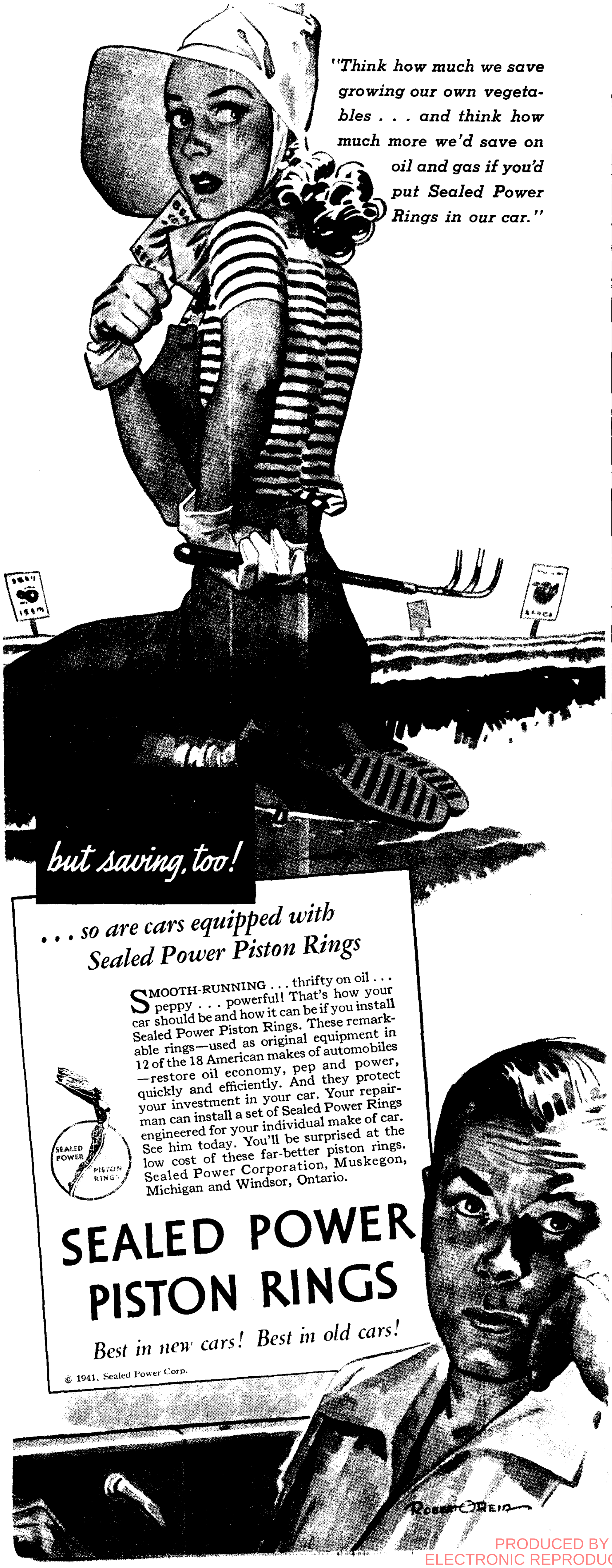
C. CURVEX† COUNTESS, 17-jewel Precision* movement, pink, white or yellow gold-filled case. $42.50

D. CURVEX† CRESCENT, 17-jewel Precision* movement, pink or yellow gold-filled case ..$49.75
With pink or black silk cord...$42.50

E. CURVEX† DUCHESS, 17-jewel Precision* movement, pink, white or yellow gold-filled case. $49.75

GIFTS FROM YOUR JEWELER
ARE GIFTS AT THEIR BEST

COPYRIGHT 1941, THE GRUEN WATCH CO.



"Think how much we save growing our own vegetables . . . and think how much more we'd save on oil and gas if you'd put Sealed Power Rings in our car."

but saving, too!

. . . so are cars equipped with Sealed Power Piston Rings

SMOOTH-RUNNING . . . thrifty on oil . . . peppy . . . powerful! That's how your car should be and how it can be if you install Sealed Power Piston Rings. These remarkable rings—used as original equipment in 12 of the 18 American makes of automobiles—restore oil economy, pep and power, quickly and efficiently. And they protect your investment in your car. Your repairman can install a set of Sealed Power Rings engineered for your individual make of car. See him today. You'll be surprised at the low cost of these far-better piston rings. Sealed Power Corporation, Muskegon, Michigan and Windsor, Ontario.

SEALED POWER PISTON RINGS

Best in new cars! Best in old cars!

© 1941, Sealed Power Corp.

WING TALK

RUDY ARNOLD

Commercial air transport: no help to the military

By Lieut. Col. G. de Freest Larner

GENERAL MANAGER, NATIONAL AERONAUTIC ASSOCIATION

WORLD WAR II travels by air. It is no military secret that the fighting nations can fly whole armies, land them or parachute them, and go back for more.

Our own airlines are in theory a reserve for this sort of work. Indeed, troop transport is only one of their vital jobs in emergencies. The air carriers must be brought to the same state of preparedness as the older transport industries.

Trucks can roll on existing roads and we are beginning to get superhighways for faster service. Railroads are building cars to prevent the tie-ups of World War I. The merchant marine, thanks to the Kennedy report, has years of planned growth behind it.

Without loans or subsidies, the domestic airlines are doing a remarkable job of creating an air-transport system which, through no fault of theirs, is no more than sufficient for commercial traffic and shockingly inadequate for any sort of emergency.

They could carry a war-strength regiment but would have to land the men at scattered points through lack of airport space. They cannot build a reserve of equipment as the railroads are doing. Priorities make it hard to get new planes beyond normal replacements, and are holding back development of larger, faster planes.

The news from Europe, however, is working a change in Washington thinking as to the duties for which the airlines must be prepared in event of war.

FIRST, they must keep on operating as rapid-transit carriers of passengers, mail, express and freight. We know that traffic on British and German airlines is running at prewar volume or above, largely for movement of key military and diplomatic personnel.

We know that our own transatlantic flights are loaded to capacity. Important officials are having to wait their turn at Lisbon. Britain plans to resume Atlantic crossings despite the need for available planes on other routes.

Our domestic airlines already are at full load on many trips and are turning passengers away, with the business stimulus of the defense program barely begun. Officials and industrialists are flying on important missions where hours count. Key equipment is often flown to defense plants to prevent production bottlenecks.

While thus aiding preparedness, the airlines are maintaining an organization of trained pilots, mechanics, traffic men and meteorologists, plus a system of repair shops, hangars, fuel supplies and other ground facilities of great emergency value. They have pioneered an airways network indispensable to military-plane movements in wartime.

Yet the military could not take much from the present air-transport system without bringing the essential service of the airlines virtually to a halt.

THE British have taken every transport plane they could get, both for airline service and for conversion to war uses. They have bought several hundred Lockheed Hudsons, to name only one type. This is a regular airline model to which bomb racks and a gun turret are easily added. Britain has more transport-type planes on patrol over the North and Irish seas alone than we have in the whole United States.

Germany has thousands of cargo ships—Junkers and other models. The British say the Nazis have 3,500 transport planes in a total aircraft strength of 24,400; in other words, a ratio of about 15 per cent.

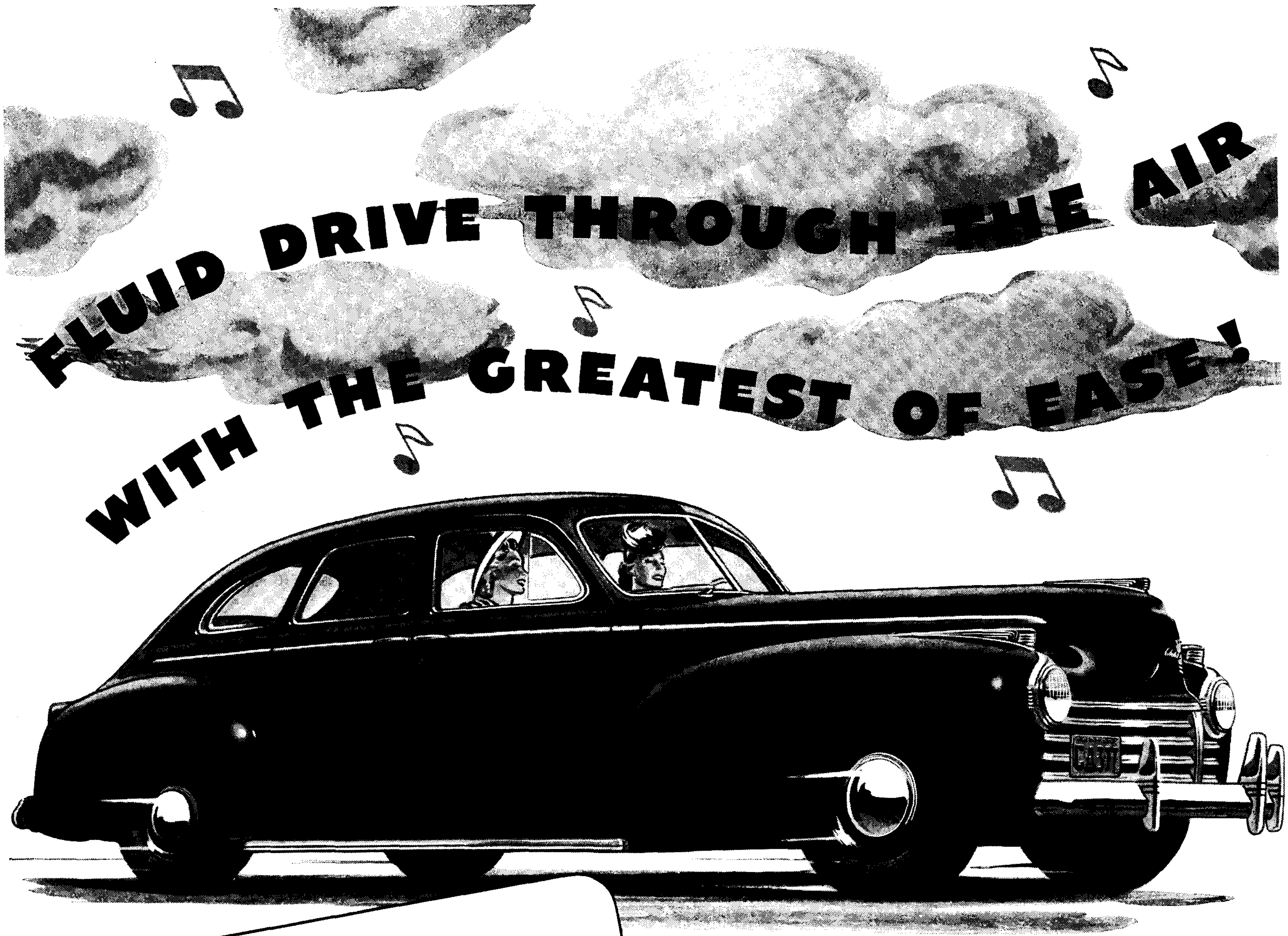
We have some 350 planes now in airline service. In our military program of 35,000 aircraft, this is a transport reserve of 1 per cent! Beyond that, the Army and Navy have an unrevealed but certainly not very large complement of cargo planes—perhaps a few score.

If European experience means anything, it is easy to imagine our situation in war. Since our fleet of fighting planes is mainly on paper, there would be immediate pressure to convert transport types into scout bombers as Britain has done. At any moment it might be necessary to commandeer all available aircraft to rush troops to remote points anywhere in the hemisphere. On top of that, the demand for commercial transport service would skyrocket.

The airlines would be expected to do all this with 350 planes.

Moreover, the focus on military-plane production has retarded the development of new commercial models.

(Continued on page 61)


FLUID DRIVE THROUGH THE AIR
WITH THE GREATEST OF EASE!

Why Shift Gears?

IT'S smooth . . . it's thrilling . . . it's effortless . . . so different that you must try it for yourself to appreciate how wonderful *Fluid Driving* really is!

Chrysler's *Fluid Drive* does more for the driver than any other motoring improvement in history.

It's so much easier, so much simpler, so much smoother, quieter and safer . . . that you'll never want to go back to the old way, once you've driven a Chrysler with *Fluid Drive* and Vacamatic transmission.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

WHY SHIFT GEARS?

Why work when you don't have to? Why push a clutch? Why shove a gear lever? Take a ride in a Chrysler and see how much easier it is to *"Fluid Drive"* away!

Your Chrysler dealer cordially invites you to try Chrysler *Fluid Driving*. Won't you call him on the 'phone and make a date? He'll be delighted . . . and so will you!

★Tune in on the Major Bowes Original Amateur Hour, CBS, Every Thursday, 9 to 10 P. M., Eastern Daylight Saving Time

BE MODERN WITH FLUID DRIVE
AND VACAMATIC TRANSMISSION

Buy Chrysler!

Swear off "dousing"... DO THIS!

Dousing your hair gives it that "plastered" look . . . no matter what you douse it with! When you use 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic you don't need to "douse"! A few drops on your comb keep your hair *natural*-looking.

RELIEVE DRY SCALP AND SEE HAIR GROW GOOD-LOOKING!

NOT EVEN regular massage with 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic can give you healthy hair if the glands of the scalp are dried up and the pores are closed. So take care of your hair while you have it.

Check Dry Scalp by massaging a generous amount of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic on your scalp before each shampoo. This helps counteract the drying-out effect of the soap and water. It also checks normal tendencies toward dryness, as 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic *actually supplements the natural scalp oils*. Then, each morning, instead of dousing your head with water or anything else, shake a few drops of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic on your comb and run it through your hair. A sure way to keep it well-groomed for all day! Just try it!

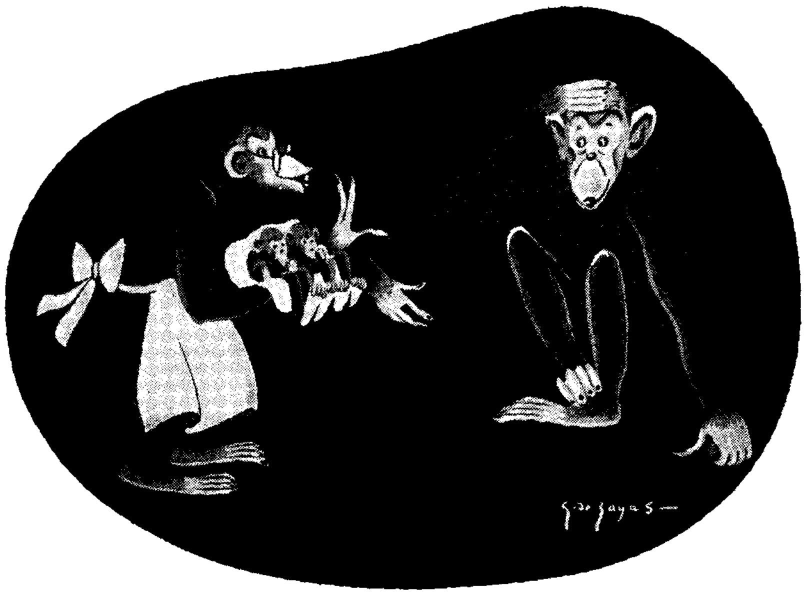
'Vaseline' Hair Tonic is different, containing no ingredient that has a *drying* effect.

40c and 70c

By *actually supplementing* the natural scalp oils, 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic aids in keeping the scalp soft and supple . . . as it keeps the hair lustrous, well-groomed and good-looking.

Vaseline HAIR TONIC

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.



KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

Although anthropoid apes more closely resemble man than do any other animals, they rarely produce twins. The only scientific record of such a double birth is that of the chimpanzees that were born on June 26, 1933, in the Yale Laboratory of Primate Biology in Orange Park, Florida.

After being searched for hours, a recently captured spy was found to be carrying his secret messages, written minutely with invisible ink on transparent paper, pasted on his eyeglasses.

The Twenty-first Amendment, which repealed prohibition and became effective on December 5, 1933, is the only one that was ever ratified by the vote of the people instead of by state legislatures.—*By Violet Irene Cooper, New York, New York.*

Unlike most alcoholic liquors, certain American whiskies increase in strength with age. For example, a fifty-gallon barrel of such whisky at 100 proof will lose, through evaporation in four years, only three of its 25 gallons of alcohol, but seven of its 25 gallons of water.

Calumet City, Illinois (pop. 15,000), has 84 night clubs and taverns. On the other hand, Bethany, Oklahoma (pop. 2,500), prohibits all kinds of bars, movie theaters, cigar stores, poolrooms and dance halls.

Several years ago, France had an astronomical clock that lost only one tenth of a second in one year, or at the rate of one second in 315,360,000; while America today has an instrument that will measure the pressure of the respiration of a paramecium, an animal almost invisible to the unaided eye.—*By Howard T. Dulmage, New Haven, Connecticut.*

Iowa is making it possible for a large number of its crippled and invalid children, who are confined to their homes, to "attend" school through a two-way telephone device with loud-speakers. Thus the shut-in is enabled to listen to his class and recite for his teacher when she calls upon him.—*By Alson Secor, Hollywood, California.*

Army pay-roll holdups seldom occur because the government now keeps a record of the serial number on every piece of currency and, therefore, can easily trace it.—*By Wesley S. Herrick, Johnson City, New York.*

Books of foreign origin, except those written in English, can be copyrighted in this country. Books in English must have their type set in the United States.—*By Irma M. Smith, Ashtabula, Ohio.*

Most quart cans of motor oil on the market contain an extra two thirds of an ounce to compensate the purchaser for the oil that will cling to the inside of the can when it is emptied.—*By E. L. Hukill, Jr., Friars Point, Mississippi.*

The Department of the Interior is now searching for about fifty thousand men, or their heirs or assigns, who hold early mining claims in the West, some of which are more than seventy years old. The object is to secure title to these properties and make available eight million acres for national defense purposes and projects.—*By Robert W. Brown, New York, New York.*

Paper was so scarce about a century ago that one Indiana newssheet, The Dog Fennel Gazette, had to resort to the practice of printing one week's news on one side and the following week's news on the other, subscribers being obliged to return their papers if they did not want to miss every other edition.—*By Bertha H. Sale, Dillsboro, Indiana.*

Of the $12,750,000,000 that the people of the United States have invested in foreign countries, 66 per cent is in other nations of North and South America, 24.5 per cent is in Europe and the remaining 9.5 per cent is scattered throughout the world. Canada leads all other countries with $3,950,000,000 or 30 per cent of the total.

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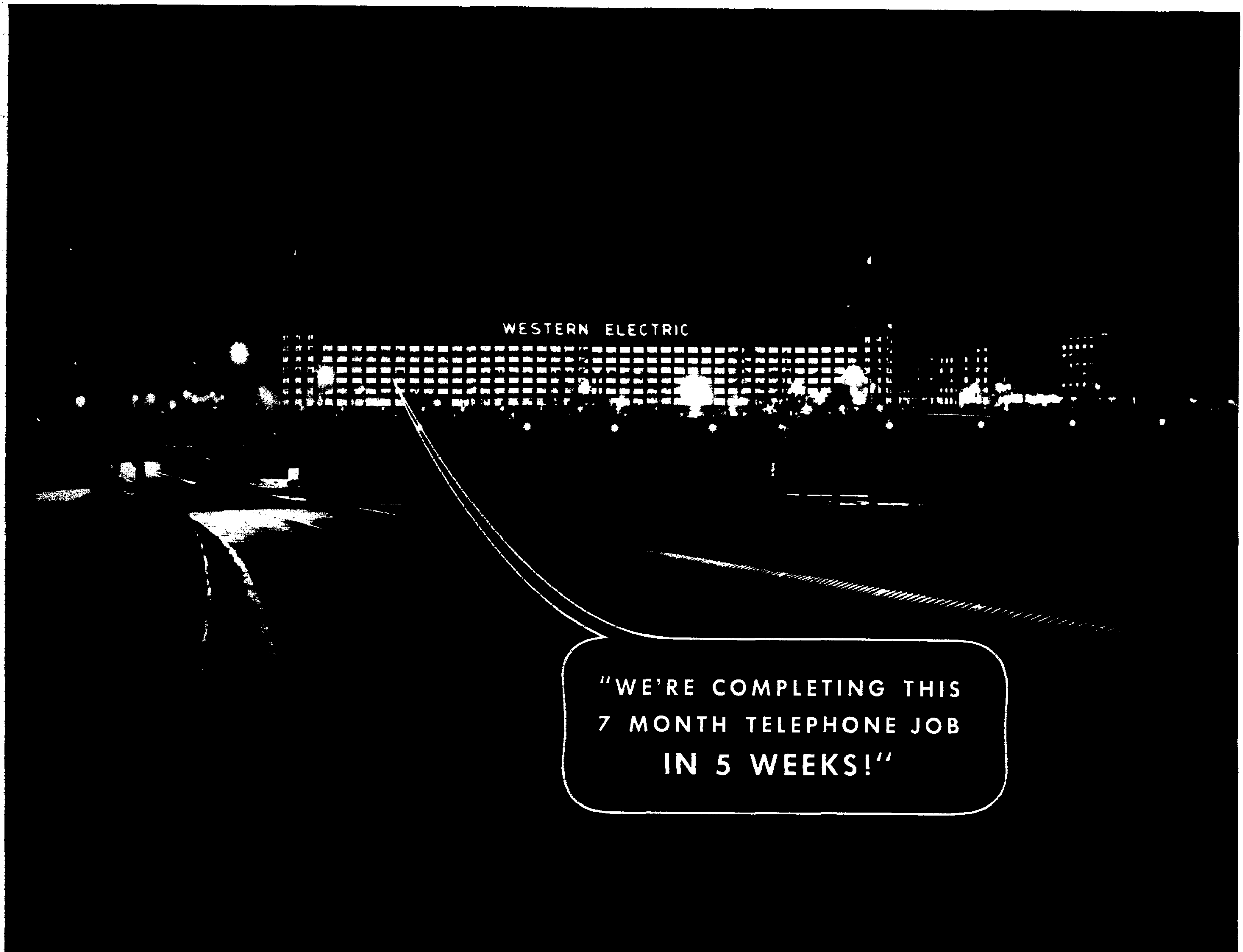

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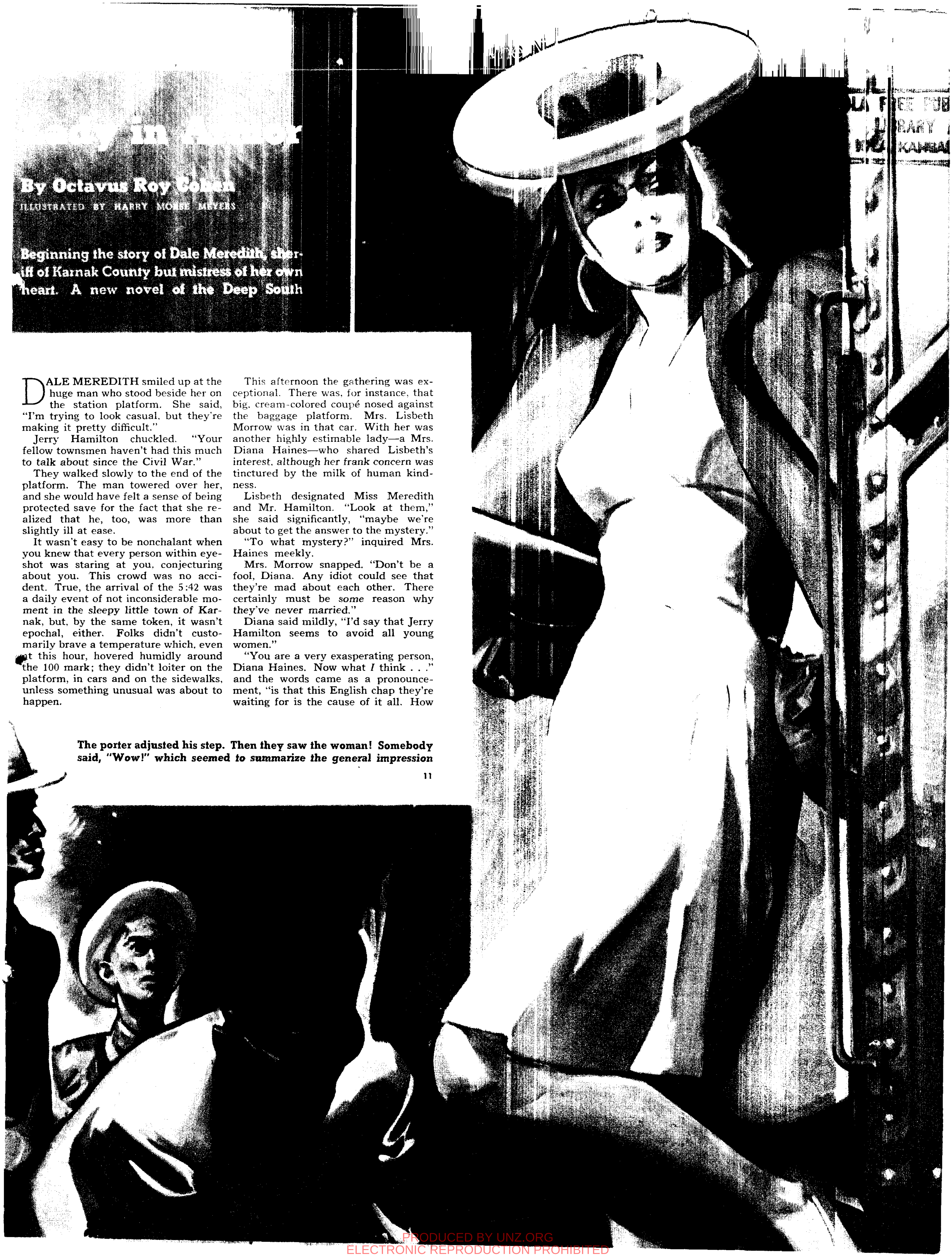
Lady in Armor

By Octavus Roy Cohen

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS

Beginning the story of Dale Meredith, sheriff of Karnak County but mistress of her own heart. A new novel of the Deep South



The porter adjusted his step. Then they saw the woman! Somebody said, "Wow!" which seemed to summarize the general impression

DALE MEREDITH smiled up at the huge man who stood beside her on the station platform. She said, "I'm trying to look casual, but they're making it pretty difficult."

Jerry Hamilton chuckled. "Your fellow townsmen haven't had this much to talk about since the Civil War."

They walked slowly to the end of the platform. The man towered over her, and she would have felt a sense of being protected save for the fact that she realized that he, too, was more than slightly ill at ease.

It wasn't easy to be nonchalant when you knew that every person within eyeshot was staring at you, conjecturing about you. This crowd was no accident. True, the arrival of the 5:42 was a daily event of not inconsiderable moment in the sleepy little town of Karnak, but, by the same token, it wasn't epochal, either. Folks didn't customarily brave a temperature which, even at this hour, hovered humidly around the 100 mark; they didn't loiter on the platform, in cars and on the sidewalks, unless something unusual was about to happen.

This afternoon the gathering was exceptional. There was, for instance, that big, cream-colored coupé nosed against the baggage platform. Mrs. Lisbeth Morrow was in that car. With her was another highly estimable lady—a Mrs. Diana Haines—who shared Lisbeth's interest, although her frank concern was tinctured by the milk of human kindness.

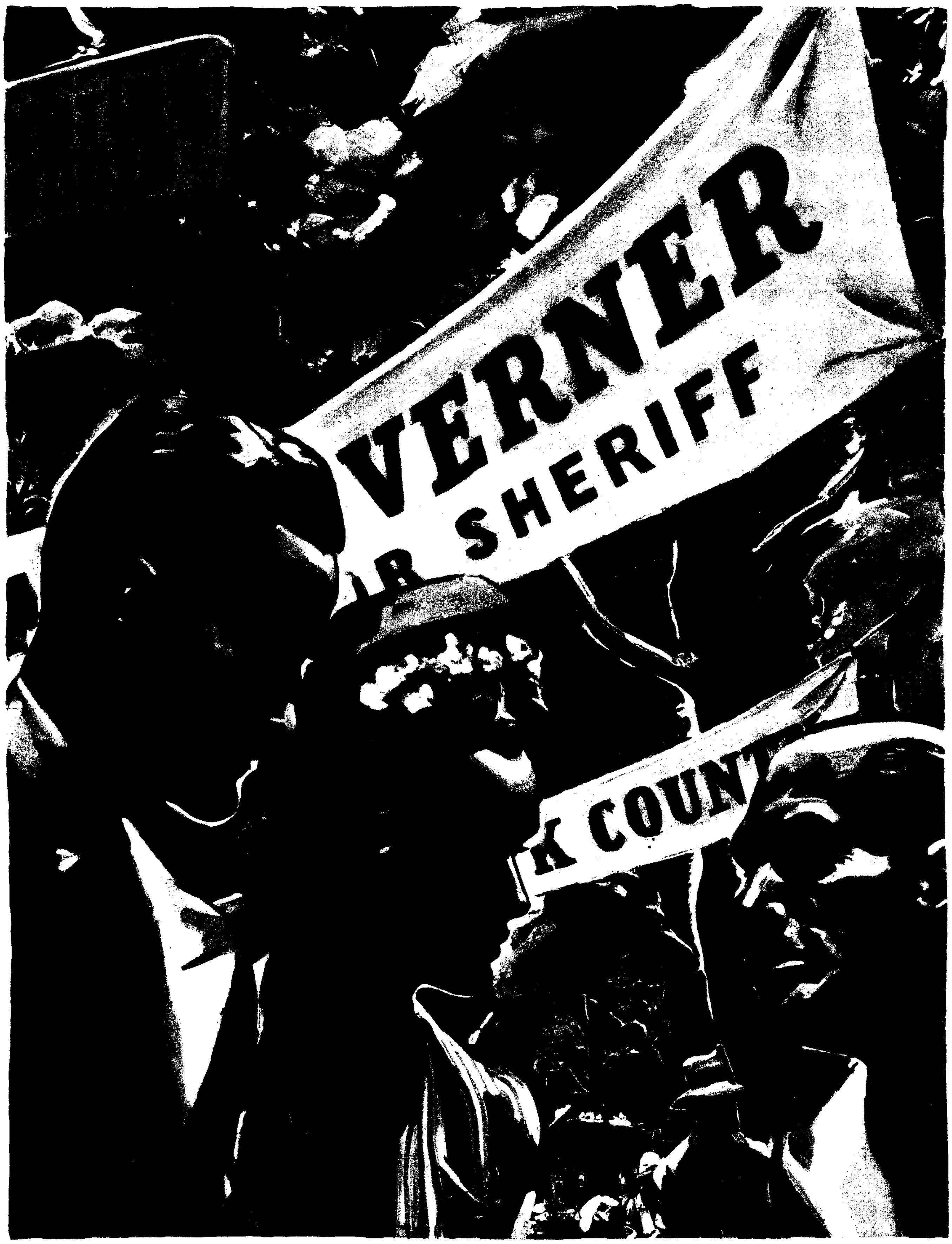
Lisbeth designated Miss Meredith and Mr. Hamilton. "Look at them," she said significantly, "maybe we're about to get the answer to the mystery."

"To what mystery?" inquired Mrs. Haines meekly.

Mrs. Morrow snapped. "Don't be a fool, Diana. Any idiot could see that they're mad about each other. There certainly must be *some* reason why they've never married."

Diana said mildly, "I'd say that Jerry Hamilton seems to avoid all young women."

"You are a very exasperating person, Diana Haines. Now what *I* think . . ." and the words came as a pronouncement, "is that this English chap they're waiting for is the cause of it all. How



"Mawnin', Miss Sheriff," he said. "Reckon you're fixin' to vote, ain't you?"

do we know what went on when Dale was in England last year?"

There were many things they knew, but many more things that they did not know. And one of the things they did not know was what Dale was thinking at that moment.

She was thinking that this was going to be a rather tough assignment for Peter Aylesworth and for herself as well. Her doubts reached back into the past and adventured into the immediate future.

There had been "her European trip." Everybody in town would have gossiped eagerly about that even if nothing untoward or dramatic had happened. Sure, Karnakians went to Europe—all who could afford it. But Dale had done it on a grand scale: she'd gone for an indefinite stay, and that stay had been cut short only by the outbreak of the European war.

She had carried letters of introduction to a family named Aylesworth. A young mother, a young father and a very young baby named Joyce. They had liked each other and the Aylesworths had invited Dale to stay with them at their lovely, unpretentious little place near Selsdon which wasn't very far from London and much closer than that to Croydon.

She had stayed there for six months, reveling in a friendship that had a disturbing depth. She had loved Mrs. Aylesworth, but she had found a deeper something in Peter Aylesworth. They could say things without words and smile at unspoken jokes. Their six months had been happy . . . and, what was more, tranquil.

Then drama had blasted down upon the world. Peter had gone off as a captain in his Territorial regiment. It had seemed odd to see him in uniform. They told him he'd go with the B. E. F. if the war actually came about, and they believed that it was coming.

DALE had suggested that Mrs. Aylesworth and the baby come to the States with her, and Peter insisted: said it'd make him feel easier. It wasn't going to be much of a war, he felt, but just at that time they were getting all excited about evacuating children to the country . . . and to other lands. And so when Peter was called into active service, Dale and Mrs. Aylesworth and the baby sailed for America.

They sailed on a ship named the Athenia.

Mrs. Aylesworth never reached America.

Dale had come on home, bringing the baby with her. She had written to Peter that she would keep the child until the war was over. She felt herself a part of the war: she read all there was to read about it, and lived with her radio during the debacle in Flanders. She read with horror and with pride of Dunkirk, and worried until she heard from Peter.

Yes, he'd made it all right. Practically perfect, he was. He'd lost his left arm, and his only regret seemed to be that that meant the end of his war service.

So today, in August, 1940, he was arriving in Karnak to see his child, to stay at Dale Meredith's home. It seemed rather odd and confused. Peter Aylesworth here—and Jerry Hamilton living just beyond the line of swamp off to the east.

It was a matter of high communal interest. Unless the arriving Englishman could supply the answer, there seemed really to be no logical reason why Dale Meredith and Jerry Hamilton shouldn't have been married long ago. Goodness knew they were old enough: Jerry was all of twenty-nine and Dale was twenty-five . . . and it seemed that they rightly belonged together. Such nice young folks. Real pretty, that Meredith girl: dark brown hair, with a complexion almost blond and clear gray eyes and plenty of sense. As for him, well, you couldn't say Jerry was handsome. He was kind of ungainly and his features were perhaps too big. But he was the sort of person whose looks men admired and impressionable women thought about with sighs. "He's better than handsome," was their verdict. "He's so . . . so masculine."

FROM far down the tracks there came the wail of a locomotive. The 5:42 was imminent. They saw it then, roaring around the curve; they saw it outlined against the background of live oak and cypress that marked the inner fringe of Four Holes Swamp. There was a quickening of interest, a shuffling forward, a brief suspension of conversation. Dale said to the man at her side, "The crisis is at hand. Behold, the Redcoats cometh."

From the waiting room came three other persons. There was Otis Meredith, Dale's father, and the most promising girlish figure of Dale's seventeen-year-old sister, Peggy. And between them was Joyce Aylesworth, three-year-old daughter of the Britisher who was aboard the approaching train.

The train screeched disdainfully to a halt. A grinning porter opened the door of the Pullman, banged the portable step on the ground, produced a couple of very foreign-looking bags from the vestibule and stood back expectantly.

One passenger alighted from that Pullman:

Peter Aylesworth of Selsdon, Surrey, England.

He stood uncertainly on the platform, staring into the sun. He was slender and nicely built, but certainly not impressive. About thirty, the onlookers guessed, which was two years under the truth; with sharply chiseled features, pleasant blue eyes, and that amazing ability to wear loose, comfortable clothes that seems to be the birthright of all Englishmen. Not large, not small, definitely patrician, obviously warm and just a trifle uncertain.

Dale started toward him. At first she smiled, and then something tugged inside of her because she saw that the left sleeve of his tweed coat was empty. She held out her hand and he clasped

(Continued on page 62)

Wife in Fame Only

By J. Bryan III

DE ZAYAS

Unromantic hero of the greatest animal affair of the century is the savage Gargantua, Ringling Brothers' captive gorilla which is probably the most celebrated animal in the world. Below, with Mrs. E. Kenneth Hoyt, its former owner and trainer, is gentle Toto, the female selected as a mate for the unappreciative Gargantua

COPLAN

HER departure was the biggest news in Havana. The cables were jammed with stories and pictures—of the luxurious villa she was leaving, of the private car the rich young American had sent for her, of the crowd at the dock to wave goodby. Her trousseau was itemized, even to the pillow slips embroidered with her name.

Two dozen reporters, photographers and special correspondents were detailed to cover her arrival at Sarasota. Promptly at two o'clock they were ushered into a canvas enclosure for their promised interview. She herself was still resting from her trip, they were told, but a member of her entourage would try to answer the preliminary questions.

Yes, this was her first visit to the States. No, she had never been married before. No, her correct weight was closer to 430 pounds. . . .

They were talking of Toto, of course—the female gorilla which John Ringling North, president of Ringling Brothers-Barnum & Bailey, had bought as a mate for Gargantua, his giant male gorilla. The two were to meet that afternoon, there at the winter quarters of the circus, and the whole American public had declared itself in on the occasion.

Gargantua was already famous. His marathon rages and stupendous strength had won him a national reputation as a sorehead superman. He was hideous, implacable, something out of a nightmare. Toto, according to her advance notices, was as demure and feminine as her name. Mrs. E. Kenneth Hoyt, her former owner, who had accompanied her from Havana, described her as "just like a schoolgirl."

Someone noticed that Dick Kroener, Gargantua's keeper, was holding his hand in a sling. It developed that he had stepped a critical inch too close to his charge only the day before. A reporter whispered, "If Gargy does that to the guy who feeds him, what'll he do to Toto?"

"That's different," another one said. "He'll take a look at her and go weak with rapture. It'll be love at first sight. She'll be the gorilla of his dreams."

The truth is, nobody had any idea what would happen when the two beasts met, whether there would be a murder or a romance or what. That's why the story was a natural. It had everything. It was Edgar Rice Burroughs, Horatio Alger and Elinor Glyn shaken up, poured out and come true. It even had a bonus of scientific importance. Zoologists know almost nothing about a gorilla. Sometimes they can't even tell its sex. Dr. Adolph Hans Schultz had, indeed, suggested that Toto might surprise everyone by not being a female after all, and said, "If they are both males, there will be one hell of a fight!"

Fight or frolic, it would begin in a few minutes. One end of the canvas wall had been swung back, and a tractor was snorting in with Toto's cage. A gold legend on its glossy white side read, "Mrs. Gargantua the Great." It is eleven tons of steel and plate glass, rubber-tired and air-conditioned. You can buy a Rolls-Royce for $10,000. You could buy two of them for what this vehicle cost.

Toto was hard to see at first. Squatting in a corner, she was merely a shaggy bundle until Tomás pulled her upright so that she took shape. It is a female shape, beyond any doubt, and it is not lovely. Most of her 430 pounds seems to have settled in her stomach. Her muddy back pelt is worn bare over her rump. Her splay face is sometimes amiable, sometimes apprehensive, but her body is always potbellied, motheaten, shambling, slack. The bride needed a veil. A mainsail would have done nicely.

Whereas Gargantua—! The tractor was bringing his cage in now. Angry at the jostling, he prowled from side to side, giving glare for stare. He is so hideous he is handsome. It is the crude handsomeness of any heavy instrument with a single primitive function—a sledge hammer, a girder, a buoy. He is a coil of muscle in a fine fur coat. His arms are bollards. His chest is a vat. His every movement suggests his effort to dilute his raw strength to the little task at hand. When he prods the thick steel with his forefinger, he seems to be deciding whether this is the time he'll push out a core. His gigantic arms alone could account for the hundred pounds by which he outweighs Toto.

The vestibule ends of the cages were aligned and eased together. The slight shock of their meeting threw Gargantua off balance. He sprang to his feet again, eager to strike back if he could find the enemy. There was the sound of hammering behind the vestibule. He cocked his head toward it. Toto heard it, too. She dropped her pet kitten, lurched away from Tomás and pressed her ears against the wall. The steel doors slid back, leaving the bars. The gorillas grasped them and peered through. One's eyes was only a few inches from the other's. . . .

(Continued on page 47)

What Have We Got for Guns?

By Robert McCormick

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY W. EUGENE SMITH

Because it's the best individual weapon in the world today—and for no other reason—your son in the Army will carry a Garand semiautomatic rifle. Here's the story of the beating it had to take to prove itself

THE Marines called it "testing" the rifles, which was about as exact as calling a barroom brawl a ballet. They tested by torturing. Not merely did they fire the guns thousands of times, but they dunked them in mud, sprayed them with garden hoses, soaked them in salt water, covered them with dust and gravel, dragged them through sand, did everything but jump up and down on them.

And when the Marines were through their orgy, they chose the Garand gas-operated semiautomatic rifle as their official shoulder armament. It was a better weapon, they decided, than any of the other three they tried—the trusty old single-shot, bolt-action Springfield, vintage 1903; the new Johnson, a recoil-operated semiautomatic with five rounds to a clip, two clips to a magazine; or the youthful Winchester, another gas semiautomatic holding from five to twenty rounds, a rifle with a bright future but not enough past.

According to the Marine tests, performed in secrecy at San Diego, the Garand out-performed its rivals in accuracy, effectiveness, and particularly in ruggedness under normal usage. In two or three respects it was deficient, but on the whole it was the best killing utensil of its kind in sight, superior to the rifles of any other army.

So said the Marines. They could hardly be considered prejudiced. When the Army adopted the Garand in January, 1936, the Devil Dogs were a shade less than unenthusiastic. They bought 400 Garands, tried them out, and proceeded to talk of the Johnson and the Winchester and even the Springfield—of any gun, as a matter of fact, except the Garand.

Roars of political controversy immediately welled up in Congress. Last year David I. Walsh, chairman of the Senate Naval Affairs Committee, and this year Morris Sheppard, chairman of the Senate Military Affairs Committee, introduced bills to force the Army to relax its grip on the Garand and adopt the Johnson. Misty stories appeared that the Garand had a recoil so strong it sprayed bullets all over the landscape, that the barrel wilted when overheated, that at a thousand yards its bullet had a trajectory as straight as a roller coaster, that it jammed somewhere approximately every third time the trigger was pulled. In short, a definite suspicion arose that the Army would do better to use stone axes, a most unhappy situation to crop up right at a time when mothers and fathers were pouring down to the stations to wave their sons off to a year's military service.

Thus it was that results of the Marine tests were the pleasantest news some Army officials had heard since their last promotions went through. Vindication of the military was fine for "troop morale," the officers pointed out, not to mention the soothing effect on their own peace of mind. Substantially, the testing showed the famous old Springfield to be, in all but one respect, best of the lot. But it simply could not pour out bullets with anything like the speed of the Garand, the Johnson or the Winchester. It huffed and it puffed, it blazed away faithfully under the most gosh-awful circumstances, but it was overwhelmed by the sheer weight of metal turned loose by newer shooting irons.

Professional military strategists *are* screaming for speed and fire power, even in small arms. Low-flying airplanes strafe troops, dive bombers drop like stones to within feet of their objectives, tanks and armored cars carom over battlefields at high speeds. Only a semiautomatic rifle, geared to sizzle out bullets at better than one a second, gives the gun-toting private an even break, makes him an effective unit in the modern army.

The 104th Engineers, at Fort Dix, N. J., put on a bit of simulated war to show what their Garand rifles might be called upon to take. Above, Pvt. John Sayek fires after crawling through heavy brush in driving rain. Below, Pvt. Perry Croonquist comes up with mud, water and weeds after a fall from a boat, gun ready to fire

Troops might have to [illegible] through heavy rain for hours before action but rifles have to be in firing order. Above, Pvt. Rober[illegible]ley demonstrates. Below, Pvt. Henry Saran ducks a shellburst on a dry beach. Under actual fire he wo[illegible]ve to get his weapon into action with no more than a brushing-off with his hands

The semiautomatic is not a machine gun nor intended to replace the machine gun. The Garand and Winchester substitute the gas behind each bullet for the muscle power formerly required to eject the empty shell, reload and cock the gun. The Johnson uses the force of the recoil for the same ends. But all are still rifles, whose strategic use is confined mostly to comparatively short spurts of firing at comparatively short ranges. The idea behind the semiautomatics is to make the bullets come thicker when the soldier needs them.

The Marine experts pointed out that a large force armed with semiautomatics would have more guns go blooey during a fight, but that the guns left were sufficiently devastating to keep the unit's total fire power heavier than it would be if it were equipped with the infallible Springfield. So the Springfield was checked off.

Any semiautomatic is more complicated than any bolt-action gun, hence more susceptible to breakdown. So it becomes important to choose the semiautomatic with the highest resistance to mechanical collapse. Here was where the Garand won. The final tabulation made by the Marines, chastely titled "Cumulative Report on Malfunctions," gives the total number of breakdowns during the tests of two Springfields, four Garands, two Johnsons, and four Winchesters. It shows the Garand, rumored mechanically feeble, almost twice as strong as either of its semiautomatic opponents.

A minimum of 12,000 rounds was fired from each weapon. Each Springfield had an average of 58 "malfunctions," each Garand had 370, each Johnson 723, each Winchester 716. Only one of the Winchesters finished the grind because its sponsors ran out of spare parts. Each Springfield had an average of three parts broken, repaired or replaced during the tests, each Garand had 12, each Johnson 36, each Winchester 26 for as long as it held together at all.

So far as accuracy is concerned, the Garand had an edge in the Marine tests. In shooting, slow and rapid fire, at targests 200, 300, 600 and 1,000 yards away, the Springfield scored 486 out of a possible 600 points; the Garand 501, the Johnson 485, the Winchester 493. The famous "human element" was minimized by rotating firers. At a thousand yards, slow fire, the Springfield scored 168.37 out of a possible 200, the Garand 160.38, the Johnson 151.88 and the Winchester 155.75.

How to Spoil a Good Gun

In the matter of hits a minute, the Garand was almost 50 per cent faster than the Johnson. The target, a ten-inch bull's-eye at 300 yards, was exposed two minutes at a time. Aggregate scores showed the Springfield plodded along for a score of 61.87 a minute. The Garand scored 99.50, the Johnson 66.25, the Winchester 54.62. The Springfield let fly 14.25 bullets a minute, the Garand 22.31, the Johnson 15.56, the Winchester 12.38. The experts noted that the Garand was easier to reload, and that the Winchester was handicapped by "lost time in correcting stoppages."

Yet the Garand did not acquit itself well in the abuse tests. As conceived by the Marines, these tests parallel roughly the workout a three-year-old child gives his Christmas toys, and have, according to many military experts, more value from a circus than a scientific standpoint. For example, the testers assumed that "troops leave the bivouac area, with rifles normally lubricated, march ten hours over dusty roads, and eventually come under shell fire in which dust and dirt are thrown on the weapons." To fulfill these elaborate requirements, they simply sprinkled the rifles "liberally" on both sides with dust and dirt. Rules of the game allowed the Marines to clean the guns only by blowing on them, shaking them and brushing them with bare hands. Then they had to shoot.

Next they assumed that "troops march through heavy rain for several hours prior to going into action." Guns and ammunition were parked under a water sprinkler which was turned on and off at two-hour intervals, for fourteen hours.

They played that the Marines had just landed from boats through a light surf and that, while scooting for cover on the beach, dropped and dragged their guns across the sand. The testers scooped up some Pacific Ocean, sprayed the guns, and rolled them in wet sand.

Then the rifles were soaked five minutes in salt water and left in the open for 45 hours; they were dipped in salt water and rubbed in dry sand. After one test,

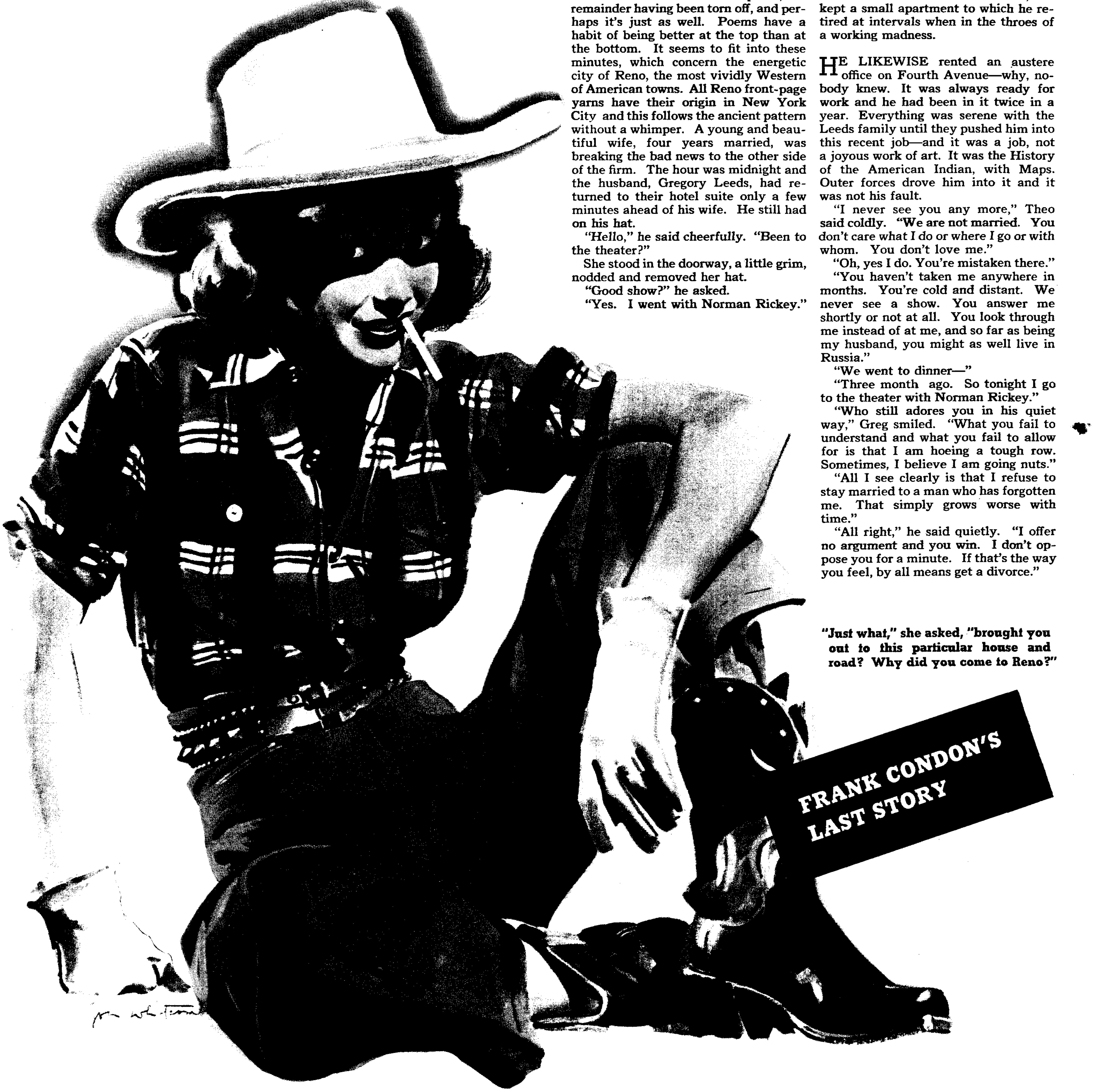
(Continued on page 43)

Reno Rebound

By Frank Condon

Millions of readers who have enjoyed the writings of Frank Condon will be saddened to know this is his last short story. Frank died late in December after a long illness

ILLUSTRATED BY JON WHITCOMB



FRANK CONDON'S LAST STORY

"Just what," she asked, "brought you out to this particular house and road? Why did you come to Reno?"

IN PAT FRAYNE'S saloon in the thriving town of Sparks, there was, and may be to this day, a smoky back room, the walls plastered with old circus posters and rodeo bills in faded greens and reds. Most of them were defaced, or had withered under the touch of time. One still showed the remains of a trapeze lady in blue and the head of a clown, and there was in a corner the beginning of what appeared to be a poem. It read:

"The West is a bracelet of silver and gold,
It shines for all men and it never grows old."

That's all there was to the poem, the remainder having been torn off, and perhaps it's just as well. Poems have a habit of being better at the top than at the bottom. It seems to fit into these minutes, which concern the energetic city of Reno, the most vividly Western of American towns. All Reno front-page yarns have their origin in New York City and this follows the ancient pattern without a whimper. A young and beautiful wife, four years married, was breaking the bad news to the other side of the firm. The hour was midnight and the husband, Gregory Leeds, had returned to their hotel suite only a few minutes ahead of his wife. He still had on his hat.

"Hello," he said cheerfully. "Been to the theater?"

She stood in the doorway, a little grim, nodded and removed her hat.

"Good show?" he asked.

"Yes. I went with Norman Rickey."

He nodded and she studied him a while and said, "It may not interest you, but I'm getting a divorce."

"It does interest me. What for?"

"Because this marriage is one that has cracked up. I don't want to travel this road any farther. For the first two years, you were a good husband. The last two—"

She always thought of the period as two years, whereas it was actually only one. Gregory Leeds had begun to slide off the beam about a year before and was totally unaware of his sliding. He was a happy, substantial citizen with unruly hair and a booming voice, cheerful by nature and normally as fine a husband as any girl could wish. He lived with Theo in a comfortable hotel suite, but kept a small apartment to which he retired at intervals when in the throes of a working madness.

HE LIKEWISE rented an austere office on Fourth Avenue—why, nobody knew. It was always ready for work and he had been in it twice in a year. Everything was serene with the Leeds family until they pushed him into this recent job—and it was a job, not a joyous work of art. It was the History of the American Indian, with Maps. Outer forces drove him into it and it was not his fault.

"I never see you any more," Theo said coldly. "We are not married. You don't care what I do or where I go or with whom. You don't love me."

"Oh, yes I do. You're mistaken there."

"You haven't taken me anywhere in months. You're cold and distant. We never see a show. You answer me shortly or not at all. You look through me instead of at me, and so far as being my husband, you might as well live in Russia."

"We went to dinner—"

"Three month ago. So tonight I go to the theater with Norman Rickey."

"Who still adores you in his quiet way," Greg smiled. "What you fail to understand and what you fail to allow for is that I am hoeing a tough row. Sometimes, I believe I am going nuts."

"All I see clearly is that I refuse to stay married to a man who has forgotten me. That simply grows worse with time."

"All right," he said quietly. "I offer no argument and you win. I don't oppose you for a minute. If that's the way you feel, by all means get a divorce."

"I shall go to Reno," she said coldly. "Mrs. Hatcher will go with me."

"And Norman, so he can catch you on the first bounce. Can't blame him."

She turned away for bed, shutting the door firmly but quietly, and Greg Leeds sauntered into his working quarters for another hour or two with the American Indian, with Maps.

It was this that had changed him into an absent-minded clod, blind to his wife's growing discontent. It was this that had dulled his wits and robbed him of his kindly and considerate manner. And it was these same Indians who kept him from fighting for his wife . . . Theo was certainly worth a battle. She was beautiful and bright. She was a gay companion for any man and a prize in the home.

When they were first married, she gave it deep thought and decided like a good bride to be his typist, against his profane wishes. So she learned typing and valiantly carried on for a year. He growled over the indignity of having a beautiful wife doing such lowly work and paid her thirty dollars a week, the only sum he had ever heard mentioned for the job, and which she took. Then he plunged into some new task in a tentative mood and she rebelled and refused to type it.

"This is not your game," she explained. "Throw it away and do something you know how to do."

"Oh," he said. "Impertinent secretary criticizes her boss, eh? Well, you're fired. I'll get another."

"This is not like you," Theo said stiffly. "And I quit the job."

That was the finish of her working career and now she was coming to another finish. She was leaving him. . . . In his workroom, he rumpled his hair, and sat down gloomily.

"A fine mess," he grunted, poking the papers gingerly, as though they would leap and bite him. "I was an imbecile ever to take it on. I wish Hoag had died in his first long pants."

Hoag was the senior boss in Hoag and Dodge, who published his books when he had any to publish. For this last sour year, he had had none. That was Hoag's doing. The senior member was a fanatic on American Indians and their lore, and had grieved at their sad fate in America and the lies that had been written into histories for the pollution of young minds.

A year before, he had summoned Greg Leeds to compile, produce and bring forth a volume which would wipe out the wrongs, blast the falsehoods, lift the gentle redskin to his deserved pedestal and right a national wrong.

"I suppose it's all right," Greg said dubiously, knowing it was not, and that moment of weakness was his great mistake, now about to cost him one nice wife. He had not the slightest desire to do the Indians in pretty pastels. He didn't like Indians, individually or by tribes, and didn't give a damn whether they had been slugged out of their rights by the white cheaters of another era. He wished to do his own work, but Hoag was insistent and paid him handsomely by the month.

AT THE end of six months, he was sick of the task and slowly losing his mind, but he stuck like a hero and plugged, while Theo wondered and frowned at the change in her man. Indians or no Indians, he had no right to ignore her. After a while, she passed from indignation to cold resolve to leave him, for if he would do this thing once, he would do it again.

Sure enough, when she finally took the train for Nevada, she was shepherded by young Mrs. Hatcher, long her friend, and the secondary guard was Norman Rickey, who had never been west of Pittsburgh and loathed the sight of fat red barns bursting with hay, lowing kine eating grass and the wide spaces beyond Harlem.

Mr. Rickey was a genial New Yorker of the bowler-hat type and was happy anywhere south of 59th Street. Give him a café and a floor show and he would sit up all night, conversing with magnificent gusto. Give him a night club and some leathery-looking brigands shattering the silence with their wild bassoons, and he would listen happily until dawn. He had long known Theo, wished to marry her even before she met Greg and spoke of her marriage as an error.

"No woman should ever marry a book writer," he often declared. "They generally can't support a wife and have certain years when they go nuts. It would be better for a nice girl to marry a polar bear."

WHEN he learned Theo certainly meant to divorce Greg, Mr. Rickey immediately demanded that she marry him.

"Let's not talk about it now," she replied. "I'm Greg's wife."

"Well, you won't be soon."

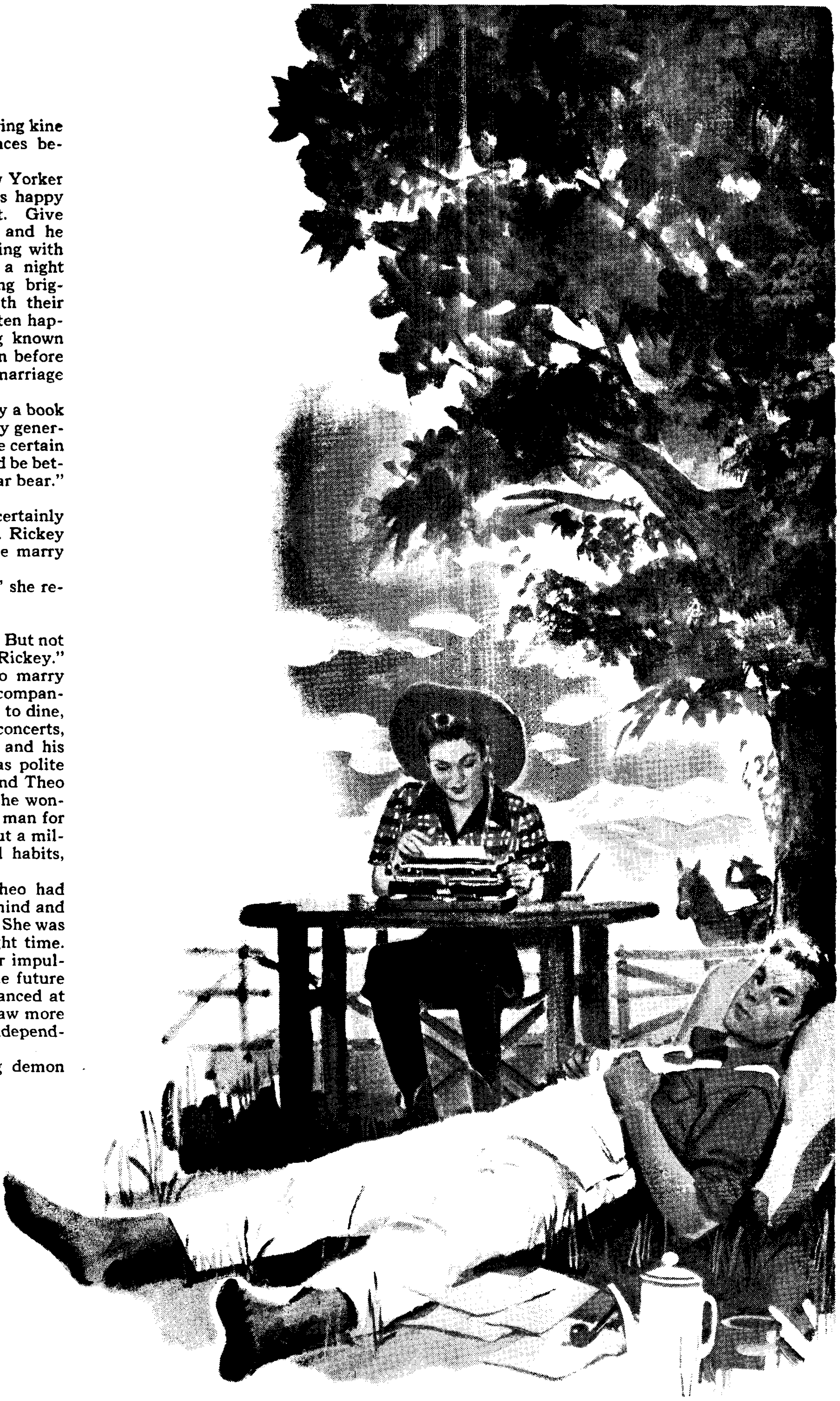
"That's the time to discuss it. But not now. Have some delicacy, Mr. Rickey."

She felt no rushing desire to marry Norman. True, he was a jolly companion, he knew all the good places to dine, was knowing about plays and concerts, always looked neat and fresh, and his politeness was famous. He was polite and thoughtful to all women, and Theo liked his gallant manners and she wondered if one could really love a man for his manners. Norman had about a million dollars and no really bad habits, except being a New Yorker.

On the run out to Reno, Theo had plenty of time to examine her mind and found she was still determined. She was doing the right thing at the right time. She was making no mistakes or impulsive gesture and was certain the future would prove her right. She glanced at the flying scenery and set her jaw more firmly, glad she was a girl of independence and spirit.

And yet some little nagging demon kept popping counter-reflections, nudging his way into her most determined moods. What future did she mean? What if she happened to love Greg still—at least a little—and what if she was so dumb she didn't know it? Maybe she didn't actually hate him and his blasted Indians. Maybe in some daffy way of his own he still loved her. Wouldn't that be nice? Greg was an ace. Greg was a grand guy, when right. There were few men like him anywhere and no husbands. When he was in a crowded room, say a cocktail party, the other husbands looked like stuffed mice. Then she began remembering Greg in his funny moods, saw that it was interfering sadly with her divorce program and threw Greg out to the scenery. She began talking with Norman beside her; he had indigestion and a great hatred for train rides.

When the threesome arrived in Reno, they settled in the best hotel. There they lingered to await the passage of time, and every day that went by put a fresh dent in Mr. Rickey, who was completely out of his alley. He was not a man to enjoy the rugged recreations offered by Reno, which has a sign over the railway station announcing in electrics that here you behold the greatest little city on earth. Reno is among municipalities like a small boy in his father's clothes, chewing tobacco, cursing and talking bass, while brandishing a small pop pistol, but almost everyone seems to like the town. It brims with enthusiasm and smells of stale sawdust, but it has hustle and git and hates to go to bed.



He lolled under the tree in his bare feet, rubbing his toes into the sand

THEO observed certain changes in Norman within the fortnight and the departure of his nice manners. He lost some of his New York suavity. His courtly ways slowly fell from him and he was less polite and somewhat inclined to snap. The West scraped him the wrong way and bored him. He thought of the happy, carefree days back in New York, talked about them and irritated Theo.

"I don't see why you can't give me some assurance," he said to her plaintively. "You'll soon be free to marry. I keep asking and you keep evading."

"I'm not evading."

"Well, will you at least promise to marry me when you're free?"

"I will not," she said with a smile. "I told you in New York I was still Mrs. Leeds and to take your time. You don't have to remain in Reno if you hate it. Leave any time. I'll be all right."

Mrs. Hatcher, looking very zippy and Park Avenue, found the town dull, but managed to struggle along. She went shopping for quaint Western gadgets and gambled at roulette and horse racing, which she adored. At this she lost so steadily that she presently forgot her surroundings, even Norman and Theo, and devoted her whole time to getting even. Nobody ever gets even in Reno and Mrs. Hatcher didn't.

Rickey became steadily gloomier,

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Rita the Rage

By Kyle Crichton

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY JAMES DOOLITTLE

It's no wonder that Hollywood is all excited over Rita Hayworth. If a Spanish dancer can't burn up the celluloid, who can?

THE principal trouble with Hollywood is not the loss of the foreign market but the fact that sin has disappeared. If anybody resembling the original Clara Bow should pop up at the Beverly Brown Derby and utter one modest Yippee! the ensuing silence would be so profound that innocent bystanders would get the bends from merely being in the neighborhood. A new generation has grown up, nurtured on orange juice and sun tan. Dullness has descended over Cahuenga Pass.

Take, for example, the current hot sensation of the films, Miss Rita Hayworth. She got her break in a one-reel short which was knocked out to entertain a convention of Columbia district managers. Rita appeared as the Statue of Liberty, the symbol of Columbia Pictures. After one eyeful of the little lady, the place began to buzz. The same excitement is noticeable when she comes on the screen in her recent successes. In short, the dame is an incandescent wow. But if you met the lady in a bistro and offered her a drink, she would say, a bit apologetically:

"Would you mind if I just took grapefruit juice?"

This is not to select Miss Hayworth as a horrible example; she is representative of all rising Hollywood starlets. She has been happily married for four years; she goes to bed at nine o'clock when she is working; she utters no words of ribaldry; she carefully puts aside part of her salary check each week.

But just when you've set her down as an attractive and intelligent girl, a trifle on the somber side, she appears on a Saturday night at Ciro's and begins to hoof. And, boy, can she hoof! This comes naturally to her because she belongs to the famous Cansino family of dancers. Her real name is Margarita Carmen Cansino, daughter of Eduardo Cansino, who in turn is the third-generation star of a Spanish family that has been entertaining international audiences for a century. When vaudeville was still kicking, Eduardo and his clan constituted a standard act that worked so steadily residents of South Bend, Indiana, could set their calendars by the date the Cansinos came through on the way to the Palace, Chicago.

The headliners of the act were Eduardo and his sister. They did the whirlwind Spanish routine: castanets, stamping feet, the wild whirlings and fandangos. Rita stayed home in Woodside, Long Island, New York, with Mamma and went to school. It was understood, however, that she was to carry on the tradition and she practiced her steps religiously. One night in Baltimore at the age of six, she was taken on the stage just to get the feel of things.

"In stories like that, the little tot always stops the show but I was lucky I didn't get killed in that cyclone," says Rita. "Papa said if I worked hard for about ten years, he'd consider using me. I didn't want to be a dancer at all but I didn't have the courage to tell him that."

Rita has lately been appearing in Susan and God with Joan Crawford and Fredric March and as a star in Angels Over Broadway, but when she first came to Hollywood she was merely an appendage of the Cansino cavalcade. When vaudeville collapsed, Eduardo came out to start a school of dancing and it went all right until the depression began to eat away the outskirts of Beverly Hills. The family was up against it. Eduardo couldn't get in movies, his sister had left when the act broke up, the icebox was empty. The only thing to do was recruit Rita, who had just turned fourteen. She and Eduardo went down to Tijuana and danced in the American Club. Everybody took them for brother and sister because Eduardo looked then and still looks like a gent who might barely be crowding thirty.

Tijuana was then at the height of its infamy. Prohibition was still in force in the States and Mexican border towns were overrun by rich American bums.

"Papa locked me in the dressing room between shows," Rita reports.

But the Tijuana engagement eventually ran out and they were broke again. At home were Mamma and the two boys, Vernon and Ed, all to be fed by the dancing act. Papa hunted around for a new spot and found it on a gambling ship off Santa Monica. But the

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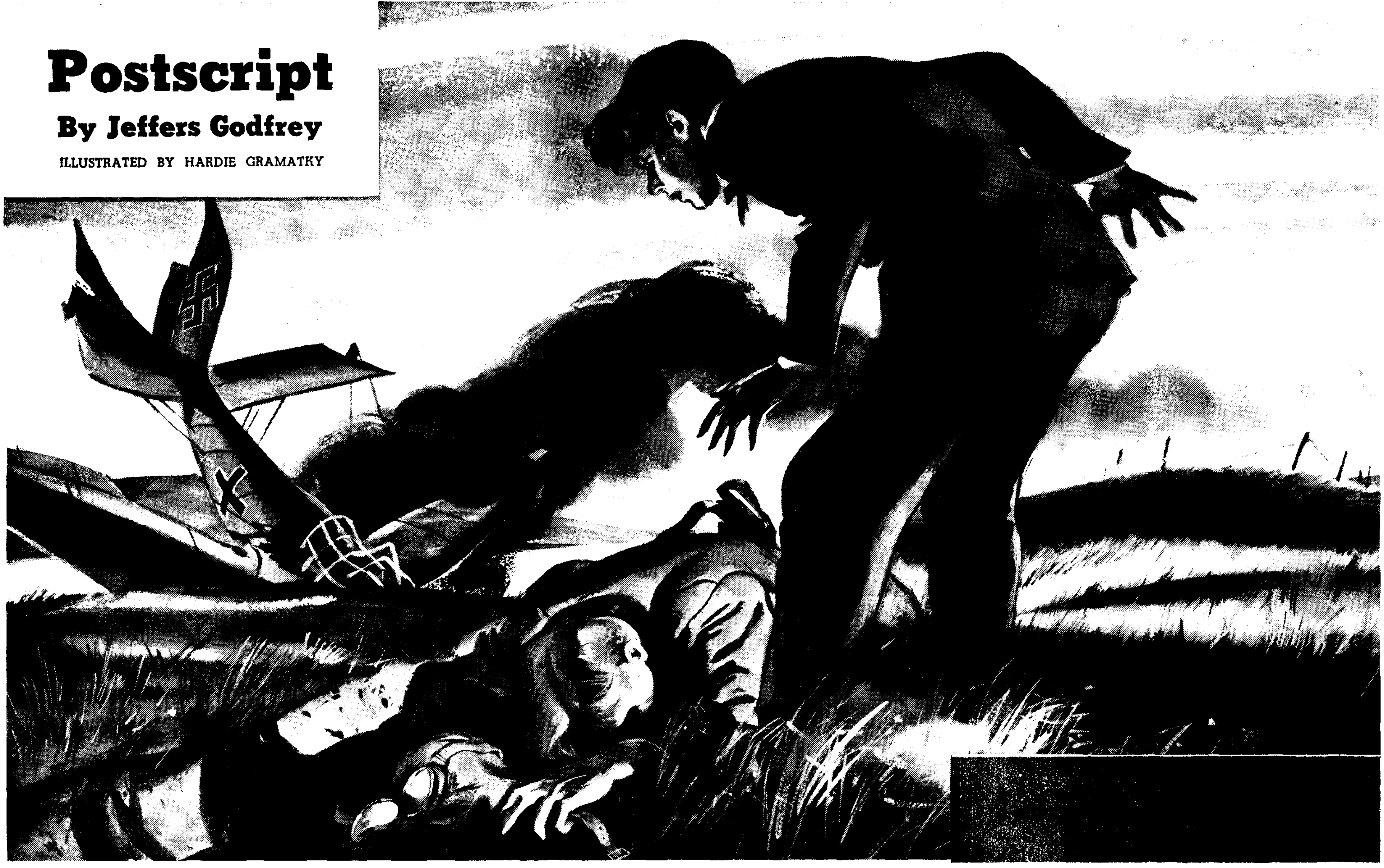
Postscript

By Jeffers Godfrey

ILLUSTRATED BY HARDIE GRAMATKY



He was a young lad, little older than myself and about the age of my brother Edward, who is an aviator, too

BECAUSE my Aunt Megan says it helps my foot, it has always been "walk for your breakfast" with me, and I was hurrying across a field when I saw the gray cone of the German plane crumpled against the scrub along the brook. Halfway to it, I came upon the flier of the plane, sprawled across the path. He was a young lad, little older than myself and about the age of my brother Edward, who is an aviator, too. He was blond like Edward, only his hair was so light it was almost as white as flax. I bent over him. He was dead.

There were no marks on him. Something inside must have broken and ended his life as he tried to follow the path in the bright moon of the night before. Had he lived a little longer he would have come to our cottage to invoke mercy from—of all persons—my Aunt Megan.

I found in the pocket of his blouse a card and a letter. The card was the score of an unfinished pinochle game, and the letter was unfinished, too. It was addressed to Fräulein Käthe Herder, Sturmstrasse 38, Rheydt, Rheinland. German was my best subject at the University College in Aberystwyth, so I could read the letter.

It was to the boy's Aunt Katy, and was dull and dutiful and all paragraphs, to use up space. Just one part sounded natural, the part that thanked his aunt for the chocolate cake she'd sent him: "Many thanks for that delicious chocolate cake. It was so good that my commanding officer ate almost all of it." Something like that.

I should have liked to keep the letter, for a plan was forming in my mind. But I put the card and the letter back, for it seemed the only decent thing to do, and took the main road home.

On the gray slates of the kitchen floor, my boots were more than usually noisy.

"Oh, hush, Alun," my Aunt Megan said from the fireplace. Then she saw the dither I was in. "Edward!" she gasped. "There's news of Edward?"

"No," I said quickly. "Edward's fine—he'll always be fine. Aunt Megan, there's a German boy, an aviator like Edward, lying dead up in the beagle field."

She swung back to the fire. Her tiny figure was a quiver of satisfaction. "Serves him right," she said. "Those beasts—bombing Wales!"

"His plane wasn't a bomber, Aunt Megan—" I stopped, realizing it was foolish to try to tell her that—because our Edward flies a bomber, all planes are bombers to her. I started on my plan: "He had a letter he'd been writing to his aunt, about some cake she'd sent him. Chocolate cake, Aunt Megan—just like yours."

"Like mine!"

Her black eyes were snapping as she came toward me, and I saw I had offended her. She is very proud of her chocolate cake, and delights in the way I eat it. She said, "Oh, well, perhaps I'm getting too much tartar in it—these days, thinking of the misery those monsters spread." She meant worrying about Edward. "Sit down, Alun," she said dispiritedly, "and start eating while it's hot." She fetched the pot and ladled my groats. Back at the fire, she grumbled, "Imagine! Using your good education to find that in a Nazi letter—a chocolate cake as good as mine!"

I DIDN'T sit down to my breakfast. I went to the desk in the corner. On an envelope, before I forgot it, I wrote the aunt's address: Fräulein Käthe Herder, Sturmstrasse 38, Rheydt, Rheinland. Then I took a sheet of paper and racked my brain. The letter had to be right, for this Aunt Katy was like Aunt Megan to me. All aunts are like Aunt Megan to me, and she is a wonderful Christian woman who has worked and slaved all her life for Edward and me.

From the fire astonishment sounded: "Alun, your breakfast!"

I stood up. "You've got to write the letter, Aunt Megan," I said in despair.

"What letter?"

"A letter to that German boy's aunt—to his Aunt Katy in Germany."

She came skipping at me to see if I was daft. "How will a letter get to Germany? Just who delivers post between Wales and Germany these days?"

"Edward can do it," I said. "Edward flies over Düsseldorf often, and Rheydt is hard by. He'll drop down the letter. Leave it to Edward—he'll know just what to do." I was crafty. I stressed Edward's name. Aunt Megan loves and admires Edward, as everyone does. I pleaded: "That aunt should know about her nephew. I'd want you to know, Aunt Megan, if it were Edward."

"Hush, Alun," she said. "Never say that—never think that."

But she went slowly to the desk and sat slowly down. She began to write immediately, seeming to know just what to say. It didn't take her long.

I read the letter, and my heart sank:

"Miss K. Herder:

"Last night your nephew crashed to his death in a field in Pensarn, North Wales. My nephew found your address on a letter he had been writing you, and he thought you should know.

"Resp'ly yrs.,
"M. DAVIES."

It seemed too little to say—it was too little to say. I kept seeing that boy lying up in the field, looking so much like Edward. I kept seeing his Aunt Katy in the image of my Aunt Megan—little and caring and self-sacrificing. But war is war and the enemy is the enemy, and what could be added, in loyalty to our Britain, to soften the letter, I just didn't know.

Aunt Megan said, seeing my glumness, "It's enough, Alun. There's a war, so it'll have to do."

"Yes," I said, making for the door, "I suppose it'll have to do."

She flared after me: "It's all I'd ask of those German beasts if it was my—" She stopped. She couldn't say Edward. She said, "It's all I'd ask if it was you, Alun, up there in the beagle field."

I turned on her, spleeny, too, with a rush of bitterness inside me that she could say my name but not Edward's. I thrust my club foot toward her.

I SAID, "What would the likes of me be doing up in any field—who would take me for a soldier? And you don't need to tell me that's all you'd want to hear about me. But if it were Edward—why, you can't bear even to say his name!"

"For shame, for shame, Alun!" Her voice lashed up at me: "You know I love you, too. But he is in danger, night after night—"

"And I sit snug at home, eating cake!"

"Eating cake!" Her quick, hard hand grasped my wrist. "Oh, let's hush, boy—let's both of us hush." She kept staring up at me. "You're like your mother was, sorrying even for the damned." She pulled the Germany letter from my hand. "I'll write something more to this, if you must have it so. For there's something more I'd be hearing of you."

At the desk she quickly added a line to the letter, and handed it back to me. "There, God forgive me," she said, "I hope you're satisfied now!"

I read the postscript. Though for Aunt Megan it was a tremendous thing to write, it was in truth a trifling thing. But when I read the whole letter with the postscript added, it read wonderfully better. There was mercy in it, and now it seemed enough to say.

The postscript read: "Aunt Katy, his letter said your chocolate cake was fine."

Big Bobo

By Stanley Frank

Baseball's Mr. Newsom is always busting something—a leg, a thumb or a knee-cap. But such casualties handicap him only momentarily in his struggle to break pitching records

THE Cincinnati Reds, winners and new champions, were going crazy, but behind a thin partition the only sound in the Detroit clubhouse was the wailing of Bobo Newsom. Poor Bobo, leaking loudly all over his face, was inconsolable. Pitching with only one day of rest after a magnificent three-hit shutout, Bobo had just lost the final game of the World Series, 2-1. No pitcher in twenty years has won three games in a World Series, but no man ever approached more closely that epic achievement than did Bobo.

Bobo's grief was terrific. "I'll never pitch again," he moaned. He also had the presence of mind to strike a pose of martyrdom for the benefit of the photographers.

Nobody believed him, of course. Nobody doubted for an instant that Bobo will win at least twenty games this season for the fourth successive year. For Bobo is the best pitcher in America, although the unluckiest.

Dire things always happen when Bobo works a ball game, but the opposition suffers more extensively and extravagantly than Bobo, who once lost a no-hit game. Bobo merely breaks his own bones in his zeal to win. He breaks the other fellows' hearts.

Bobo captivated the customers last year, as no ballplayer has since Babe Ruth, with a succession of astonishing heroics. He won twenty-one games and lost a measly five to give the Tigers the pennant. He practically clinched the pennant by beating the White Sox in a double-header four days before the season closed. He won thirteen straight games, the longest winning streak of the year, and his three-hitter against the Reds was the best effort of the series.

Bobo has the disconcerting habit of making preposterous predictions come true. During the winter of 1939-1940 Bobo had casually announced he would pitch the Tigers, who had finished in the second division the previous season, into the World Series. A few hours after he won the first game from the Reds, his father succumbed to a heart attack in Cincinnati. Bobo was heartbroken and solemnly declared he would dedicate the next game, which was to be the best he ever pitched, to the memory of his father. Bobo really unveiled a game for the ages in the fifth contest of the series; if Dick Bartell, Detroit's shortstop, had moved beyond the limits of his stationary shadow to handle fairly easy balls hit by Billy Werber and Mike McCormick, Bobo would have had an unprecedented one-hitter.

There always are complications when the momentous involves Bobo. On July 17, 1940, he went into the arena against the Red Sox seeking his fourteenth straight victory. He was leading, 3-0 in the fourth inning, when he covered first base on a grounder hit to Rudy York. Bobo emerged from the play with a right thumb broken in two places. The doctors said he would be in dry dock for a month.

Bobo dissented, strenuously and shrilly.

"What do doctors know about it?" he demanded indignantly. "I've busted somethin' nine times now and my bones are so used to it they snap right back into place. I'll be pitchin' in ten days and when I come back the next thing I'll bust will be the American League record for sixteen consecutive wins. I can't miss."

The Man of Many Talents

That's Newsom—always popping off. He was out eleven days and he lost his next start to the Athletics—in eleven innings with a cast on his bashed thumb.

A gent of many talents, our man Newsom will be remembered most vividly by posterity for his emotional indifference to shocking injury and for his spectacular disregard for the truth. Confinement to facts always gives Bobo claustrophobia.

There was, for instance, opening day in 1936, when Bobo pitched against the Yankees with a fractured jaw, and pitched so well that he held a capacity throng, including President Roosevelt, absolutely spellbound with his courage and craftsmanship. In the third inning Ben Chapman, then with the Yankees, bunted down the third-base line. Bobo and Ossie Bluege dashed for the ball, but Bluege reached it first. Bobo turned his head to watch the play at first base, a grievous professional and personal error. Bluege had no time to look; he had to uncork a blind throw to get the swift Chapman. The ball struck Newsom, no more than five paces distant, squarely behind the right ear.

Bobo ran around in circles like a crazed horse and had to be subdued by four muscular associates. The pain must have been agonizing, but Bobo pitched the entire game—and defeated Lefty Gomez, 1-0, in the ninth inning.

"The President came out to see Old Bobo pitch," he said solemnly. "Old Bobo couldn't disappoint him."

The habit of referring to himself in the third person is a carry-over from childhood. He was christened Louie Norman when he was born on August 11, 1908, but an uncle nicknamed him

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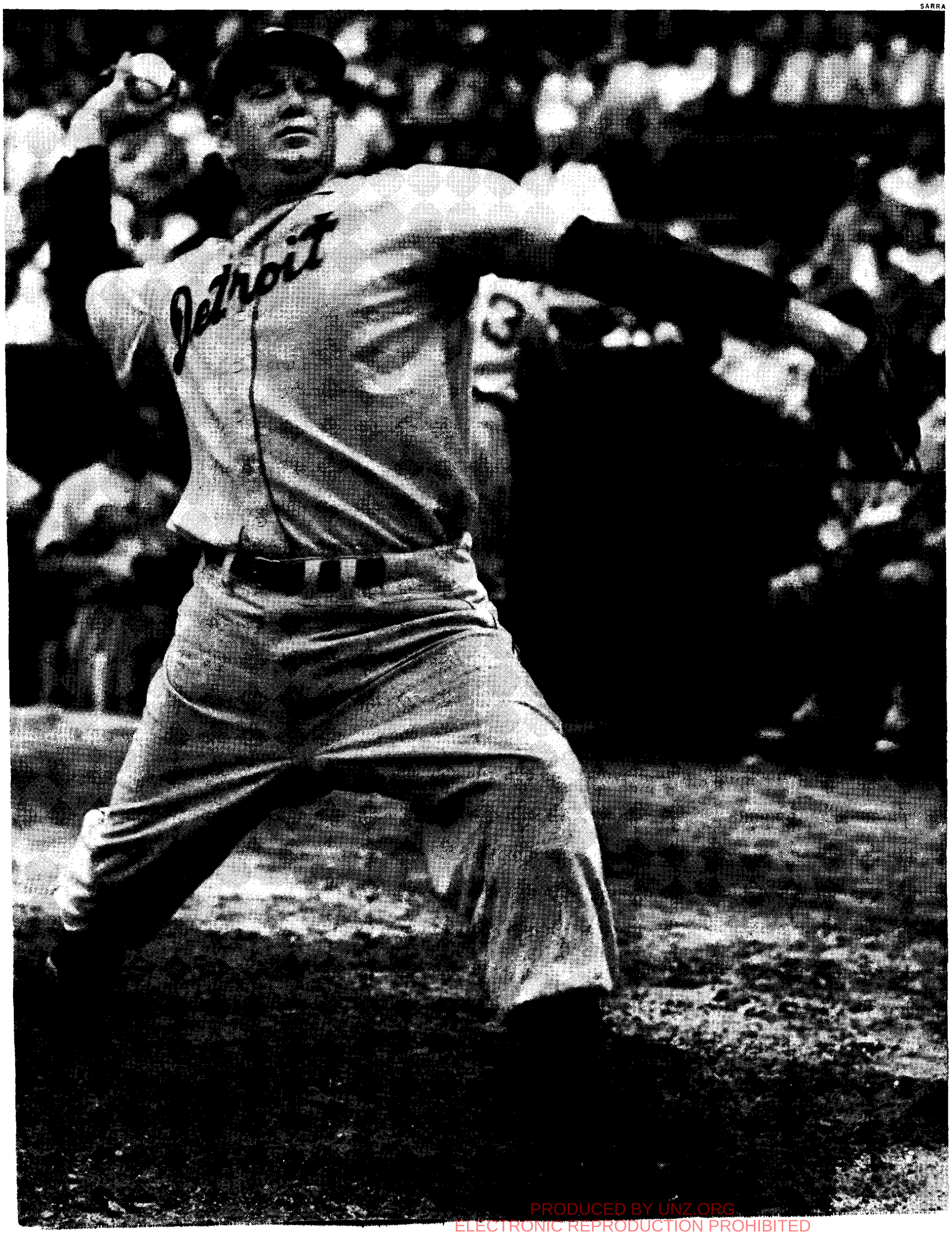
SARRA



Baseball's highest-paid pitcher is Buck Newsom, who topped a 21-game season with a gallant try at three World Series wins

The Story Thus Far:

AFTER sixty days on the trail, Cap Ryker's Texas outfit becomes unruly in the town of River Bend. Angered when Dan Mitchell, the marshal, attempts to restore law and order, Ryker leads his men away, after threatening to return, ruin the town and kill Mitchell.

Heretofore antagonistic, Charley Fair, leader of the town's wilder element, and Ed Balder, who heads the businessmen, agree that Mitchell has made a serious blunder—they fear that the Texan (a power in the West) may see to it that River Bend is avoided by the trail outfits. . . .

Sherry Gault, daughter of a prosperous ranchman, is engaged to Ford Green, the county's prosecuting attorney. Suspecting the truth—that Mitchell is in love with Sherry—Green hates the marshal. The hatred is reciprocal: Mitchell regards Ford Green as a small, scheming politician. . . . Among Mitchell's friends is "Big Annie," a dance-hall owner of questionable reputation. Strongly attracted by Mitchell, Sherry (who regards his liking for Big Annie as something it is not) is invariably cold, distant, when she encounters him.

Jett Younger, an outlaw, steals some cattle from the Crazy L outfit. In the melee that ensues, he kills one of the Crazy L punchers. Ed Balder and Ford Green decide that Younger must be "eliminated." Following a talk with Charley Fair (who heretofore has always backed the outlaw, but who now professes to feel that he has gone entirely too far), they inform Bravo Trimble, the sheriff, that he must arrest Younger. Knowing that Younger is a dangerous killer, Trimble (an old man) reluctantly prepares to go out in search of the outlaw.

Mitchell guesses the truth: Fair has tipped Younger off—told him that Trimble will merely go through the motions of trying to find him. So, when the sheriff rides toward the cabin where Younger is supposed to be, Mitchell and his close friend, Tom Leathers, accompany him. . . .

It is night. Younger and some of his men are playing poker in his cabin. Mitchell steps in. He gives no warning. He is alone—Trimble and Leathers are outside, awaiting developments. He tells the outlaw why he has come. Younger, certain that one lone man cannot take him, is contemptuous, amused.

Mitchell knows he is in for a fight. Keeping his eyes on Younger, he says over his shoulder: "Bravo, go around and knock in the glass of that window."

IV

JETT'S smile slid away. He moved one foot slowly along the floor and brought it back. Bravo Trimble's boots scuffed around the cabin and in a moment he hit the windowpanes with the barrel of his gun, breaking them out. The sound of this went clashing into the darkness, brittle and startling. Younger's four men waited, watching Younger who was, Mitchell saw, trying to tell them something without speaking. They were trying to understand—and failing. Younger called: "All right."

"I just want you," said Mitchell, pointing to Jett. "Move into the yard with me. Rest of you fellows stay easy. Wouldn't get nervous. Jett's been in jail before." He retreated from the doorway and wheeled out of the lane of light into the shadows. Jett Younger released an odd laugh and now came to the doorway. He put his hands against the edge of the casing and balanced himself and he said in a voice soft for him, "All right."

Bravo's yell lifted. "Stop that!" The light died. Mitchell, jumping aside, heard Younger's great grunt as he threw himself forward. He heard the strike of Younger's hand on the hard butt of his gun. Mitchell threw himself in, low and swift. His hands caught Younger and were knocked aside and he made another sweep and caught the outlaw again around the waist. He felt Younger's arms inside his grip and he bore Younger back against the logs of the cabin. Younger wheeled and tried to throw him away. Men rushed out of the cabin and a gun began to break the heavy stillness of the hills. Mitchell heaved at Younger, slamming him hard on the logs, and raised his knee and smashed it into Younger's crotch.

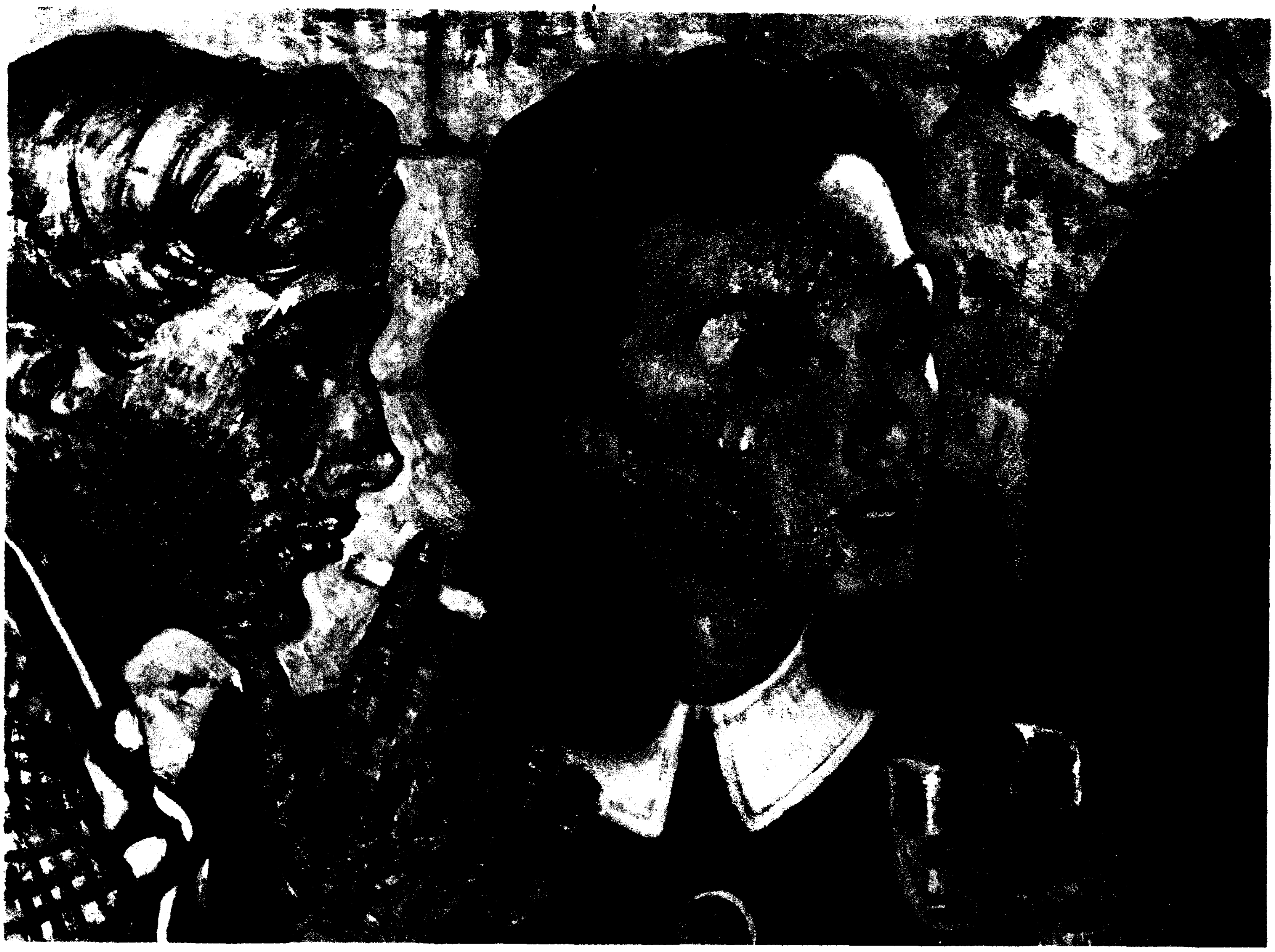
The big man had been a rioting animal in his arms. He ceased to be. A shouted cry rushed out of him and he turned heavy and momentarily soft against Mitchell who ran his hand down along the big man's flank toward the gun Younger had not fully pulled from the holster.

Somebody in the yard kept yelling, "Jett—where you at—Jett, where you at?" Boots hit the hard earth and a quick firing pounded the meadow and the hills, rolling out and rolling back like minor thunder. That yell echoed again, "Jett!" A man plunged full against Mitchell, shouting: "That you?" He had his arm around Mitchell's throat and, hearing no answer, he shoved against Mitchell. Mitchell turned, grinding skin from his neck; he pushed himself forward, throwing the man off his feet. He went down on top of this fellow and rolled away and got up, swinging back toward the wall. He had brought up his gun and when he heard the man rise off the earth and begin to yell he turned and fired at the shadow moving against him.

All this was in a curdled blackness. Tom Leathers called from the foreground and potty explosions of gunfire continued back of the cabin. Mitchell made a run for the cabin wall and caught Jett Younger's leg. He had misjudged Younger's location and took a brutal blow from the wall when he slammed into it, but he tripped Younger and dropped on him, again searching for the outlaw's gun. Deep in the dust, Younger moved and twisted and cursed

(Continued on page 32)

"You don't trust me very much," he told her, "and you have a pretty deep dislike for me"



"Have you been listening to us all this time, Mr. Raptarkis?" asked Isabel

Farewell at Phaleron

By Michael Wharf

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARK FAY

The story of an amazing Athenian named Raptarkis, one of those intangibles that Mr. Mussolini has lately learned about

THE afternoon he told her he was going to leave Greece he arranged to have her meet him about five at the Cretikos, a little café-restaurant on the northern shoulder of the Acropolis. He didn't like to have to go to the American school to meet her. He didn't want them talked about among the spectacled archaeologists. Their love was their own.

It was October, and in Athens in October the sky is the blue of the deep water around the island of Hydra, where the sponge divers come from, and the sun is exactly the same warmth all day, a warmth like the wine of Samos, heady and sweet. October in Athens is like a congratulation of God to man. It is a time for sitting outdoors and looking face upward into the sun.

In the morning you want to lie on the white roof terrace and at noon you want to go down to Old Phaleron, to the beach where Demosthenes walked. The last bather is gone. You can watch the wading netmen catch you your fish, you can haggle for it, buy it and have it broiled over charcoal in the café by the winking bay, while Nick, the lame waiter, stands by you, dreamily looking across at the pile of brown and ivory houses that is Piraeus. Here you must sit until you have eaten all your fish, and your *salatta*, and the long Patras olives, and wiped the plate all up with your bread, and had a little more of the bread with white cheese, and then taken in your hand the big, round orange that comes from Rethymnon in Crete, taken the orange in your hand like a ball and walked over to the sand-strewn wooden stairs that lead down to the beach.

Is it time to go and tell her? No, not for an hour.

Here you sit down and let the sun have its way with your legs. You peel your fruit, putting the curling, aromatic rind beside you, parting the tender, juicy orange moons, and dropping them into your mouth, and letting the dance of sunlight on the waves hypnotize your eyes till you move toward the threshold of sleep.

Then Nick brings the wine, the raw *retsina* that smells like turpentine. He gives it to you, pale as lemonade, in a heavy common water tumbler. "And yours?" you say. "Here," Nick says, and produces another tumblerful from somewhere behind him. Then he sits down at the other end of the top tread of the staircase that leads down to the beach, about ten feet away; and you both sit there looking at the waves, and if someone of challenging temperament were to walk up and ask you two what you are thinking about, you would each say in your own language, vacantly and innocently, "Nothing."

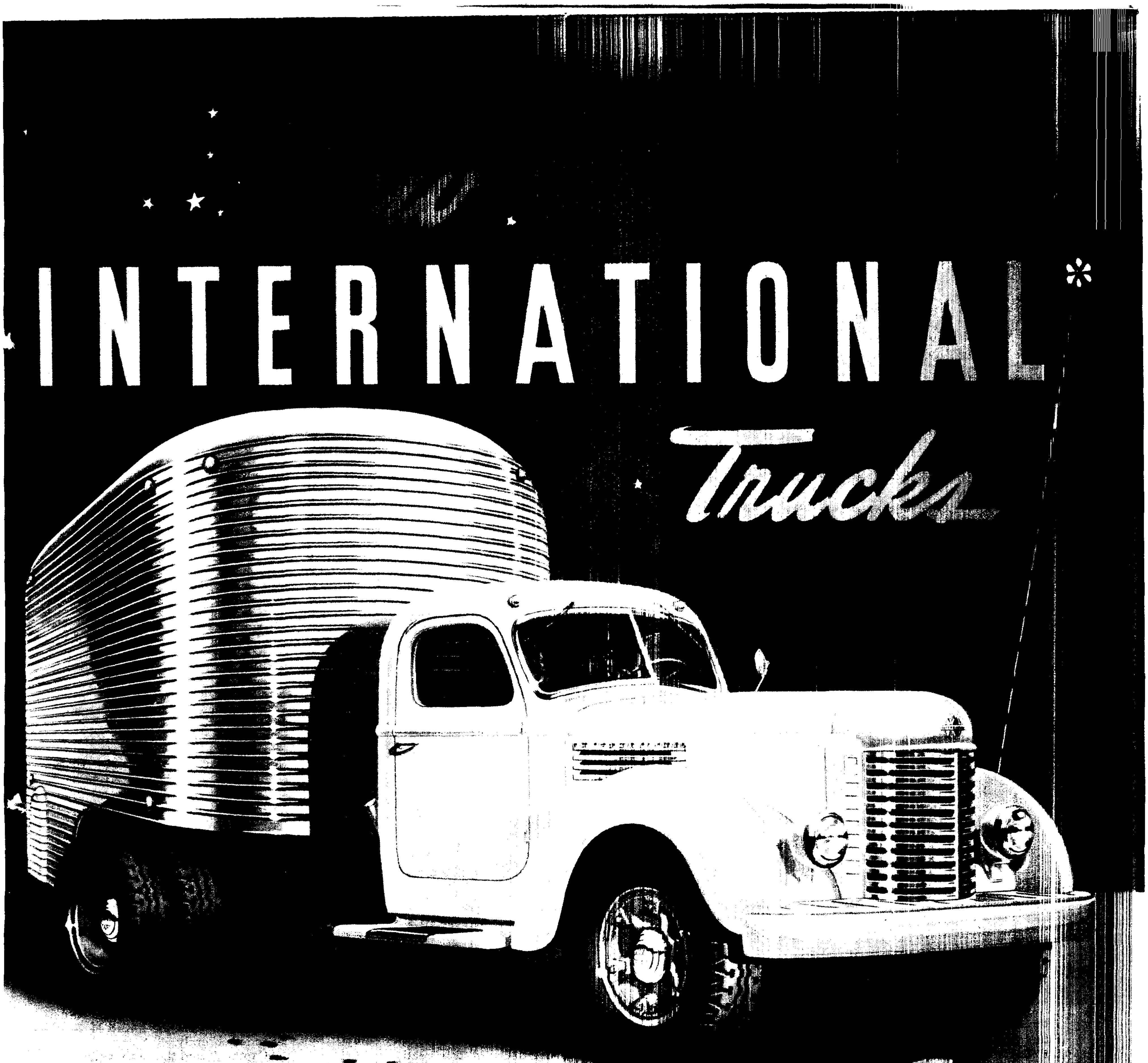
Is it time to go and tell her? Yes, soon now.

You will sit there until the first shadows of the dusk reach out their long, cool arms and put them around your shoulders, chilly as silk. Then, when long blue sleeves of haze steal out of the hollows of Hymettos, you say good-by to Nick, cross the boulevard and wait for the long yellow bus back to Athens.

DAVE NYE saw the soft tentacles of the dusk climbing Hymettos as he waited. When the bus swung squealing around the corner, he fingered his big five-drachma coin and climbed in. The boy conductor clinging like a monkey on the rear end rapped the tinny side of the bus twice, shouted "*Embros*," and they tore away around the second bend past the airport and started up the long three-mile slope of the Leophoros Syngrou with the Acropolis far ahead on the left.

Embros—forward, he thought, remembering the story the young officer in the tank battalion had told him. A patriotic Greek and a nonpatriotic Greek are arguing about bravery. "Our army has never retreated," says the patriot. "For its size, it is the bravest in the world. Our soldiers always march *embros*." "Wait a minute," says the nonpatriot. "What about when the Turks

(Continued on page 27)



NEW HEAVY-DUTY POWER, PERFORMANCE, ECONOMY

The new cabs are designed for highway safety, driver-efficiency and driver-comfort. Foam-type rubber seat cushion, adjustable seat back, generous head and leg room. All-steel construction, safety glass all around.

HERE'S a new view of America's *favorite** heavy-duty truck—completely redesigned and geared for the extraordinary demands of 1941. This year, trucks and the highways on which they roll assume a new importance in the nation's No. 1 job—National Defense. The New Internationals—product of 34 years of truck-manufacturing experience—are superbly fitted for today's transportation needs.

One look and you recognize modern streamline styling at its best. Put these new Internationals to work on your job, and you get a new idea of *performance, power* and *stamina*—and *unbelievable operating economy.*

These new K-Line Internationals have new Hi-Tork hydraulic brakes for smooth straight-line stops, under full load—no grabbing, fading or squealing. New, easier steering for greater safety and tireless handling. New, improved frame construction; new rugged rear axles; and new, longer, easy-riding springs. And even more important, there are powerful, 6-cylinder, valve-in-head engines designed and built by International to lick the toughest jobs—with power to spare.

The new International line includes all sizes from the ½-ton delivery up to powerful 6-wheel and Diesel-powered units. Write for catalog.

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY
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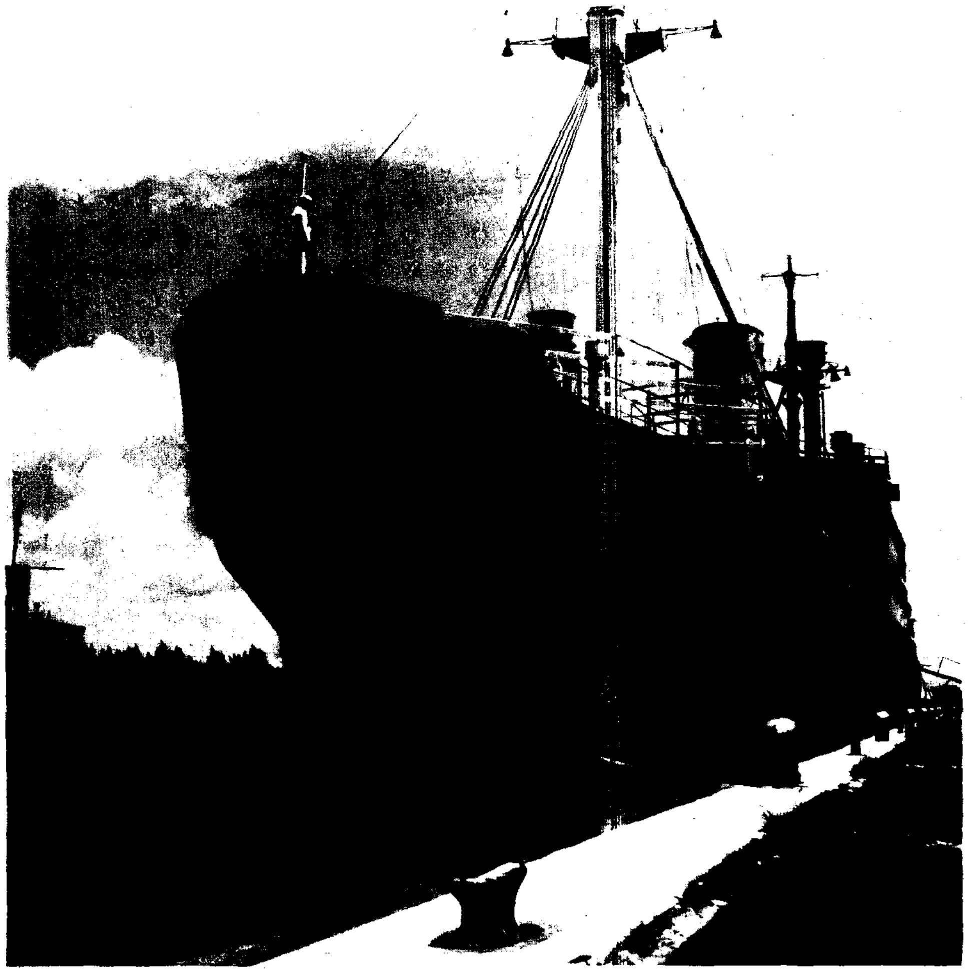
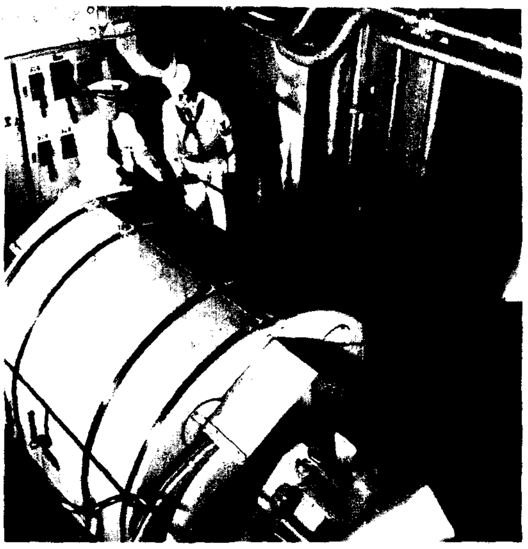
FREE Movie—"Singing Wheels"

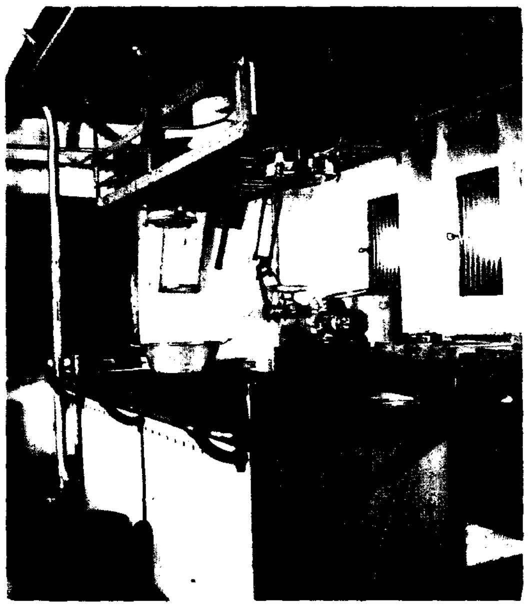
Thrilling 22-minute feature produced by Motor Truck Committee, Automobile Manufacturers Association. Now ready for club and organization meetings. Write to Harvester.

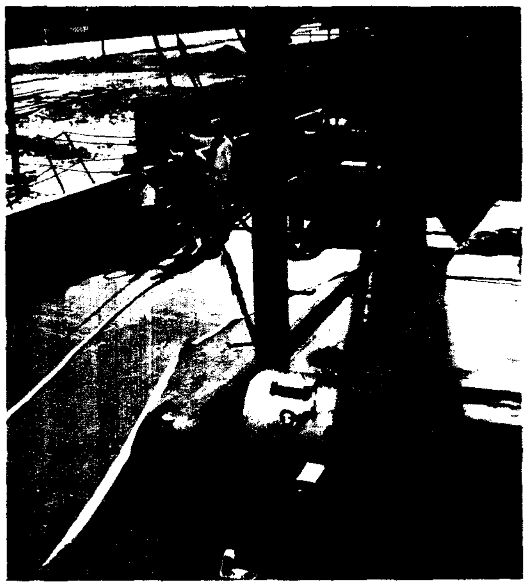
*** For ten years more heavy-duty Internationals have been sold than any other make**

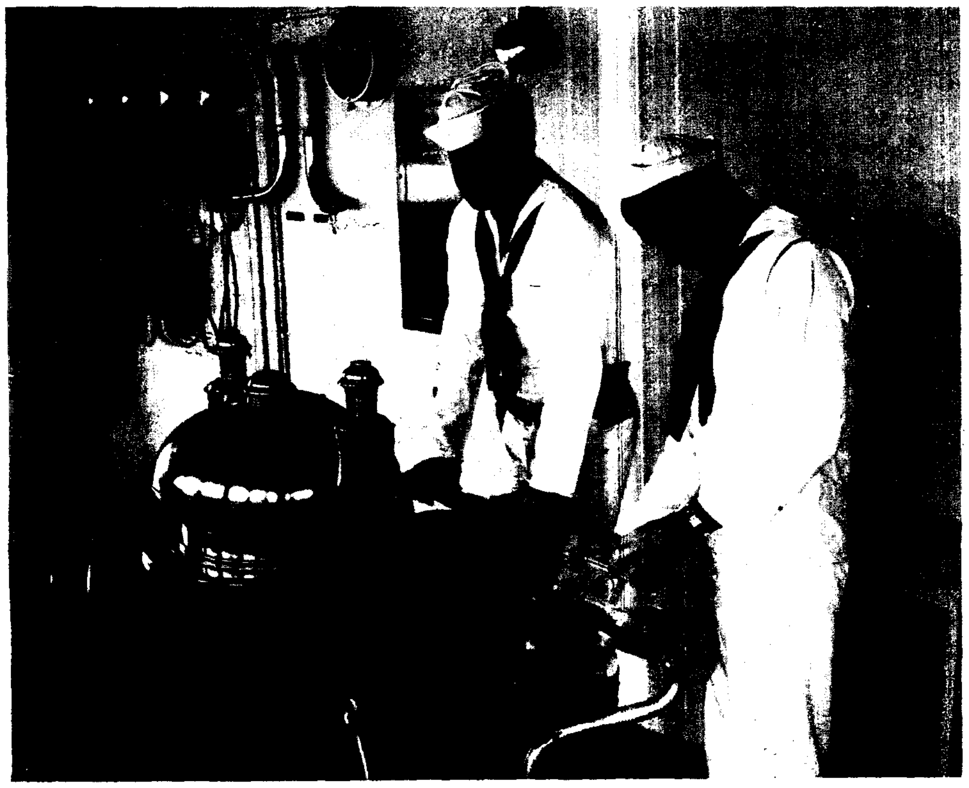




One of two main dynamos (left), supplied current that drove propulsion motors in the stern of the vessel







Above, the fast 4,500-ton German freighter Arauca, driven into Port Everglades, Fla., by the British cruiser Orion and seized by the United States. Below, coastguardsmen in her pilothouse. Note absence of wheel; steering is electric and by push button

Model ship's galley (above), used electricity exclusively. Below, Coast Guard was ready for fire (note hoses) when ship was seized

Nazi Showboat

By Robert W. Safford

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY BOB LEAVITT

Collier's looks over the luxurious Arauca, fast, ultramodern freight and passenger carrier, built to impress Germany's prospective customers in South America

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT was delivering his Jackson Day address from the wardroom of the White House yacht Potomac at Port Everglades, Florida, when twenty coastguardsmen swarmed aboard the Nazi's brand-new million-and-a-half dollar Arauca, 500 feet away. Flashlights twinkled in the unlighted hull of the freighter for more than three hours. The Germans laughed.

"A bomb," one said. "They think we have a bomb for their President. Ridiculous."

Finally the searchers departed. But they left an armed guard. That was Saturday night, March 29th.

Coast Guard officials have declined to reveal what the searching party found. But it is known, however, that this was apparently the Nazi plan:

When it became evident that the Arauca was to be confiscated, selected members of the personnel would rush below and drop lighted newspapers in various compartments of the bilges and in the main fuel-oil tanks. There was a quantity of unexplained oil in the bilges, which should have been completely dry since the vessel is equipped with powerful automatic bilge pumps.

Another man would turn off the automatic carbon dioxide fire-fighting equipment at the tanks.

One man would open the drain valves of two large Diesel-oil tanks high in the center section of the ship. Oil from these would soak the Arauca's two main dynamos and all of the electrical controls. It would run on down to the oil fire in the bottom and immediately the central power room would be a sheet of flame. All of the ship's machinery would be destroyed. The bilge fires would ignite the cargo of hemp, phosphate and rosin. The fire would be unquenchable with what apparatus was available at Port Everglades. When it burned out, the Arauca would be junk.

This careful plan was prepared to preserve the fast new ship as long as possible, in the belief that Germany would win the war and the Arauca would be freed to rush cargoes from Central America to Hamburg.

It is known also that one of the crew boasted, shortly before the ship was seized: "We are all ready. This country declares war on Germany; we set the ship afire in five minutes."

Obviously—as it developed later when the Nazis were taken into custody—the Coast Guard had not gone aboard the Arauca because the President's yacht was in port. But the Germans thought so and therefore did not worry about their careful plan. One of the crew admitted next morning, when they were grumbling a little over being disturbed by the search: "For Herr Hitler would be the same thing, only with a foreign ship we would have more guards. And I do not think Herr Hitler would be so close to a foreign ship."

That Saturday night the searchers did not indicate they had discovered anything amiss. They posted their guards and went away.

Sunday morning there was no breakfast ready; no hot coffee for the captain. Frantically the Germans sought—and eventually obtained—permission for one assistant engineer to go below and start an auxiliary Diesel generator which furnishes current when the ship is in port and the main turbine-driven dynamos are quiet. Two guards with side-arms stood by as he coaxed the heavy engine into life. When it was throbbing satisfactorily, they escorted him back up the ladders to the main deck.

Now the cook had current for his electric stoves and the bath water—choice of fresh or salt—began to heat. Events settled into normal Sunday routine on the idle ship. Conversation was principally about shore leave. Sunday was one of the four days on which the Arauca crew had been permitted to go ashore, but since the arrival of the President no leave had been granted. Throughout the hot morning the Arauca crew waited; armed guards walked slowly across the decks.

I WAS aboard the Nazi vessel Sunday noon when Lieut. P. L. Stinson, commanding officer of Fort Lauderdale Coast Guard base, arrived. Forty coastguardsmen with submachine guns and automatic pistols were at his heels. My interview with Capt. Frederich T. Stengler and Chief Engineer Karl H. Mueller ended abruptly.

"Captain," said the Coast Guard officer, "I have orders to take over the ship and arrest the crew."

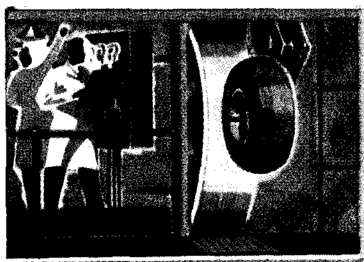
"All right, Lieutenant," was the grave reply. The German officer asked whether he and the crew could take their personal belongings. They could. That night he and the others were confined at the Coast Guard base, where they ate prodigiously, to the dismay of a petty officer charged with the mess budget. "We'll be in the hole," he said dolefully, "they'll eat us into bankruptcy." Next day they were transferred to the Broward County jail, prisoners of the Immigration Department.

Technically, they were charged with having overstayed the 60-day term allowed alien seamen, and are subject to deportation. Most of the crew think they will be sent to the concentration camp near Three Rivers, New Mexico, where 300 crew members from the scuttled German liner Columbus are prisoners.

The British cruiser H.M.S. Orion chased the Arauca into port; a British

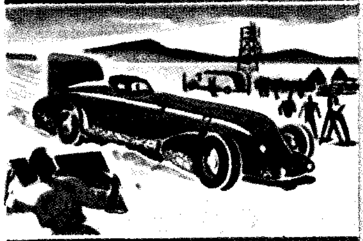
(Continued on page 56)

AND NOW THE *Safti-Sured* TIRE

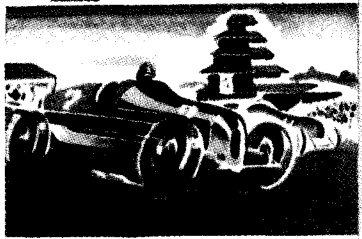


IN THE LABORATORY—This revolutionary new tire withstood torture tests far more punishing than you will ever give it.

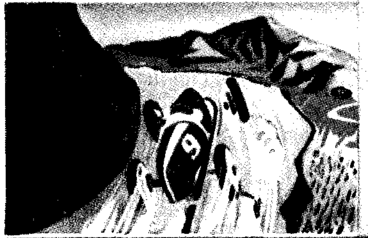
ON THE PROVING GROUND—It met the exacting requirements of car manufacturers, who adopted it as original equipment on their new models.



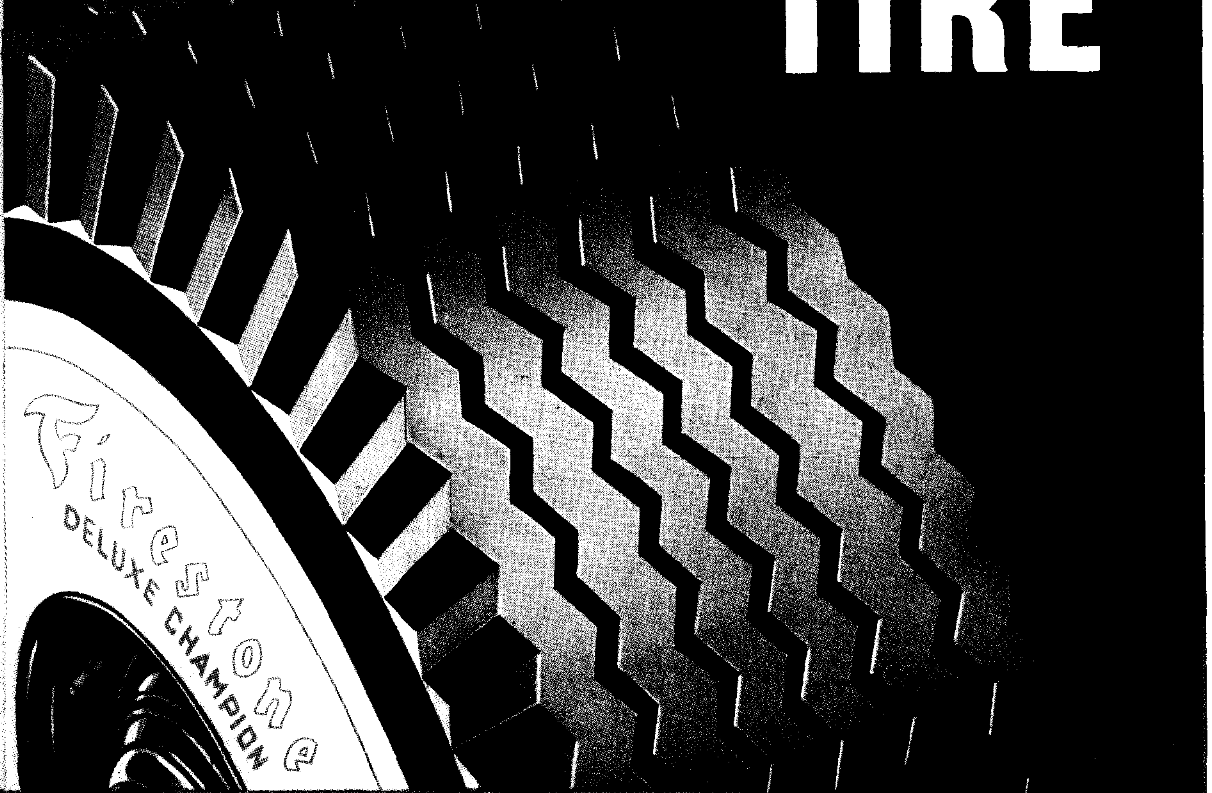
ON UTAH SALT BEDS—290 endurance and speed records led to the development of the tougher tread which gives remarkably longer mileage.

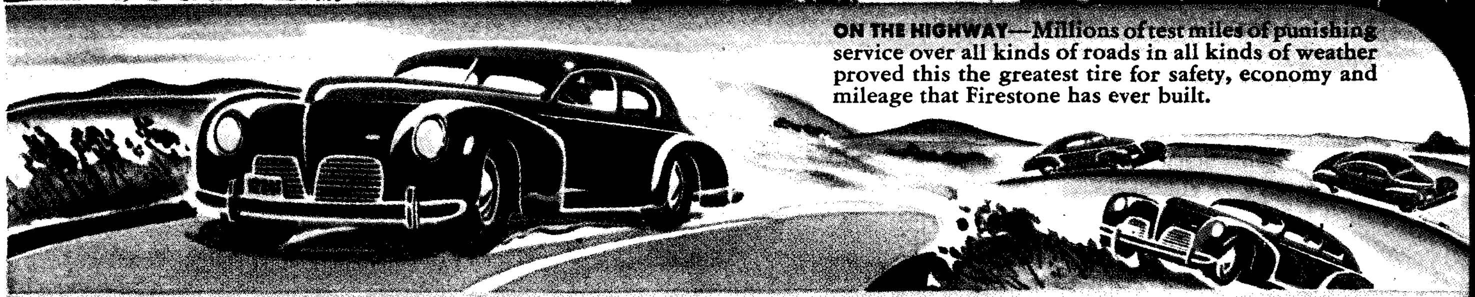


ON INDIANAPOLIS SPEEDWAY—Winning this gruelling race for 21 years led to the development of far greater strength and protection against blowouts.



AT PIKE'S PEAK—Winning this perilous climb for 14 years led to the development of this new Gear-Grip tread which gives greater non-skid protection.





ON THE HIGHWAY—Millions of test miles of punishing service over all kinds of roads in all kinds of weather proved this the greatest tire for safety, economy and mileage that Firestone has ever built.

OUT of more than 40 years of experience and the world's most gruelling and torturous tests comes a new tire — so strong, so safe, so long-wearing that it establishes an entirely new high standard of motoring safety and economy.

The new Firestone DeLuxe Champion is the world's first *Safti-Sured* tire. It is *Safti-Sured* against blowouts by a new Safety-Lock Gum-Dipped cord body so amazingly strong, so remarkably cool-running that excessive internal friction and heat cannot occur. It is *Safti-Sured* against skidding by the unequalled stopping power of the new Gear-Grip tread. And it is *Safti-Sured* for longer mileage by the sensational development of a new tread rubber compound.

Call on your nearby Firestone dealer or store today and equip your car with a set of the safest, longest-wearing tires that Firestone has ever built. Convenient budget terms can be arranged if you desire.

A complimentary package of Burpee's new Idabelle Firestone Marigold seeds is yours for the asking at your Firestone dealer or store.

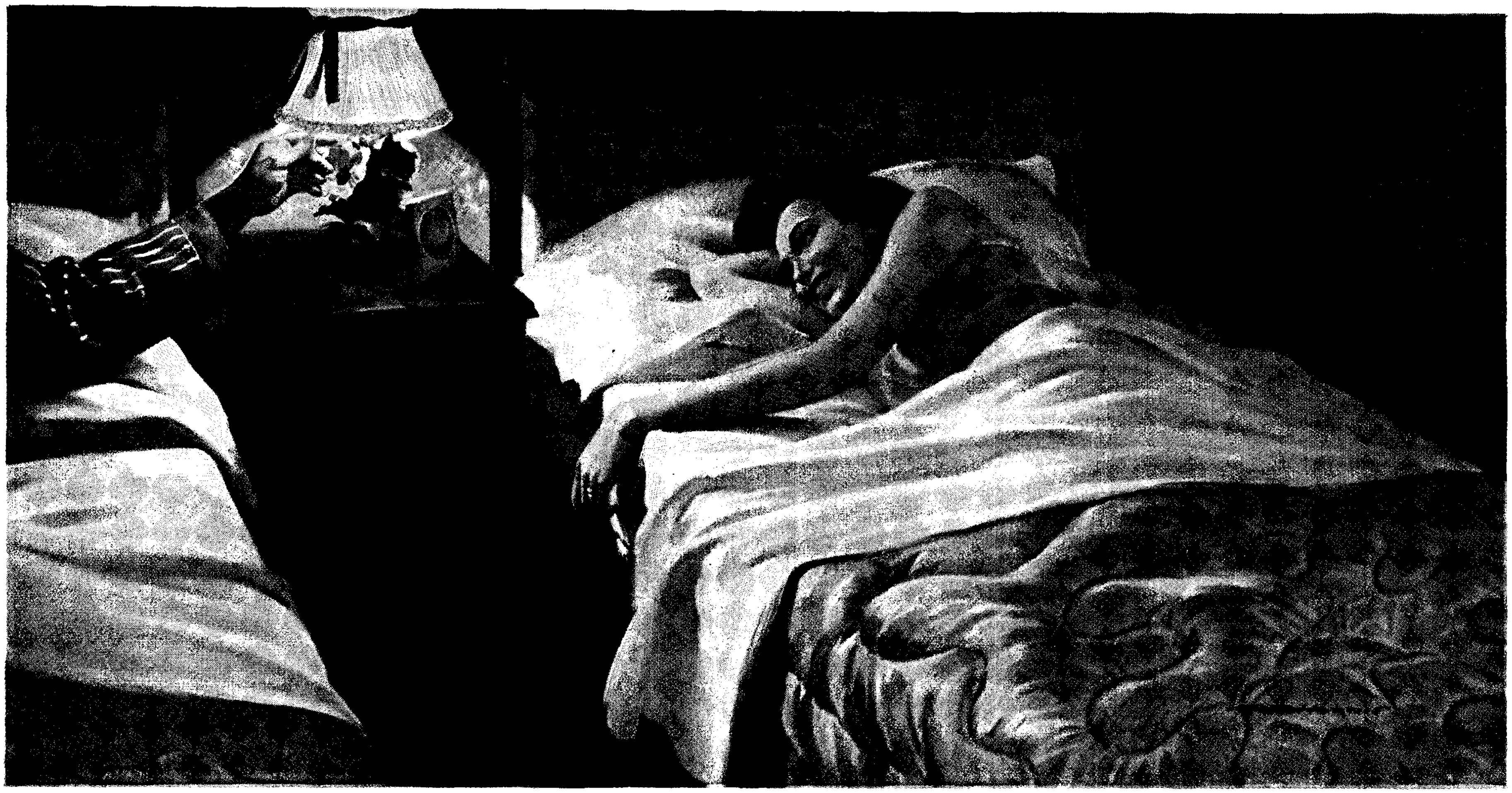
Copr. 1941, The F. T. & R. Co.

THE NEW *Safti-Sured*

Firestone

DeLuxe CHAMPION TIRES

Listen to the Voice of Firestone with Richard Crooks, Margaret Speaks and the Firestone Symphony Orchestra, under the direction of Alfred Wallenstein, Monday evenings, over N. B. C. Red Network



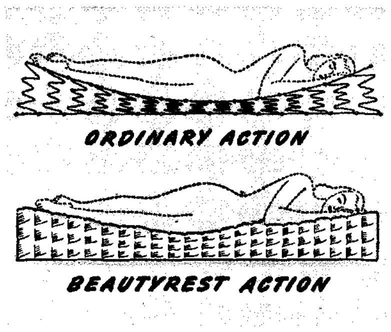
Only the Beautyrest can give you *luxury* comfort. Comes in new and lovelier covers this year. Yet costs only a penny a night!

How to get the most for your mattress money

1. You can't see comfort

If *looks* told you anything about *comfort*, all mattresses would be equally comfortable. For they mostly all look alike.

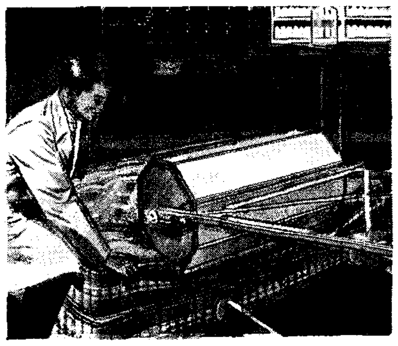
But there's a *vast* difference in mattress comfort. For comfort depends on what's *inside*. And the "insides" are responsible for that almost *heavenly* sense of complete relaxation—blissful comfort—which comes when you sink gently down into a Beautyrest. Only Beautyrest offers you the supreme thrill of *luxury comfort!*



2. Compare the two types of "insides"

← See how the springs in an *ordinary* mattress are joined together? That's why the whole mattress tends to slope toward the spot where your greatest weight lies. This makes for *sag* support.

← Not so with the Beautyrest. Each of its 837 individually pocketed coils yields *independently*. Thus, it *cradles* you completely... evenly. That's *buoyant* support. Other mattresses just can't give it. We know. We make *both* types.



3. Will it give the same comfort in 1951?

The Beautyrest you get today will still be luxuriously comfortable in 1951. It's guaranteed for *ten long years*. And that's conservative! With care, it will probably last longer.

For the United States Testing Company, with their Mattress Endurance Machines, put 17 different makes through far harder tests than one would receive in your home. (Cert. Test No. 11760.) And the Beautyrest lasted *three times longer* than any other!

4. Make sure the mattress will keep its shape

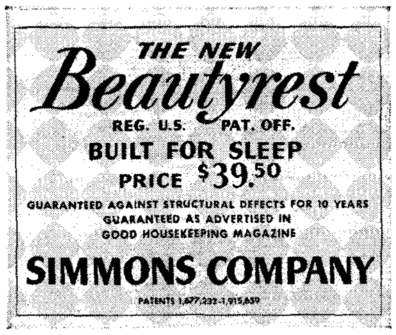
You don't want a mattress that just looks nice in the store. And then after a few years, develops lumps and hollows, starts sagging at the edges.

Thanks to a patented "sag-proof" border, the edges of a Beautyrest will stay erect, firm, and neat throughout its long, long life. And because it won't sag or form wavy humps, you have to turn your Beautyrest only 4 or 5 times a year!

5. Get a mattress that stays fresh inside

It's important that the mattress you select is one that *really ventilates* itself. Or else, it will get stale and musty and even unsanitary.

Now, the Beautyrest has eight *genuine* ventilators—ventilators that really *work*. Put your hand over one of these openings, and sit down on a Beautyrest. You'll feel air come puffing out—fresh air sucking in as you rise. That's why the Beautyrest keeps dry and clean and sanitary inside.



THE NEW
Beautyrest
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
BUILT FOR SLEEP
PRICE $39.50
GUARANTEED AGAINST STRUCTURAL DEFECTS FOR 10 YEARS
GUARANTEED AS ADVERTISED IN
GOOD HOUSEKEEPING MAGAZINE
SIMMONS COMPANY
PATENTS 1,677,232-1,915,659

6. Don't let a price tag fool you!

The Beautyrest may actually cost you less over the years than many mattresses *half* its price. For the Beautyrest lasted *three times longer* than the next best make tested.

Based on our 10-year guarantee alone, the Beautyrest at $39.50 figures out to only *a penny a night!* Isn't that *ridiculously* little for the most luxurious sleeping comfort known? Of course! Get a Beautyrest—and get the *most* for your mattress money!

← *This label identifies the Beautyrest.*

Beautyrest Box Spring, for use with Beautyrest Mattress, $39.50. Or get the Ace Coil Spring, $19.75.

Farewell at Phaleron

Continued from page 22

beat us in Asia Minor? Remember how our soldiers ran then? You don't call that an advance *embros*, do you?" "Well," says the patriot soberly, "that was a Greek advance too. Only that was an advance to the rear."

Bumping up and down in the bus, he thought now that the lieutenant's story would be as good as any way of telling her why he was leaving Greece. He, too, was making an advance to the rear. The tank lieutenant, with his antiquated detachment, was somewhere upon the Metaxas Line in the northern mountains, waiting to see which would move first, the Bulgarians or the Italians. And he, Dave Nye, string man in Athens for the New York Bulletin, was going to pull a sneak, to take a powder, to hit it on the lam, to blow. Well, why not? He had plenty of reason for doing so. He had a bellyful of reasons, a four years' bellyful of reasons.

THE bus stopped by the big Arch of Hadrian, and he got out and started up the hill toward the Acropolis. Through the winding and dark streets he walked, ascending rapidly, and at last, below the very clifflike wall of the Acropolis he came finally into the little square of the topmost tier of houses and saw her.

Isabel was sitting at a table on the cobblestones—so high up that the streets have steps and the sidewalk is a mere ten-inch promenade for cats—and the Cretan, for whom the Cretikos was named, was serving her an *ouzo*, the drink that smells like licorice and looks, once the water has been poured into the anis, like a snatch of fog tossed upon a table.

"Hello," said Isabel, lifting her drink.

She was wearing a rough walking skirt and a bright little blouse with wooden buttons; evidently she came directly from the dig. She had a small, thoughtful mouth and her hair was black, warm and heavy. When she had appeared at the American school no one could believe, even with her Bryn Mawr degree, that anything so pretty could be an archaeologist.

Isabel Towne was a great puzzle to the American school. When she began to go around with Nye, who had a B.S. from Oregon and lived in a second-class hotel on the string man's forty-five dollars a month that the Bulletin sent him, the other dutiful girl classicists thought she was unbalanced if she intended to marry him, and quite mad to spend her time with him if she didn't. For the mere crooking of her finger she could have had Bates, the epigraphist from Wisconsin, who was forty but had no noticeable paunch. And Arnold, the rosy young fragment of Philadelphia-Princeton who specialized in neo-Hellenic shards, had repeatedly asked her to slip down to Egypt on the family yacht, irreproachably chaperoned by his parents. But though she was Bryn Mawr, Isabel was a woman, too, and she knew the kind of man she wanted to love her, and in Dave Nye she had him.

Well, maybe she didn't have him, but she was with him. That's a lot, nowadays.

"Hello, you," he said, as the Cretan pushed in the chair under him. He took off his hat, set it on the cobblestones and leaned back to look at her.

"Well, what did your Salonika stool say?" she asked.

"You mean my one-man military, diplomatic and economic intelligence service?" he said with dignity.

She touched his cheek with her hand. "Such airs," she murmured. "Yes, I mean Raptarkis. Your string man's string man. Five hundred drachmas a week, a wife and two children. What's little Raptarkis say about the Italians?"

He got out a cigarette. "He says he knows a man who brings wool in over the Pindus from Argyrokastron."

"Wait. String man's string man's string—"

"Shut up. And this wool dealer tells Raptarkis the Italians have moved up their food to the frontier, and outside Koritza there are new corrals waiting for hundreds of mules."

"Where are the mules?"

"On their way across from Brindisi, probably. We know that they have their mountain artillery all stored along the seacoast, waiting for the word go."

" 'The word go,' " she repeated softly. " 'The word go.' " She looked away, and under the table he suddenly felt her hand on his knee. She gripped his leg with a strength he never knew she had, and then, letting him go, she turned her face toward him again. "What about the archaeologists?" she asked. "And what about you?"

He postponed it. There was a cold wind blowing inside him already. "I guess you'll get the notice from the legation tomorrow morning," he said. "They were to be sent to the whole American colony this afternoon. If the Italians hit first they'll take all you archaeologists out through Bulgaria. If it's the Bulgarians first, out through Albania—but it won't be. If they both hit at once, the minister has some plan about using the Arnold yacht and making a run across the Aegean for Izmir. Nice for Arnold. You must look sweet in a deck chair. Whatever way it blows—"

"Whatever way it blows it takes us apart," she said. She put her hand over his. "Isn't that so?"

"Why, not necessarily—" he began. But when he looked at her, his defenses crumbled. "Yes," he said, "that's the way it is."

Carefully she took out her handkerchief, and put the small white dab on the battered metal table. "Not going to use this," she said. Then, quite suddenly, she did.

WHEN it was over, and there remained only the eyelashes pointed to black spikes, the hot, dry mouth and the wet handkerchief, she began to help him with questions. "Who will leave first?" she said.

"You will, I think," he said. He turned his hand over to hold hers and gripped it tight. "It's Tuesday for you, and I think I can safely hold on here till Thursday. From what the wool merchant told Raptarkis, the Italians won't be ready to have their Albanian border episode for another ten days, at least. That's the way I've cabled Fothergill, our chief correspondent."

"Where is he?"

"In Berne, collecting rumors. I simply told him that I wasn't going to be cooped up here for the duration on forty-five dollars a month. After all, American Broadcasting is ready to take me on in Rome any time I want. I told him that since war was coming here, he'd better send down another man."

"How did he take it?"

Out of the clammy depths of the Cretikos, where the great wine casks were standing in the damp shadows, a voice answered her: "Featherball likes it and he doesn't like it. Both. But we don't like Featherball."

"Come out of there, Rap," said Dave into the cavern's mouth. "And call our boss Fothergill. And stop being rude."

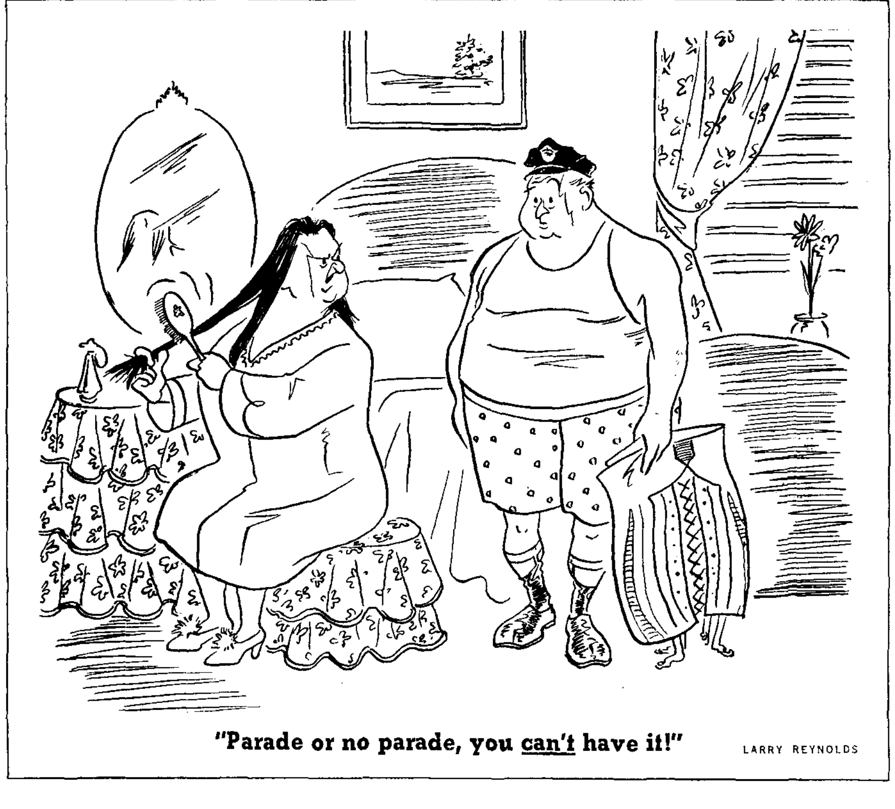
The little man in the oversize black suit, wearing low brown shoes that buttoned, pince-nez and a limp, washable straw hat, came out, smiling broadly. Raptarkis loved little dramas. "Have you been listening to us all this time, Mr. Raptarkis?" asked Isabel.

"Yes," said Mr. Raptarkis simply, giggling. He sat down, and muttered "*Enna ouzo*" to the Cretan, who stopped polishing glasses and waddled off to get it. "I suppose you would like to know why I have come down from Salonika," he said.

"That I would," said Dave gravely. "If this were war, and it practically is, I'd have to shoot you."

"Bing," said Isabel.

"Dead," said Mr. Raptarkis. He accepted his *ouzo* from the Cretan, clouded it deftly and peered down into its misty and obscure depths as though seeking the future. His expression was suddenly very sober, as near to sadness as his mischievous and diabolical face



"Parade or no parade, you can't have it!" LARRY REYNOLDS

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WALT DISNEY who created a new form of musical entertainment in "Fantasia", the masterpiece of animation, says "Time is of the essence in motion picture production." Because scenes are measured in seconds, and dialog, sound effects, and music are tailored to fit by precise time measurements, motion picture producers have made extensive use of Longines Watches from the earliest days.

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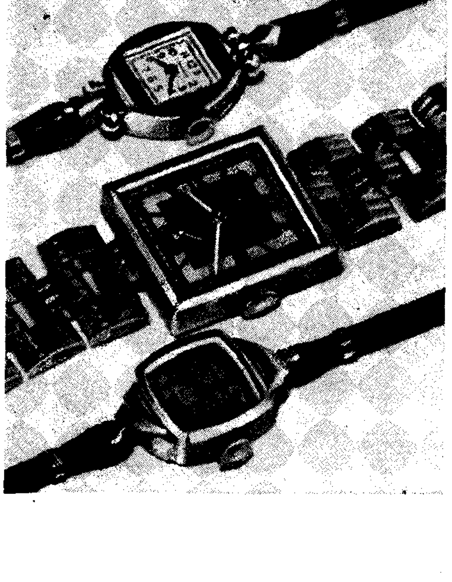
75th Anniversary Watches
HALL OF FAME SERIES, EACH $69.50



"FIDDLESTICKS! How can they make wieners with NO SKINS?"

AUNT: "I never heard of such a thing! How can you cook them when they have no skins?"

MRS.: "It's easy! You see, they're made in clear, sparkling cellulose casings that are removed after the wieners are smoked. Only the tender, juicy meat itself remains."

BOY: "Gee, Aunty! I bet I eat more wieners than you do!"

AUNT: "Land Sakes! Is it all right to let him have all he wants? 'Twasn't in my day!"

MRS.: "But, Aunty, they're very digestible. You see, the surface is formed by the meat itself during the smoking process. And look, they don't split open, either!"

BOY: "Aww, Aunty! That's the fourth wiener you've had!"

MR.: "No wonder, Son. They're so tender and juicy. Here, have another, Aunty."

AUNT: "I declare I never tasted anything better. What brand are they?"

MRS.: "I'll write it down for you. And be sure you ask for this brand and you'll get the ones you like. Skinless really save money, Aunty, because you eat every bit you buy!"

YOUR MAY DAY DISH

Made with Skinless frankfurters or wieners, buttered potato balls, sliced tomatoes on leaf lettuce. Maypole is a peppermint stick. Dancers are wieners with yarn hair, crepe paper skirts, baby ribbon sashes and arms of pipe cleaners.

FRANKY SAYS: "MY FAVORITE TREAT... NO WASTE... ALL MEAT! FOR TOPS IN TASTE YOU JUST CAN'T BEAT Skinless FRANKFURTERS OR WIENERS"

TRADE MARK

Copr. 1941—The Visking Corporation, Chicago, Ill.

could come. "I wanted to see you before you go."

"Oh," said Dave. He felt too much pity for the little man coming over him, and being American, tried to sidestep it. He looked at Isabel. Tough on little Raptarkis too, her face said. "Nice of you to come, Rap," he said.

"AND another thing," said Mr. Raptarkis. "My seester has a housemaid who has a daughter who's working by the Italian consulate in Salonika."

"What does she say?" snapped Dave. "Soon? How soon?"

"*Very* soon," said Mr. Raptarkis. "All night long the Italian consul and his wife and his daughters are doing the dishes. If they had valuable papers to burn, like the legation in Athens, they would burn them. But they have only dishes. So they—"

"—smash them—" suggested Isabel.

"—pack them in barrels," corrected Mr. Raptarkis primly. He lit a cigarette. "And so war is coming to us, too. Soon we shall have it in these Balkans, where we have been able to keep out of it so long. War." A faint smile appeared around his mouth. "Can they claim we started this war in—what did Fothergill call it—the powder keg of Europe?"

"That was what the boss wrote when he was here two years ago," explained Dave. "Rap here is a great pan-Balkan, hands-across-the-borders man. He never forgave Fothergill for that old crack about the powder keg."

"Powder keg!" said Mr. Raptarkis. "What does an American who gets all his news in the Ritz Bar know about anything east of Berne or south of Munich?"

"I don't think Mr. Fothergill and Mr. Raptarkis are going to get along very well," ventured Isabel, smoothing her skirt over her knees.

"He's giving me orders already," said the man from Salonika. He flattened a crumpled telegram on the table and read aloud: " 'Raptarkis—Meet me Saturday plane from Brindisi. Overtaking Athens post pending clarification crisis. Fothergill.' " He looked morosely out over the rooftops. Now the moon was coming up behind Hymettos. He sighed: "In three days you will not be here, and the Miss Isabel will be gone, too—"

"Isabel is leaving," said Dave. "But not me. I'm staying a couple of days more to meet Fothergill."

"No, no," said Mr. Raptarkis. He took a celluloid calendar out of his hat and wiped it on his sleeve. "Did you not know? It is tomorrow's plane you must take for Brindisi. You cannot wait for Fothergill to come, or you will never get out of Greece."

"What do you mean?" snapped Dave, instinctively reaching under the table for the girl's hand.

"Do you mean you have no reservation tomorrow?" cried Raptarkis. "But you must hurry! You must quickly telephone the Ala Littoria." He took out a two-drachma piece and peered into the Cretikos for a pay phone.

"That can't be the last plane," protested Isabel.

"No, there is one more," said Raptarkis, getting breathless. "Oh, yes. This plane comes back from Brindisi once more and brings Featherball. But when it leaves it is filled with Italian diplomats and their families." His hands shot out like two rising birds. "But all the seats, all. The Salonika consul and his daughters alone—" He began to count on his fingers, but soon gave up. "You must hurry!"

After Raptarkis had gone, they had dinner, right where they were. And then they ascended by the Propylaea, went across the fallen slabs and saw the Parthenon, white and enormously long against the flooded sky. It was very still, no cocks crowed, as by day, and only the faraway taxis could be heard. The broken pillars looked complete; it was thus that the Parthenon was intended to be, it seemed. A whole Parthenon—

"A whole Parthenon," he said. "I mean with every drum set upon its place, and no robberies up in the frieze, it would be—" he wanted to break off, knowing that he had said too much.

"Like a complete love," she said.

"No."

"Wasn't that what you meant when you said it?"

"Yes," he said, miserably.

"Well, we had this time together," she said. "I wouldn't—" It was her turn to be incomplete.

"What?"

Her voice was even and low: "I wouldn't want you to marry me unless you were ready for it. In every way."

"Forty-five dollars a month," he said. "Plus space rates, unless there's a story, at which time they send down the chief correspondent. And that's the Parthenon over there."

The moonlight was silent, pouring down around them, noiselessly saturating the milky slabs.

Suddenly she went around behind him, put her two hands upon his cheeks, and faced him toward the temple. "You're the Parthenon, see?" she said.

"I get it," he said. "Incomplete. And what are you?"

She pointed his head around the other way. "What do you see that way?"

"I see the Ala Littoria plane at anchor in Phaleron. There's moonlight on the wings. There's a launch alongside, filling her with gas, I suppose. There's—"

"Look closer," she said, "much closer to us. What do you see there?"

"The little temple," he said. "The temple of the maidens."

"That's right," she said. "The maidens. The Caryatids, and I'm the one with the broken nose. The original beat-me-daddy girl, with a whole roof over her head but no one to carry it but herself."

"And the Parthenon hasn't any roof at all," he said.

She came around in front of him and looked up. "That's it," she said. "You with no roof at all, and me with all the roof in the world, and it giving me a headache." She flung herself into his arms, and whatever else she said was lost against him.

WHEN the Ala Littoria launch took him out to the plane with his luggage dawn was breaking over Phaleron Bay. Somehow Raptarkis managed to smuggle himself into the launch.

"Rap, you'll take care of Isabel's luggage and seeing her off, won't you?" Dave said.

"This afternoon's plane for Sofia and Budapest," said Raptarkis in a monotone.

"I thought she'd better not wait, because that's the only sure way out. That friend of yours in the customs office will see her through, won't he?"

"I shall see her through," said Raptarkis, tapping his thin chest.

A dispute was going on about luggage, the Greeks peering inquisitively into the possessions of the Italian and German military attachés who were leaving together. The Italian pilots were seizing all the photographic apparatus, taking every camera they could find and loading them up forward. The mail was unusually heavy and Raptarkis pointed significantly to two huge bags with the seal of Savoy upon them. "Diplomatic pouches," he whispered. "Ten times as big as usual. It means—" he ran his finger across his throat.

The motors coughed, coughed again and roared. The Italians were impatient to get away. The hatch was closed. In a minute they were up and wheeling around over the bay.

As they went over the air-force base, with its out-of-date planes standing outside under canvas for lack of hangar space, the Italian military attaché said something to the German, and pointed down, and they both laughed softly. Dave saw the same laugh from other lips when they flew over—in defiance of Greek air regulations—the comical little old fortress at Patras, where the Gulf of Corinth opens to the sea. The two attachés were asleep in their military cloaks, side by side, but the two pilots, whom Dave could see above and ahead of him, had several very vivacious things to say about the little crenelated pie pan on the hill. The baby garrison of twenty men were just turning out to wash at a big water trough, and their faces looked up at the plane as it went over, and they yawned and rubbed their eyes to see better.

The copilot, nudging his colleague, took a camera and with a mock conspirator's attitude pretended to photograph the comical old fortress and the half-dressed rookies below. The chief pilot laughed so hard at this that his paunch palpitated against the controls.

THEY turned north immediately, and, as they crossed Ithaca Dave saw the copilot begin copying a radio message. When he had it done he read it critically, shook his head over it as though puzzled, and then copied it onto a regular cablegram blank. *For a passenger,* thought Dave. *What if it should be for me?* A minute later the copilot clambered down the companionway and doubtfully asked the cabinful of passengers, all Italians except Dave and the German officer, "Signor Ny-ee?"

Dave took it and read. It was from Isabel, and must have been sent just before Raptarkis put her aboard the Bulgaria-bound plane, for it was timed at 10:20 A. M. It was funny and pointless and tender, a characteristic female afterthought when the mail has gone, a pathetic reaching out with a last hopelessly wild suggestion, anything to unite them a moment more. *See whether Fothergill won't raise your salary to keep you with Bulletin goodby sweet.* He could see her scribbling it and handing it to Rap: "Here, Mr. Raptarkis, send him this. Yes, right now."

Everybody in the plane had been awakened by the copilot's voice, and now they were all looking at Signor Ny-ee. Enjoying himself thoroughly, he studied the message as intently as though memorizing a secret code. Then with a furtive glance he folded it into his wallet and put the wallet carefully away in his innermost pocket. He favored all who were staring at him with what he hoped was a hunted look. The whispering among the passengers did not stop from the time Corfu's long bay vanished off the starboard wing until Brindisi came over the horizon, with its cactus-thickened fields below the insignificant hills and a gray chain of destroyers lying in the sea road.

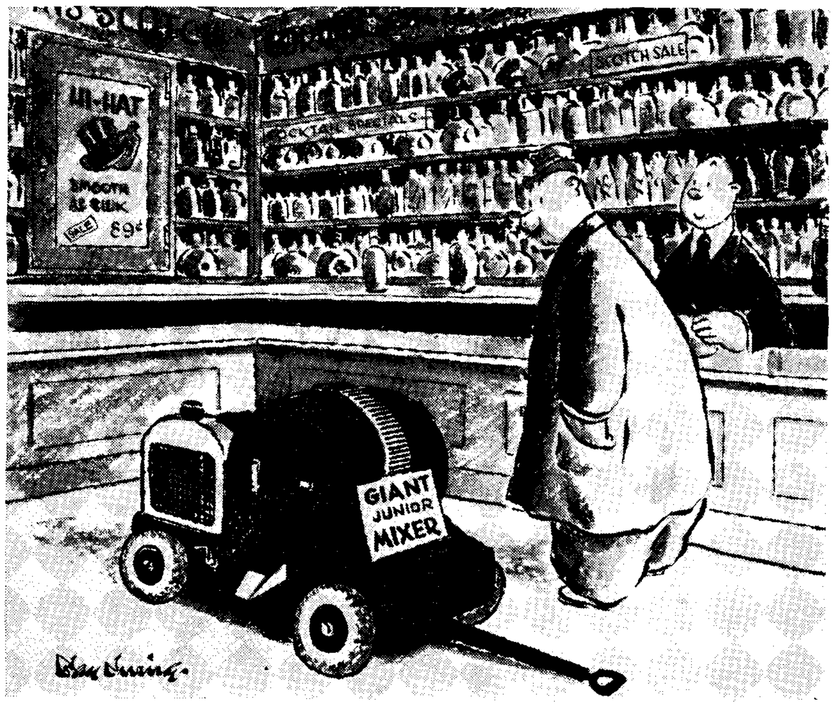
When Dave came down the pier he saw Fothergill with his back turned, a big fifty-year-old man in a London suit, watching the Italian customs men go over his five suitcases. They had taken out a bottle of perfume and were arguing with him about it. Suddenly Fothergill seized the gold-brocaded bottle out of their hands and sent it spinning into the bay, turning as he did so. "Hullo, Nye," he said, his face popping with anger. "There's twenty dollars' worth of perfume gone into the Adriatic." Dave observed that he had grown himself a spade beard since he had been in Athens two years before, an ornament that would do him little good in Greece if war came.

"Raptarkis got your telegram and will meet you," Dave said. Somehow they did not shake hands.

"Hope he's reliable," said Fothergill, straightening up from closing his suitcases. "I always feel uncertain of anyone in the Balkans. Powder keg of Europe. Well, what do you think of the situation?"

Dave thought, instead, of the millions of people to whom Fothergill had directed that same explorative question. It was almost an insult to be asked it, but it did one thing: it proved that for Fothergill he was no longer a member of the Bulletin's foreign staff. He was already a stranger. Well, that was all right, too. "It looks like war," he said.

"Yes, sir, it looks like war," said Fothergill cheerfully. He motioned for the luggage to be put in the launch with that of the other passengers, most of whom were Greeks or Turks. "Glad this plane's leaving right off. Took the precaution of getting my visa in Switzerland." He looked at Nye curiously,

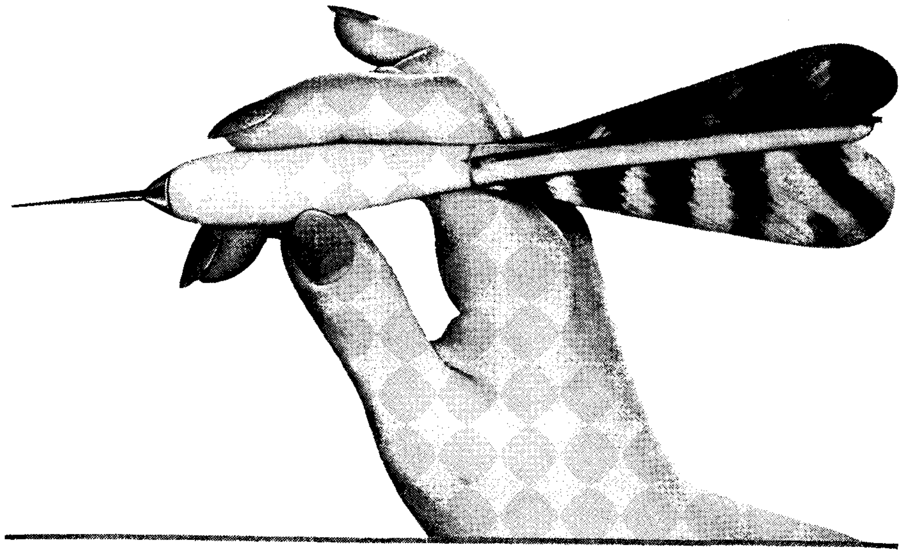


"We rent it out for big parties"

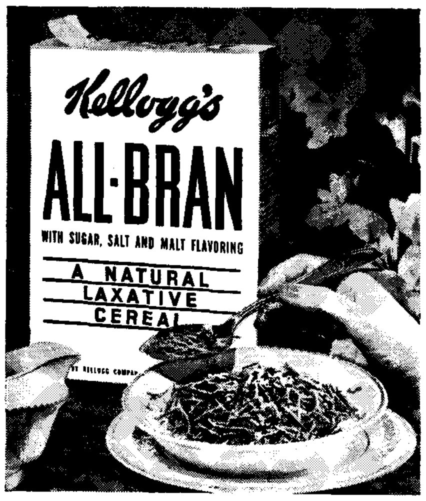
JAY IRVING

Give You Three Guesses!

LIKE TO PLAY CHARADES? This one's easy. It's a merry-go-round! And it stands for the old-fashioned way of fighting constipation with continual "dosing". You go round and round, but you don't get ahead. And you never will with common constipation—till you get at the *cause* and *correct* it.



YOU GUESSED IT! Straight to the bull's-eye of the difficulty goes the modern, better way. If your trouble is the kind that's due to lack of proper "bulk" in the diet, a crisp, toasty cereal, KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN, can go right to the cause and correct it.


Kellogg's
ALL-BRAN
WITH SUGAR, SALT AND MALT FLAVORING
A NATURAL LAXATIVE CEREAL

AND HOW MUCH MORE PLEASANT! Compare those dispiriting "doses" with a dish of crisp, delicious, toasted ALL-BRAN for breakfast. It's almost too good to be true that a cereal as delicious as this can do so much *for* you.

FILL UP THE DISH with crisp shreds of KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN, top it with sugar and cream, and go to it. Eat ALL-BRAN every day, drink plenty of water, and see if you don't forget all about constipation due to lack of "bulk"!

Join the "Regulars"
with Kellogg's ALL-BRAN

MADE BY KELLOGG'S IN BATTLE CREEK

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1. BETTY B. needs a laxative. But she's got to be at the office early to take some important dictation and she's afraid to take a chance; thinks it might interfere with work.

2. LETTY C. needs a laxative. She's got to be on the job early, too, but she says to herself: "Never put off till tonight the laxative you should take this morning." So she takes speedy Sal Hepatica.

3. BETTY simply *cannot* keep her mind on work. Feeling constipated and thoroughly uncomfortable, she misses half the dictation. The boss gets impatient and makes no secret of it.

4. LETTY is feeling very much herself by the time she opens her notebook. Sal Hepatica worked so fast, was so gentle and easy. Result: she does a swell job, earns her boss's praise.

Whenever you need a laxative —take *speedy* Sal Hepatica

NEVER PUT OFF till tonight the laxative you should take this morning! Discover *speedy* Sal Hepatica! It usually acts within an hour. It brings gentle, effective relief by attracting needed water bulk to the intestinal tract—without irritation, griping, or discomfort.

No wonder 3 out of 5 doctors, recently interviewed, recommend Sal Hepatica.

And, bear in mind, Sal Hepatica is *more* than a laxative: it has a decidedly helpful effect in reducing excess gastric acidity, too; helps turn a sour stomach sweet again. Next time you need a laxative, take *speedy*, sparkling Sal Hepatica.

Sal Hepatica
A Carefully Blended Effervescent Saline Combination
LAXATIVE AND CATHARTIC

SAL HEPATICA

"TIME TO SMILE!" Tune in on EDDIE CANTOR—Wednesdays at 9 P. M., E. S. T.

as though the younger man's personal problem had occured to him. "You're heading back to the States where it's a little calmer, I suppose," he said with something resembling forgiveness.

Dave decided to be frank. After all, no one can be a mouse forever. "I waited four years in Greece for the Bulletin to raise me above forty-five a month," he said. "Then I found I needed a new suit. I'm going to see what radio will pay."

"Radio's all right," said Fothergill (eight hundred dollars a month), as though he had been tolerantly watching the prattling babe for years. "Try radio, by all means. There may be a future there." He counted his luggage as it lay in the launch. "See you again, I hope," he said. He got into the launch, crossed his knees—revealing his spats—and counted his luggage again.

Not quite certain whether he owed it to Fothergill to stay a moment or two till the launch left, Dave was standing hesitantly in mid-pier when two officials in the Fascist green brushed past him. "Passports, signors," they said, and the passports, mostly the sky-blue Greek ones, were held up for one last inspection. All went well and smoothly until the brick-red American passport of E. Sanders Fothergill came under scrutiny. Here there was something to be discussed. There was something to be pointed at. There was something wrong.

They commanded Fothergill to get out of the launch. He refused. They pointed to the passport and talked to him in Italian. A Greek merchant finally intervened.

"I have been two years in bowling alley in Detroit, Michigan, and speak a little," he said hesitantly. "These Italian boys say you cannot go Greece."

"Why?" roared Fothergill. "What's wrong with my passport?"

"Nothing about your passport. Your passport is fine. Beautiful. But you must stay Italy with it. You cannot go Greece."

Fothergill put everything, including the perfume, into one word: "Why?"

"Because Greece will not accept you. There has come a news from Greece that you are not acceptable. Someone has told the Greek foreign office that you are a bad man."

THE two Fascists beckoned to him to get up, but Fothergill did not stir. "If Greece wants to kick me out they can do it after I get there," he said complacently. "Here's my ticket, all paid for. Here's my passport and my visa. I may be a bad man but I'm going to Greece."

The ex-Detroiter shook his head sadly, with the melancholy of the bureaucracy-wise Levant. "No," he said. "These Italians will not fly you to Athens. Do you want to know why? They would have to fly you back. And when this plane comes back it will be full."

"Full of what?" demanded Fothergill. The Fascists had put their hands gently under his armpits, but he was a heavy man and they could not budge him till he was ready.

"Full of Italians," said the bowling-alley man. "There will be no room for even a single American. You see?"

Slowly Fothergill arose. He was unmistakably dazed, but he did see. He felt his way along the launch and let them help him out. When he saw his luggage beginning to be piled on the dock he blinked a little. Then he straightened his shoulders. "Oh, Nye," he said under his breath. He was surprised again to see his former employee twenty feet away. Dave sat pat on his own cardboard suitcase, looking absently at the drama, and finally Fothergill came over. "New York isn't going to be satisfied with string coverage this time," he said. He took out a cigarette to show how calm he was, and almost dropped it. "They aren't going to understand it if we don't have a full-time salaried man on this war, are they?"

"No," said Dave, "they are not."

"Well," said Fothergill brightly, "let's make the adjustment. Let's give them what they want. Let's have you use my ticket and go to Greece in my place, as a full-time staff man."

"At how much a week?" inquired Dave.

Fothergill did a pretentious arithmetic with his eyebrows. "Fifty," he said.

"Sixty," said Dave almost automatically.

"Well—sixty. Here's the ticket."

Dave shoved his bag into the launch.

IT SEEMED like a quick trip because the Greeks pestered him with questions all the way. But when the plane made its last swing over Phaleron, and the Greeks all were staring downward and poking one another, Dave had eyes for only one figure, that of a little man in black, with a wabbly, washable straw, and yes, button shoes, who was standing on the pier.

"Isabel has not gone," said Mr. Raptarkis, hauling him up onto Greek soil. "I had to tell the American school people she had left, but really I am hiding her here in Phaleron, in the house of my nephew's sister-in-law. See, there she is. Wave to her!"

Dave waved where Rap pointed, and a minute figure in a bandanna sitting on the steps that led down to the beach below the café stood up and waved back. Nick the lame waiter vivaciously fluttered the red tablecloth beside her.

"Rap, were you responsible for Fothergill being held up? What did you tell the foreign office?"

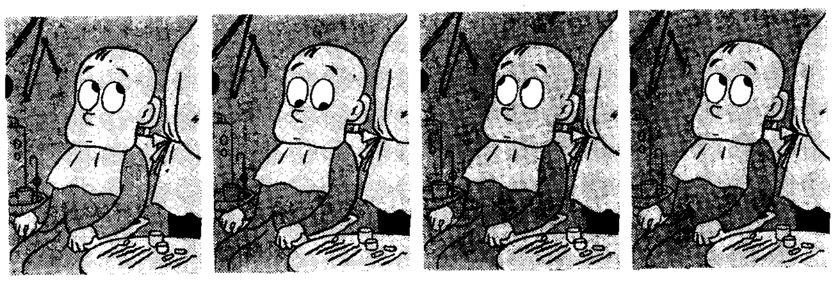
Mr. Raptarkis blushed and looked down. "I thought he had better not come," he said. "There is a proverb of Chios: milk one goat at a time. If we are to report the wars of others, we must at least have peace in our own office. Look, there's our first story."

"That's a government launch, isn't it?"

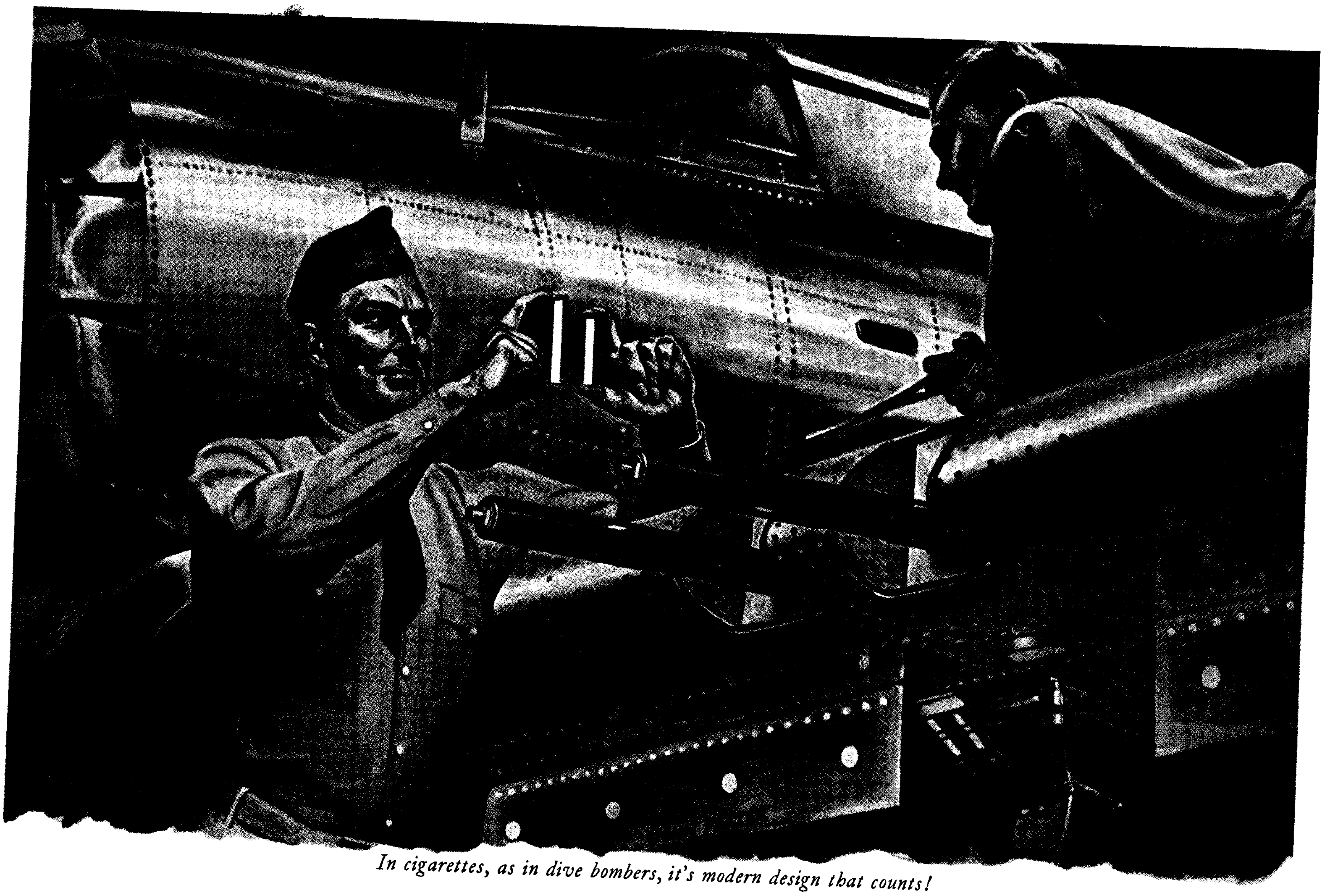
"Yes. The marines are rowing out from the air base to arrest your two Italian pilots."

"Why? What have they done?"

"Oh, Mr. Nye, it has been such an exciting day." Embarrassed, Mr. Raptarkis covered his mouth with his small brown hand. "I almost forget to tell you another news. We are at war."

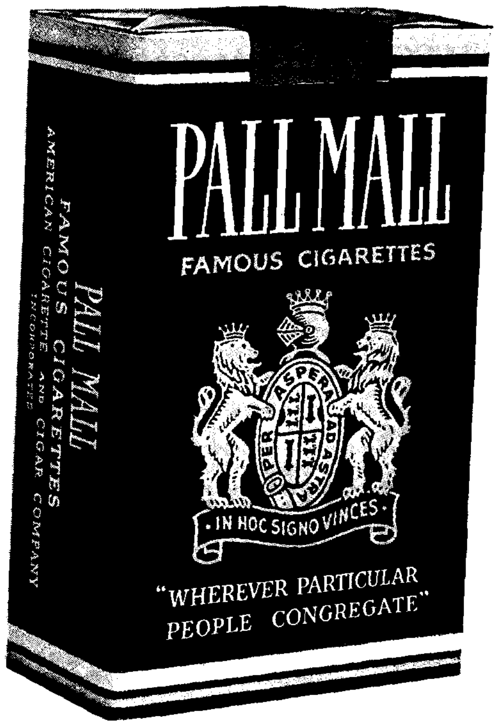


Dentist CROCKETT JOHNSON



In cigarettes, as in dive bombers, it's modern design that counts!

"*Right, partner*—modern design means a cooler smoke—a milder cigarette—Pall Mall"


PALL MALL
FAMOUS CIGARETTES
IN HOC SIGNO VINCES
PER ASPERA AD ASTRA
"WHEREVER PARTICULAR PEOPLE CONGREGATE"
PALL MALL
FAMOUS CIGARETTES
AMERICAN CIGARETTE AND CIGAR COMPANY
INCORPORATED

● Modern design has made a vast difference in dive bombers — has given these streamlined "eagles" a vital edge in flying efficiency.

And listen to the men who fly them. They'll tell you that modern design is just as important in a cigarette as it is in a dive bomber.

Outstanding example is Pall Mall—greatest forward step in smoking pleasure in thirty years.

Pall Mall is modern, streamlined—over 20% longer than old-fashioned cigarettes—deliberately designed for better smoking.

What does this mean to you? Well, for one thing, it means a definitely cooler smoke. In Pall Mall the additional length travels the smoke further—gets rid of heat and bite on the way.

Pall Mall's modern design also means a milder, smoother smoke. That's because tobacco is its own true filter. All traces of harshness are softened as each puff is measurably filtered of smoke irritants—over a 20% longer route of Pall Mall's traditionally fine tobaccos.

Result? Pall Mall provides in fact what all other cigarettes claim in theory—a milder, less irritating smoke.

Prove it! Yourself, try Pall Mall critically. See if you, too, don't agree with the flying men who say: "Right, partner... modern design means a cooler smoke, a milder cigarette—Pall Mall."

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"WHEREVER PARTICULAR PEOPLE CONGREGATE"

"TELL ME ANOTHER"
says
KLEENEX*
and win $5.00

We will pay $5.00 for every "Kleenex True Confession" published. Mail to KLEENEX, 919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois

"DON'T PUT A COLD IN YOUR POCKET"

MY SWEETHEART CRIED. SO NOW I'M SMART! I USE SOFT KLEENEX INSTEAD OF HANKIES... USE EACH SHEET ONCE...THEN DESTROY IT.

(*from a letter by* M. G., Baton Rouge, La.)

I Know My Necking

AFTER LINGERING IN LOVERS' LANE, IT'S EASY TO REMOVE ALL TRACE OF LIPSTICK SMEAR BECAUSE I KEEP A BOX OF KLEENEX IN THE GLOVE COMPARTMENT OF MY CAR!

(*from a letter by* J McG., Providence, Ky.)

BRINGING UP BABY...

IS A CINCH WITH SOFT, EASY-ON-THE-SKIN KLEENEX... FOR BIBS, HANKIES AND MANY OTHER USES.

(*from a letter by* D B., Burbank, Calif.)

KLEENEX DISPOSABLE TISSUES
(★Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

Trail Town

Continued from page 21

up at Mitchell with a fury that came out of a senseless, savage core; and out of that same inflamed and brutal rage Mitchell cursed back. There were times like this when a darkness moved as an eclipse across every normal thing in him, so that he clawed and tore and had his lust to kill in order to survive. This was Mitchell in a fight.

He made a grab at Younger's holster. Younger's wild-flung arm caught him on the mouth, crushing his lips into his teeth. He quit trying for the gun and crawled nearer Younger and found the man's face and beat at it, with the big man's yell growing harder and harsher in his ears, until something struck him on the flank and a hand caught at his coat and rolled him aside and a weight came down and stunned him.

He was never quite sure of what happened during the next half minute. Some other man roughed him up in the dust, dragging him and hauling him and reaching for his face with thick fingers whose nails tore the skin of his jaws. Mitchell got his arms over his face; he caught the man on the neck and pulled him in to smother and block those blows. Elsewhere, as in a dim distance, one voice called and he thought he heard his own name being repeated. Hanging stubbornly to this other man's neck, he found himself rolling, and then he found that the man was gone though he could not understand how it had happened. But the warning of it was enough and he kept rolling, and heard a gun's flat and deafening smash directly by him. He saw the little flash of pale light from its muzzle and caught the scorch of its burned powder. Then—all this occurring with the steady regularity of a ticking clock—another gun came in fast and hollow-sounding and steps trembled along the earth and horses rushed away.

"Dan," said Tom Leathers, "that you there?"

"Where's Bravo?" Mitchell asked.

TOM LEATHERS came up, breathing hard. He squatted on the earth, listening. Out on the meadow's edge Jett Younger's voice was a greater and greater shout: "Mitchell, this won't stand! I'll be after you and I'll make you crawl!"

Horses splashed in the creek and went grunting away and at last the echoes died. Mitchell stood up, a steady ache pulsing along his side, a fire burning on his slashed cheeks. Leathers was again searching the yard. A match made its bright flare between his palms and a little glow dropped down on a shape on the ground. The match went out. "That's Torp," said Leathers.

"Where's Bravo?"

"Bravo?" said Leathers, moving back. "Bravo's on the other side of the cabin dead. His time just ran out and all you got from this, my friend, is one hell of a big prospect of trouble."

The deep, stubborn impulses still throbbed in Mitchell. "We're going after Jett, Tom. We're going after him."

"Why?" asked Leathers, bone-dry with his tone.

Mitchell pulled a hand along his face, and suddenly everything about this night became something that was a long time ago and all he could remember was the vague, beast yell of his own voice. That was a long time ago, and now, turned clear in his mind, he looked back on that man with a strange wonder, and was not pleased.

"No," he said, "we'll let that go for now. We'll take Bravo to town. I'll have the boys come back to get Torp."

"Torp and Logan Beggs." Tom Leathers had that dryness still in his talk. "Logan's lyin' out back there with Bravo. You made one more enemy in Jett. Ain't you got enemies enough?"

MITCHELL and Tom Leathers climbed the ridge separating the Bear Creek meadows from the long, narrow valley wherein the Cabin Creek Fork of Spanish River cut through the higher Aspens; once across the ridge, they had sight of a late light in Mike Gault's ranch house. They came downgrade via the break-back loops of a mountain road, crossing a plank bridge that flung the footfalls of their horses forward in hollow echoes of warning. Dogs sounded immediately in the Gault yard. When they rounded the house some man's voice boosted a taciturn question from the shadows.

"Who's that?"

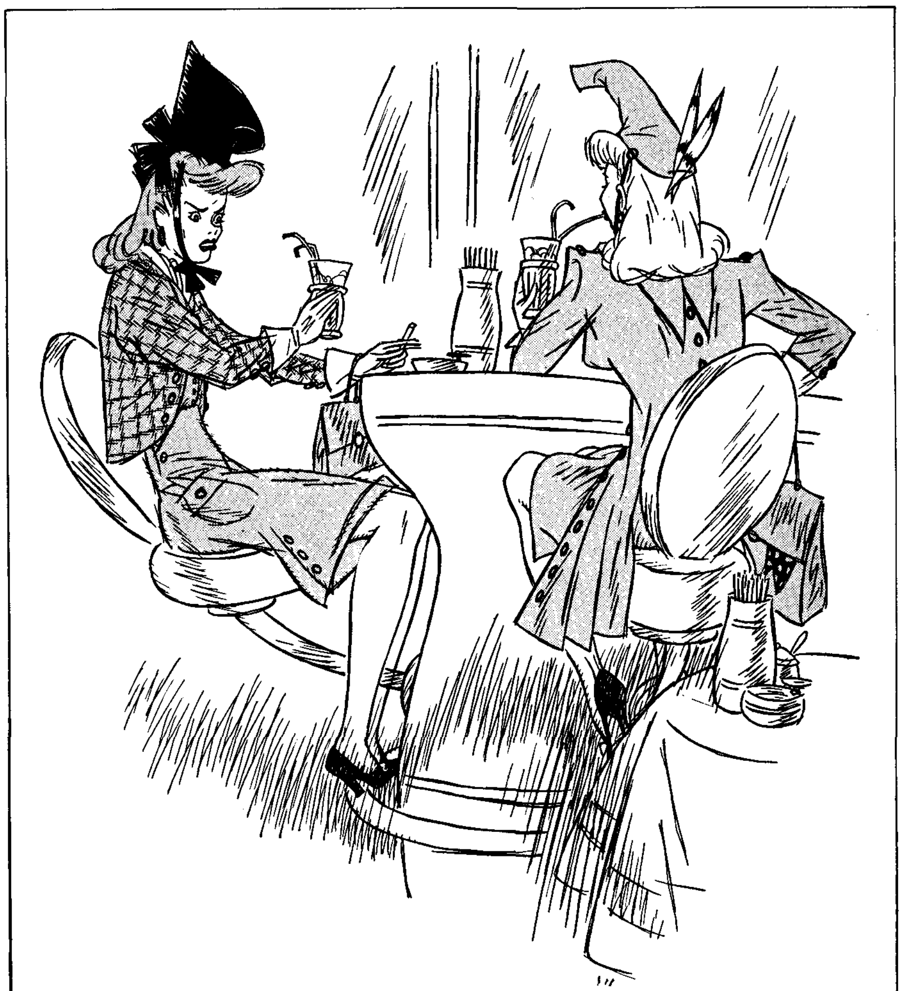
"Mitchell and Leathers," said Mitchell. "That you, Mike?"

"Ah," said Mike Gault, "you're ridin' late." The door opened and Sherry Gault came out. Mike Gault now moved forward. "Never know who's ridin' around here these days. Git down and have coffee." The doorway light was a gold-yellow beam touching Mitchell and Leathers. It went beyond them to strike the horse they were leading, and the body of Bravo Trimble lashed across his saddle. Mike Gault saw it and said nothing at all. He walked on until he was near enough to identify Bravo, and turned back.

"You'll want a wagon to take him to town." He made a half turn, yelling into the night. "Lake, put the two sorrels to a wagon." He watched Mitchell with a close expression but with no surprise, for he was a hard Scotsman who had come to this country young and had seen this story drift out of the hills too many times to be shaken by it. Sherry Gault, now at the edge of the doorway, had also seen Bravo. Still in the saddle, Mitchell saw the darkness bake its graphic sweep over her cheeks. Always, he was interested in her, always he wondered at the strange flow of feeling in the depths of this girl. Outwardly she was reserved and sometimes hard, and sometimes her realism made her seem without feeling. In the year of watching, Mitchell had guessed other things about her and never ceased to look for the little signs and inflections which betrayed their presence. She was to him a colorful and dramatic puzzle, with the power of drawing him from any other thought or preoccupation he had; she had the power of turning him out of the strongest channel.

What he saw now was sadness, and the sight of it pleased him. He got down and rolled a cigarette, watching Sherry move back into the house. When he raised his arms the long muscles of his back set up a stiff pull from the fight he had been through and the first smoke from the cigarette got into the cuts o his face with a nettlelike stinging. His lips were bruised, the inner flesh ripped He took one more drag on the cigarett and dropped it, finding no pleasure in it

MIKE GAULT'S man came up presently with the team and wagon and stopped by Bravo Trimble. He gave the sheriff a close look but kept his place on the wagon, offering no help; nor did Mike Gault offer to help. These two remained silent, waiting Mitchell's word. Mitchell glanced at Leathers, briefly nodding; they went back to Trimble's horse and unlashed the sheriff. They carried him to the wagon and laid him out on the bed. Leathers walked away from the wagon but Mitchell spoke up irritably: "This won't do," and returned to Trimble's horse. He took off the saddle and



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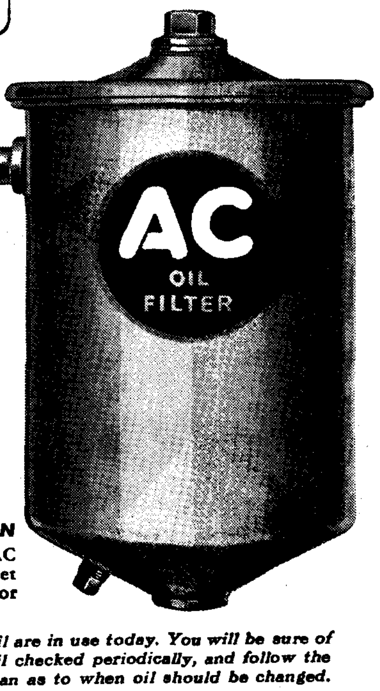

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dumped it in the wagon. He got the saddle blanket around Bravo, wrapping Bravo in it.

"Lake," said Mike Gault, "you drive into town with the boys. Better coffee up before you go."

"Coffee ain't what I need," said Leathers and stepped into his saddle. "I'll go on with the wagon, Dan. You catch up when you're ready." He went on into the darkness with the wagon, traveling the valley road toward River Bend.

Mitchell followed Mike Gault into the house. Sherry stood in the room's center, completely still, as though a thousand things ran darkly through her mind. She had been looking away from the door but now turned her head, meeting Mitchell's eyes and, as always, her chin lifted and she seemed to put up a guard deliberately against him. Gault had gone on to the kitchen and called from there. "Here's your coffee."

MITCHELL spoke to Sherry: "Sorry you had to see Bravo that way," and went into the kitchen.

Mike Gault said: "There's the cups on the shelf, there's the can of condensed milk—there's the coffee on the stove. Help yourself." He drifted to the far end of the kitchen and opened the door and looked into the night, and closed the door. He turned, lamplight striking up a granite shine in his eyes. He was a square-faced man with shaggy eyebrows and a rough, burned-dark skin. He was a pure sample of a transplanted Highland Scotsman who had come to a rough country, had adopted its roughness and had survived. He watched Mitchell drink the rank, bitter coffee and read some of the story of the fight in the lengthening silence, knowing better than to ask questions. He would have thought himself a fool to have pried into Mitchell's business.

Mitchell said: "Bravo went after Younger. Leathers and I tagged along. We didn't get Younger."

That was the story, and since Mitchell had opened the topic Mike Gault felt free to speak: "Looks like you tried hard enough."

Sherry Gault had come to the kitchen doorway and paused to hear this. Now she stirred across the kitchen, as though by impulse, and lifted the coffeepot and refilled Mitchell's cup.

Mike Gault said: "Seems odd to me Bravo would bother about Younger."

"You know how the boys in town play this game!"

"I know," agreed Mike Gault. "I can understand all of it, except why you tagged along. Bravo was no particular friend of yours."

"He wore a star," said Mitchell, "and needed some help."

"Ah," murmured Mike Gault. He gave Mitchell a prolonged study, both skeptical and thoughtful. "Maybe it was as simple as that, though my observation is that nothin's vurry simple in this country. I mean no reflection by the remark, of course." He had a short-stemmed pipe in his mouth, and took some time in lighting it, his glance dividing between Mitchell and Sherry. Very casually he strolled from the room.

Sherry said: "Wouldn't you like something to go with the coffee?"

"No."

She said: "Bravo was an old man. If you went along to help Bravo—if that was the only reason—I like you for it." She had turned restless. She circled the room, touching objects along the way, and eventually came to the table. She stopped before him; and it was impulse again that made her lift a hand and run a finger lightly along a heavy scratch on his jaw. She pulled back quite suddenly and showed an instant self-irritation. "If that was really the reason."

"Not necessary for you to believe it."

Her answer came instantly back: "I don't. Everybody has his plans and private schemes. You have yours."

"That's right."

She said, again very quickly: "So it wasn't the real reason you went with him?"

"Yes, it happened to be."

She had been watching him with critical eyes. Hearing his answer, change went through her and her guard dropped and she was for that instant a full, charming girl with a faint smile in her eyes. "Would you have something more than coffee?"

"This is enough."

It may have been the brief way he answered her, or the manner in which he put down his coffee cup—it may have been one of a half dozen small things of which he was really unaware—but the friendliness vanished. Noting it, he found the swift contrast unexplainable to him. Somehow she seemed to be at the mercy tonight of strong crosscurrents.

"You don't trust me very much," he told her, "and you have a pretty deep dislike for me."

"Yes."

"Why?"

"How can I trust you? Or why should I? You are in the dirtiest job in the country."

"Somebody has to do that job."

"Ah — somebody. Somebody who doesn't care; who doesn't mind if he dips his hands deep in the mud, if he plays the crooked against the crooked and stoops to them. Somebody who can make a lie out of his silence, or a truth out of it, whichever suits him best." Then, once more one deep-rankling thought got out of her. "Somebody who can find his ease in Bismarck Alley when the day is over."

In that was a woman's jealousy, though it puzzled him to know why she should bother to be jealous when he pleased her so little. But he smiled at her and shrugged his shoulders and moved toward the door. She called after him, very arbitrary with her tone: "Wait." She watched him turn. He could see that she really wanted to hit him hard. It was an expression on her face. "Perhaps that's not the real reason I dislike you. Perhaps the real reason is you are too sure of yourself."

"It may be," he admitted. "When a man rides down Race Street, confidence is *all he's* got. Thanks for the coffee."

HE LEFT the house and crossed to his horse. Mike Gault was somewhere else but Sherry followed him. She came up as though there were other things on her mind that needed to come out. She was willful, she was as sure of herself as she had accused him of being. Maybe, he thought, that was it: a proud woman hated the pressure of somebody else's pride. But she was beautiful in the lamp-stained shadows, she had a grace and a fragrance—she had a spirit that was an undertow all around him. He was moved by it and made restless and dissatisfied, and he had to speak.

"Remember the cowpuncher who stopped you on the street. When he touched you it was to see if you were real. You were the dream he had in his mind, which most men carry but never see. What is a man, Sherry? There's the stars he wants to reach. Here's the earth that stains him—and feeds him. He's as dirty as the earth. He was meant for the earth. But he can look at the stars. Look at yourself. You feel the wind, and the wind goes through your pride. What are you thinking of? The same things I am. People die. They cheat and steal. What of it? Your hand is warm. You're alive, and so am I. Somewhere inside you there's only one thing important. You'd give up every other thing for it. So would I."

She listened carefully. Her eyes never

left his face, her lips stirred gently together. When he had finished she drew a small, quick breath. She murmured: "You're a strange man. I wish—" She turned away without finishing the sentence. Ten feet on, she wheeled and said with a note of vehement, restless impatience: "Don't come here again," and continued to the house. Mitchell rose to the saddle and set out on the road to overtake Tom Leathers, the steady canter of the horse shaking up a good deal of pain in him. This was the first time he had realized how much of a battering he had taken in the fight.

HE WAS up at seven and had his breakfast but this morning, crippled in every joint, he surrendered his trip to the Aspens and crossed Race at a string-halted limp. He went into the back room of Fred Henkle's barbershop and lighted a fire in the wood stove and heated water to fill the tub. Stripped down, he lay in the tub to soak out the stone-set muscles of his body. The steam in the little room, and the stove's fire, presently made him sweat and he got a cigar from his coat and lighted it and kept on adding hot water until he was buried in it up to his chin. He yelled through the closed door: "Bring me something to read, Fred." Henkle brought in a copy of the Omaha Bee. Mitchell lay back, plunged in pure comfort and read the week-old news while sweat dripped down his nose and cigar smoke and heat condensed in the room.

He finished his cigar in due time and left the tub, brick red all up to the water line of his neck. Dressed, he lay back in Fred Henkle's chair and was thoroughly content. Now and then there were small intervals like this, in which a man reduced himself to the simplest things and discovered profound satisfaction in them; they were stop stations along the line of a man's fast-running life.

It was middle morning when he emerged from Fred Henkle's. He stood bareheaded in the sunshine to let the sun dry his heavy, black hair. He looked down Race with his eyes half closed, knowing he had a call to make that would bring him no satisfaction. He had had his content, and now would have his trouble; this was the way it went for a man. Turning, he walked to The Pride and entered its empty semidarkness. His boots made round, barking echoes in the great room. One swamper, bowed over his broom, looked up and looked down. Jim Card, who was Charley Fair's chief houseman, stood behind the bar counting up racks of chips. His lips moved as he counted, but when he saw Mitchell he ceased to count and laid the edge of a resentful stare on the marshal.

It was the small things that usually told Mitchell the story, and from the averted glance of the swamper and the single stare of Jim Card he understood how it would be with Charley Fair. The word was out on Race Street that River Bend's marshal had gone too far.

He said, "Charley in the back office?" He caught Jim Card's curt nod and walked on. He went into the back office and closed the door behind him and found Charley Fair. Charley Fair stood at a back window, the tips of his maimed fingers jammed beneath his trouser band. A cigar made heavy, steady rolls of smoke around his head and, when he turned, his face was square and dark and unmoved, and this, too, was a warning.

Mitchell said: "Tell Jett to stay out of this town if he wants to live."

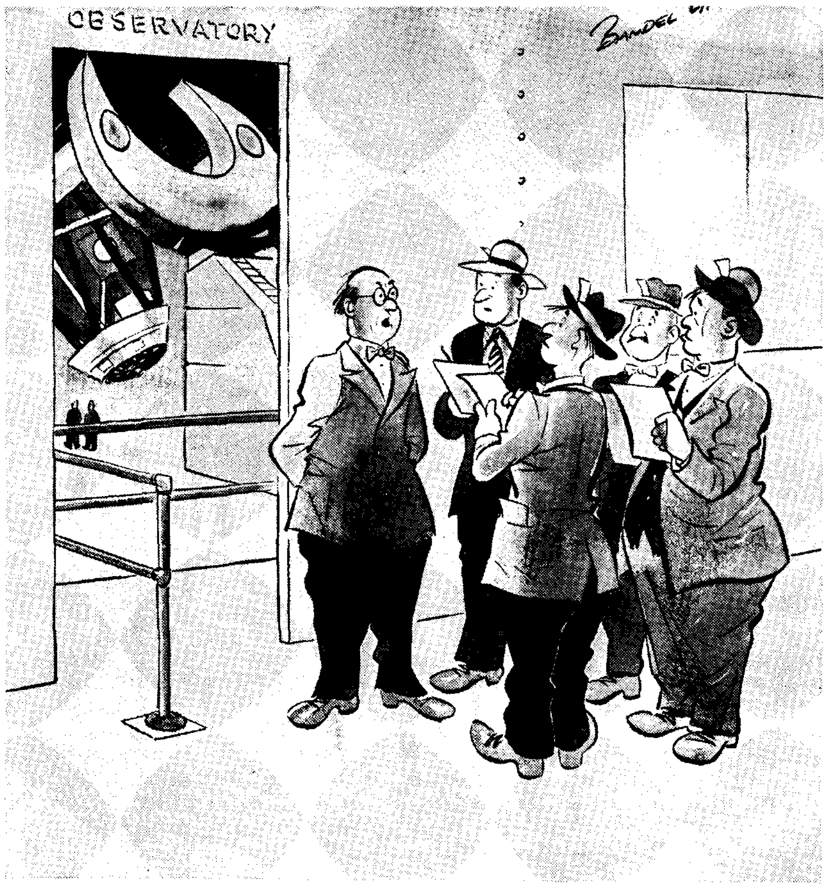
"He'll come in, sooner or later."

"Tell him what he'll find."

"I guess he knows what he'll find and I guess you know why he'll come." The softness of Charley Fair's words was a danger signal; it was a sign of stronger feeling strictly repressed.

And now he added, equally soft, "But that ain't why you dropped in to see me. Is it?"

"No," said Mitchell, "it wasn't." Meeting toughness, he could also be tough. Fundamentally he gave like for like, a smile for a smile, a blow for a blow. He looked down on Charley Fair who was a full head shorter and he was as easy and composed as Charley Fair would ever be, and as ready for a



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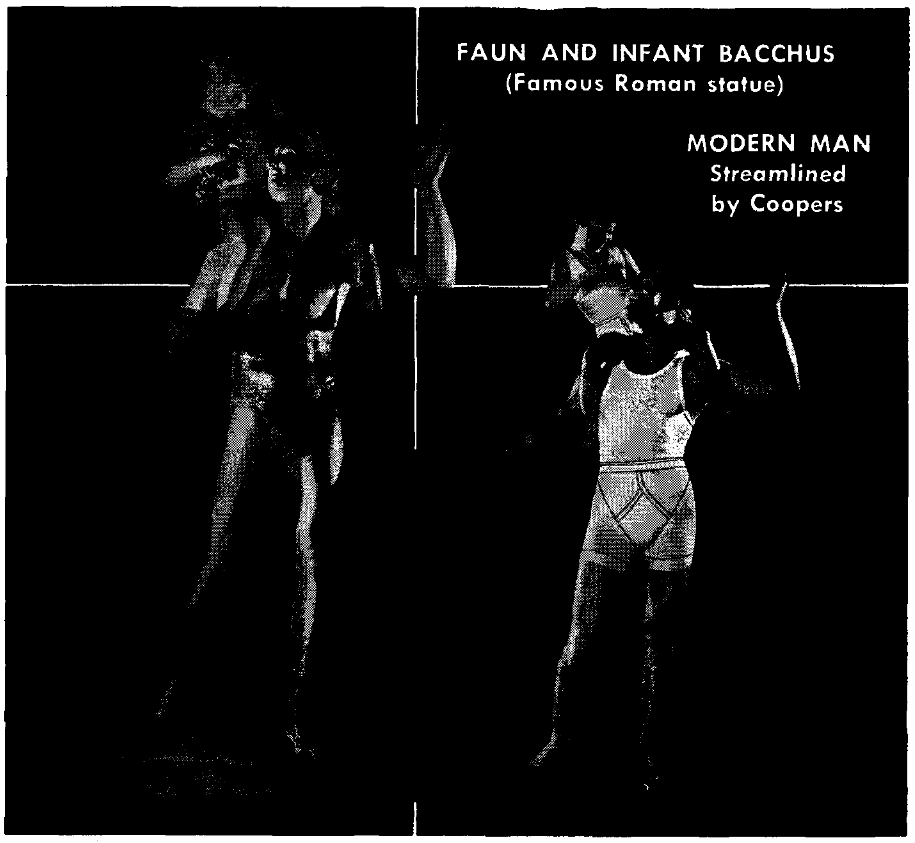

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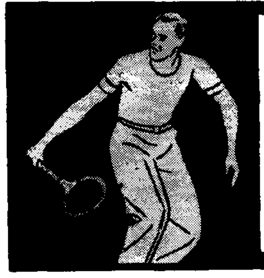

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quarrel. "You've got a chip on your shoulder, Charley."

"Me?" inquired Charley Fair in a marveling tone. "You come into my place and tell me that?" The cigar smoke swirled thicker around his face. "I like smart men, Dan. I don't like fools and I don't waste time with suckers. These last twelve hours you've been both. A fool for talk, and a sucker for stepping into a fight that meant nothing to you."

"You made your deal with Ed Balder," said Mitchell. "You sent word it was all right if Bravo got Jett Younger. What are you squawking about?"

"You're not that dumb," answered Charley Fair. "As against Bravo, Jett was able to take care of himself."

"That's why I went along. Somebody was selling out Bravo, which he knew. He was an old man sent out to make a Roman holiday for you and Balder." He had a cold cigar in his mouth and now took time to light it. He didn't put much accent on his words and still they were effective. They bothered Charley Fair. Mitchell saw that they did. "If I were you, Charley, I wouldn't be so proud of this affair. It's all right with you if the old man gets killed. You figured he would, which he did. But it wouldn't have mattered much if he'd managed to beat Jett to the pull. It was just a bargain. No, I don't think I'd be too proud of that deal."

Dark color filled Charley Fair's cheeks. His eyelids pulled together, shutting out all but the narrowest streak of light. "I been watchin' you a long time," he observed, "and I figured you knew what your job was. Maybe you're forgettin'."

"No, I haven't forgotten," answered Mitchell. "I'm the man walkin' down the middle of Willow, keeping a straight line between your people and Balder's people."

"Then," blurted out Charley Fair, "you better do it. You ain't now."

"No? Why not?"

Charley Fair threw away his cigar with a sudden cut of his arm. "I've seen a lot of you marshals come and go. I have watched you mighty close. You been smart, up to now. As long as you know your place and toe the mark it is all right. But you're gettin' a little proud. Half this town is over there," pointing beyond Willow, "and half this town is down here. As long as you know that, I'd say nothing. But you went out of your way to help Bravo, which was against me. I don't trust men very much, and it occurs to me I don't trust you at all. You're goin' lone wolf. Your britches are gettin' a little tight. That is just one step before the funeral, friend."

"Whose funeral, Charley?"

CHARLEY FAIR opened his eyes fully. In them was an expression reminding Mitchell of low tide on a coastal river, bringing to daylight the cold, dank mud slime. There was no bottom to mud like that and no mercy if a man got caught in it. There was no mercy in Charley Fair. "It might be yours," said the saloon man.

Mitchell was smiling, knowing how that smile would lift Charley Fair's fury; it would sting and poison Charley Fair, it would leave its scars. He knew that, yet he would not hold the smile back. For he was dealing with a man who respected no weakness and no softness, and he meant to hit Charley Fair hard before he was hit. This was the way the game went, rough and without sympathy.

"Not yet, Charley. You and Ed put me on this job. Now let's see you get another man. Where's another man, Charley? You know what happens when you get rid of me? Then it is the merchants against Race Street. One of you will lose. Where will you be then, Charley? No, you're not ready to get rid of me. So I run this town my way."

"I been waiting for you to say that," said Charley Fair. "For I have seen it coming. I guess you forget how you got your job and I guess you forget who's been behind you. But when Balder and I ain't behind you any more you're going to be mighty lonely on top of that buckskin horse."

Mitchell turned from the office. At the doorway he paused to look back to repeat: "But not yet, Charley."

Fair called out in a strong voice: "*What the hell do you want?*"

"Why, nothing, Charley. Nothing you've got or Ed's got. Nothing anybody's got."

"Nothing," stated Charley Fair, "is not much to be dead for."

MITCHELL left the saloon and noticed Leathers and Dug Neil and Lou Hambie this moment turning down Ute. At the same time the Reverend Lonzo Piatt passed the Arcade and the Bullshead with his head flung up, as though challenging the sin around him, and also turned into Ute. Mitchell followed, threading the north side of town. He crossed the tracks, seeing a wagon standing in the cemetery with a dozen people around it. When he arrived Hambie made a motion and the nearest men pulled Bravo Trimble's coffin from the wagon—Mitchell and Leathers and Balder and the town drunk, Chappie Brink. They had a little trouble getting the coffin on the ropes, and some difficulty in lowering it. Piatt lent a hand and Dug Neil said, "A little easy, boys. A little easy."

Later, standing back from the grave, Mitchell listened to the awkward silence come. Balder was here, but Ford Green was not; and Mitchell had a better understanding of both men then. Balder had a decent heart. Big Annie and Rita, and two other girls from The Dream, stood apart, with Big Annie's homely face all one generous wreath of sadness. Colonel Jack Vinson's widow, who lived on Antelope and was River Bend's first citizen, stood between George Hazelhurst and Chappie Brink. Someone else rode across the tracks and dismounted. Turning, Mitchell saw Sherry Gault.

She came up to stand beside Mitchell. Chappie Brink dashed a hand across his blurred, half-destroyed face and looked around this crowd and seemed to see things others did not see. These people, good and bad, stood together under the hard downpour of sunlight on the empty plain. Mitchell heard Lonzo Piatt say, "One way is the bullet and the other way is the word. The bullet is the easy way, the word is the lasting way. Why is man so cruel to his fellow man?" Mitchell felt the pressure of Sherry Gault's hand on his arm, unconsciously placed there; and, looking down, he noticed that she wanted to cry but would not. Lonzo Piatt said a few things more, then the group broke.

For a moment these people had been completely together, making a small circle of warmth and defense against the great lonely arch of the world and the meaning of it went fugitively through his mind and passed away before he could seize it, leaving behind the momentary heat and light of its passage. All humankind had its brotherhood. Sherry Gault quickly dropped her hand from Mitchell's arm, returned to her horse and rode away. Mitchell watched the sway of her shoulders in the sunlight. Once, at the turn of Willow she looked back and her eyes met his.

Ed Balder came up to Mrs. Vinson and took her arm. They went forward a short distance and then Mrs. Vinson said something to him and sent him on alone. She came about and waited for

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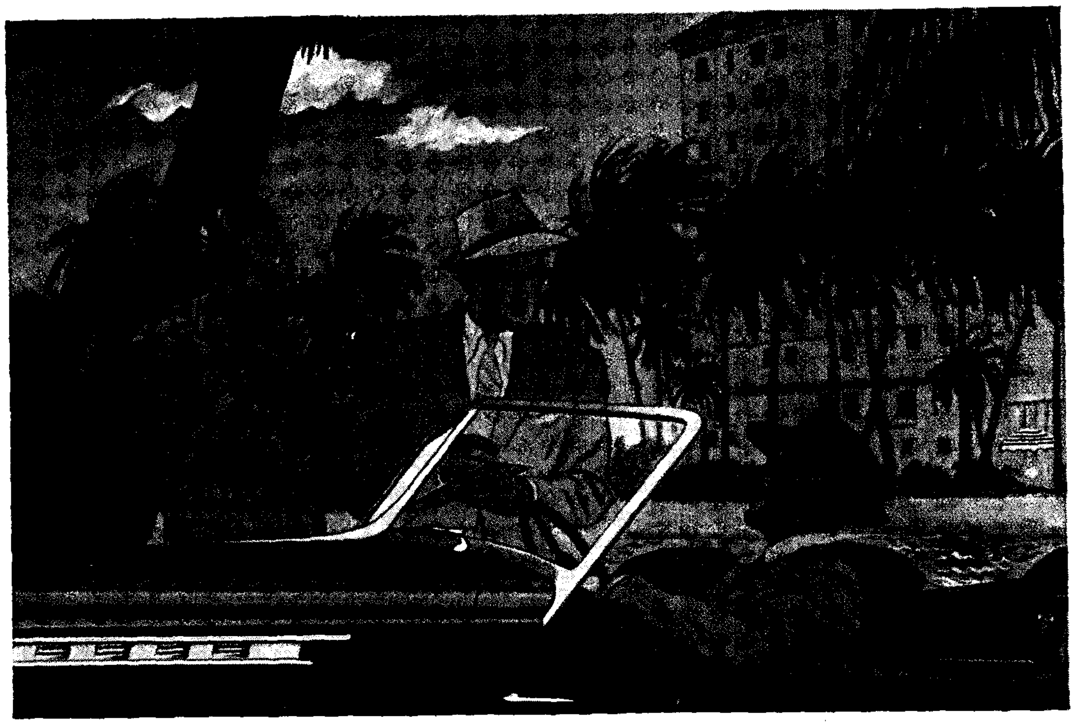

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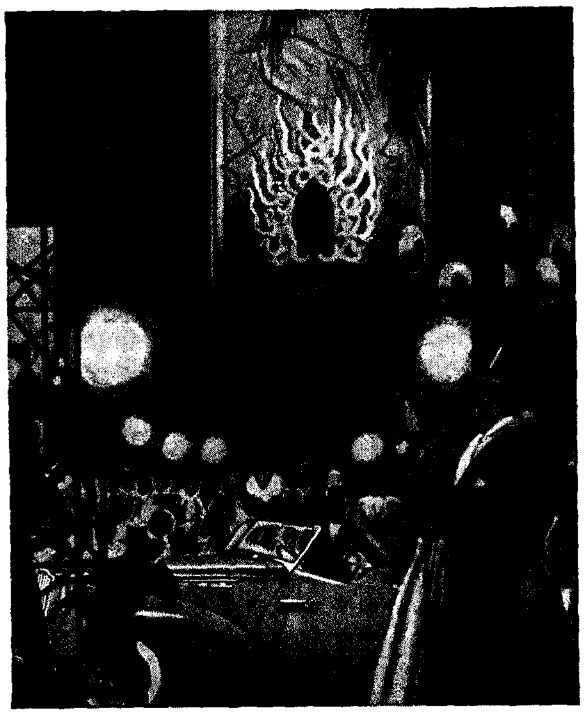

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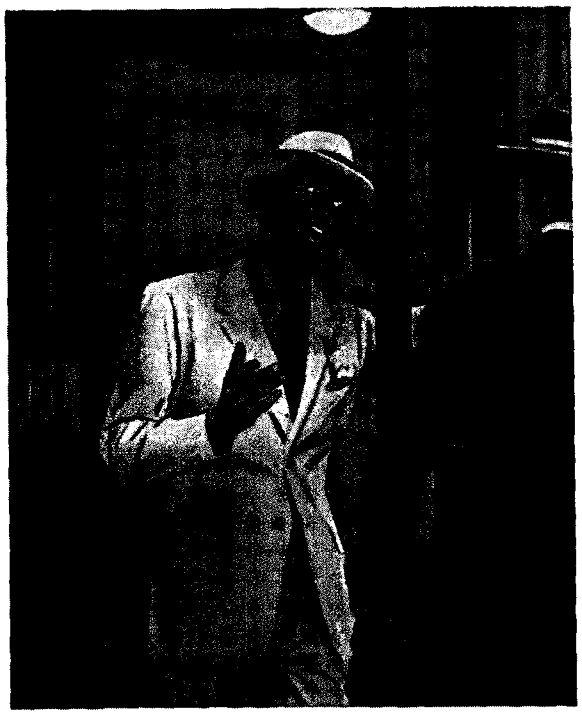

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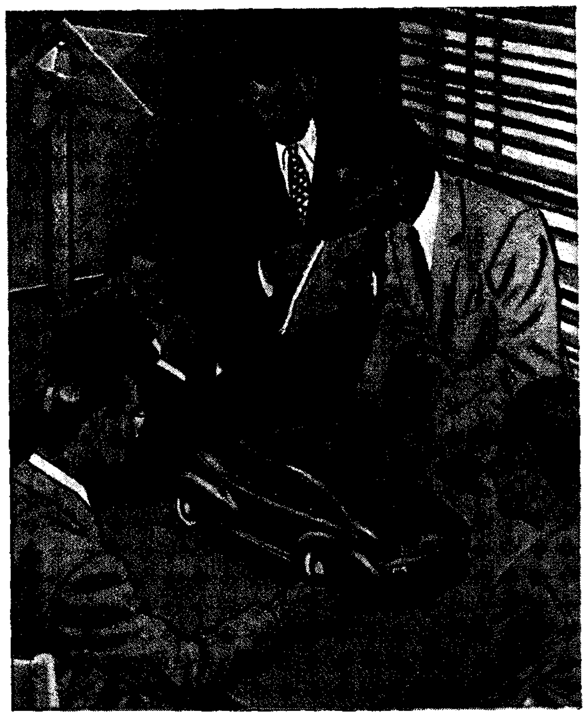

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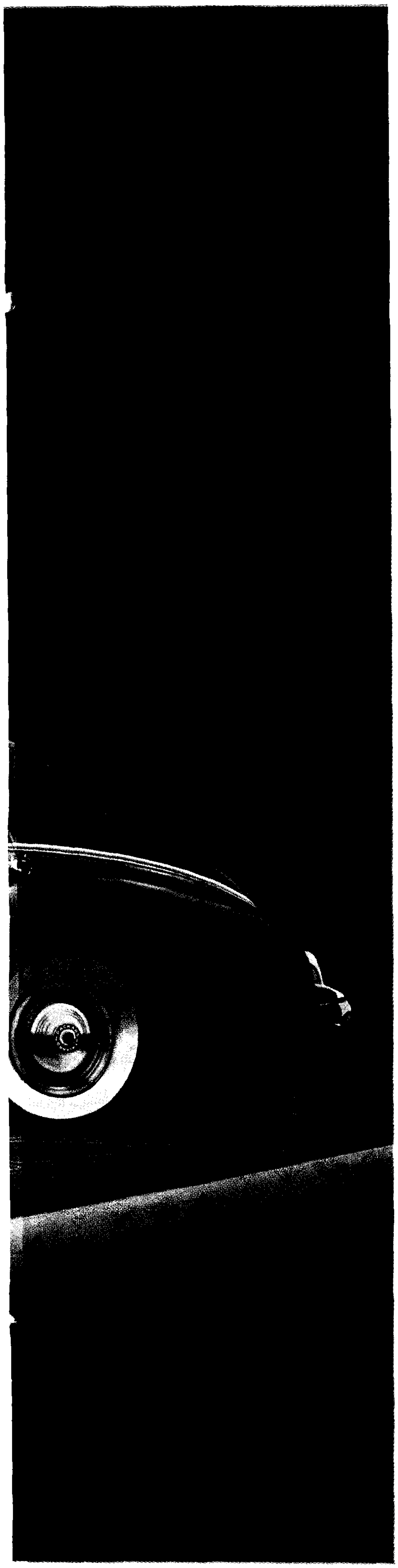
World premiere of a daring and dazzling new motor car

PACKARD CLIPPER

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

Sensational addition *to the 1941 Packard line which now offers 41 body styles in 6 different model series. The stunning Straight-*

Eight Packar
(Not for just



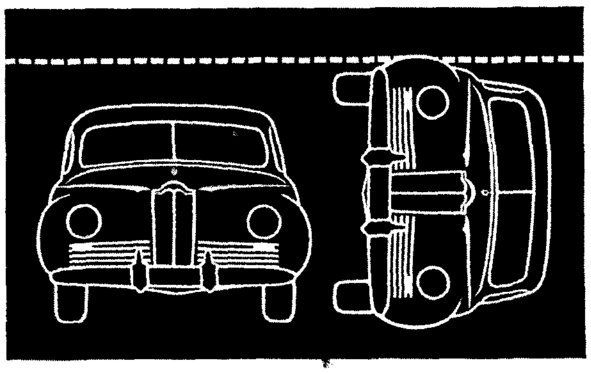
*ipper shown above is priced at only $1375**
upé—but for the 4-door sedan illustrated).

CAR OF THE YEAR

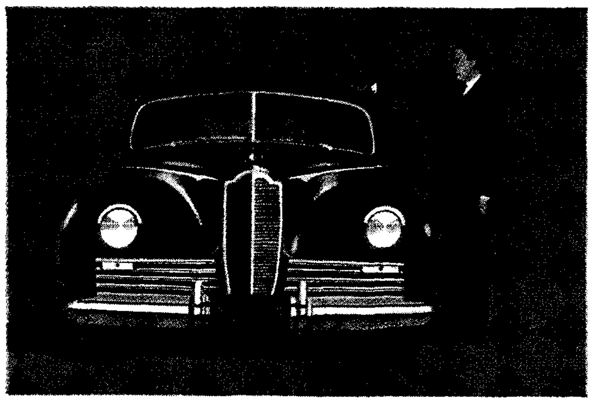
Low, wide, rakish—and the first car to bring common sense to modern design!

HERE, FOR THE FIRST TIME—in this glamorous new addition to the already-extensive 1941 Packard line—is a car of advanced streamlined design which recognizes that *beauty*—to be really modern—*must be functional . . . must serve some useful purpose.*

Thus, while the graceful and daring new PACKARD CLIPPER is a dazzling delight to your eye...everything about it adds in some way to your *comfort,* your *safety,* or your *convenience.* For instance . . .



WIDER THAN HIGH—by almost a foot! Widest body made, in fact—and a brand-new beauty line! Yet the Clipper's width is *inside the body* for "three-in-a-seat" comfort. And its overall width is no greater than that of ordinary cars.



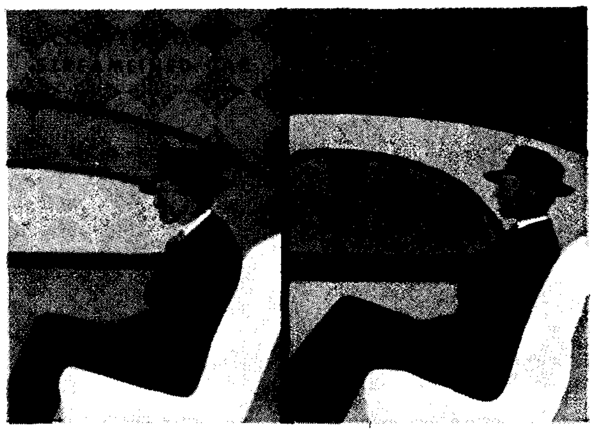
LOWER—FOR SAFETY—The fact that the Clipper is low, racy, ground-hugging, makes it beautiful. But, because it has a lower center of gravity, it is a *safer* car to drive and ride in! And (though this is hard to believe) road clearance is actually *increased!*

6 lines of cars—41 body styles

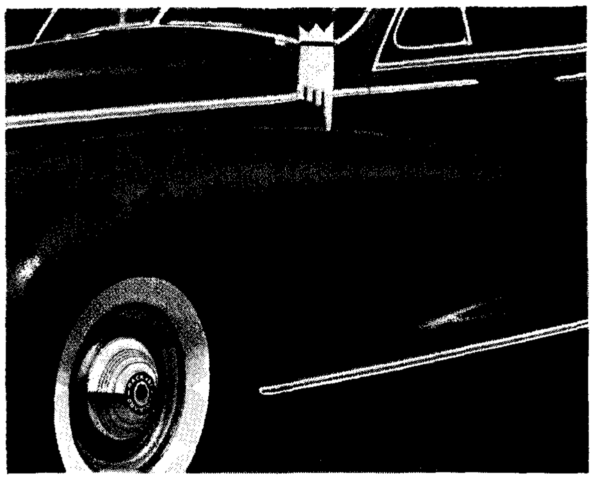
$907* TO $5550

**Delivered in Detroit—white side-wall tires and State taxes extra.*

Prices subject to change without notice.



FULL HEADROOM IN THE REAR, TOO—Here is functional beauty strikingly demonstrated. For the Clipper—alone among the latest streamlined cars—has full headroom in *back* seat as well as front. No neck-bending. No hunching-over. No hat-hitting.



FADE-AWAY FENDERS—Notice that runningboards are concealed—until you open the door. Thus it is the most natural thing in the world for the front fender to "fade" into the door in a beautiful new treatment, and for even the *rear* fenders to blend smoothly into the body—no unsightly seams or joints.

A "Mid-Season Auto Show"!—THE CLIPPER, with its rugged, low-slung chassis, is a triumph in engineering as well as styling! We can only *hint,* in this limited space, at the 84 new improvements that await you. *For example:* The Clipper's sensational ELECTROMATIC DRIVE is the last word in simplified automatic driving . . . worth far more than its extra cost . . . well worth a visit to your Packard dealer just to try it!

This daring new Packard Clipper is an Auto Show all by itself! It's more than stunning! It's revolutionary. See it . . . and drive it . . . at your nearest Packard showroom!

National defense comes first with Packard!—Marine motors for the Navy, and Rolls Royce aviation engines for the Army, have a clear right-of-way. But Packard is big enough to handle defense assignments and car production—so important to employment and prosperity—at the same time.

And here's a new Discovery

●

A world of men have waited for a new lightweight suit—a suit as smartly different from ordinary clothing as famous, washable Palm Beach itself. It is only natural that Goodall—the makers of Palm Beach, should present this modern discovery:

*GOODALL
TROPIC WEIGHT

●

Tailored by Palm Beach experts who work the year-round on lightweight wear...Hence its light, soft inner construction—its admirable drape and unusual value. The worsted fabric is a new idea in two-twist yarns—slowly woven, to yield the most in wrinkle-resistance and quality. The fabric *finish,* which has taken years to perfect, accounts for its crisp-fresh feel and costly looks...Visit your clothier. See your picture in the mirror and ask yourself if you have ever seen so great a value, at **$25.00**

Extra Slacks. $8.50. Students' Suits (sizes 16 to 22), $22.50

●

And for those who seek true luxury—at an exceptionally low price... Here is Goodall Tropic Weight De Luxe—Made with fine imported yarns—And fashioned with superb skill. Indeed, it may be safely said that no quality suit so richly textured was ever offered before, at . . **$32.50**

Evening Formals (white coat, black trousers) . . . $37.50

●

Both suits are shown in exclusive shades of blues, grays, browns and tans—for town and country. And you'll find the Goodall label in every genuine garment. *The new, cool, washable Palm Beach Suits are $17.75. Students' suits are $16.50.*

GOODALL COMPANY · CINCINNATI · OHIO

●

Attend the Goodall Round Robin Golf Tournament, Fresh Meadow C. C., Flushing, L. I., May 22, 23, 24, 25.

*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Chappie Brink. Reaching her, Chappie removed his hat, shabby and small and derelict in the harsh sunlight. Mrs. Vinson smiled at him and spoke and Chappie gave her his hand for support and these two survivors of an earlier day walked in the direction of Willow. Mrs. Vinson had lived in the town's first log house and Chappie, once respectable, had operated its first store. As Mitchell watched them the strange feeling came again—a second and mysterious warning of fraternity—and fled as swiftly as before.

They had reached Willow and there they stopped at the invisible dead line. Chappie raised his hat and stood bareheaded while Mrs. Vinson spoke. He shook his head slowly. Mrs. Vinson continued across Willow and in a little while Chappie wheeled and headed for Race where he properly belonged. His pace quickened, as though thirst got into him. In another hour, Mitchell knew, he would find Chappie dead drunk in Race's dust.

FORD GREEN'S office was on the second-floor front corner of the courthouse and from this elevated spot he had his excellent view of Willow and Race. Patient in all things and having infinite faith in the power of scheming, he liked best to sit back in his chair with his feet on the desk and watch River Bend's people meet and pause to talk, and move on, and make their little crisscross journeys.

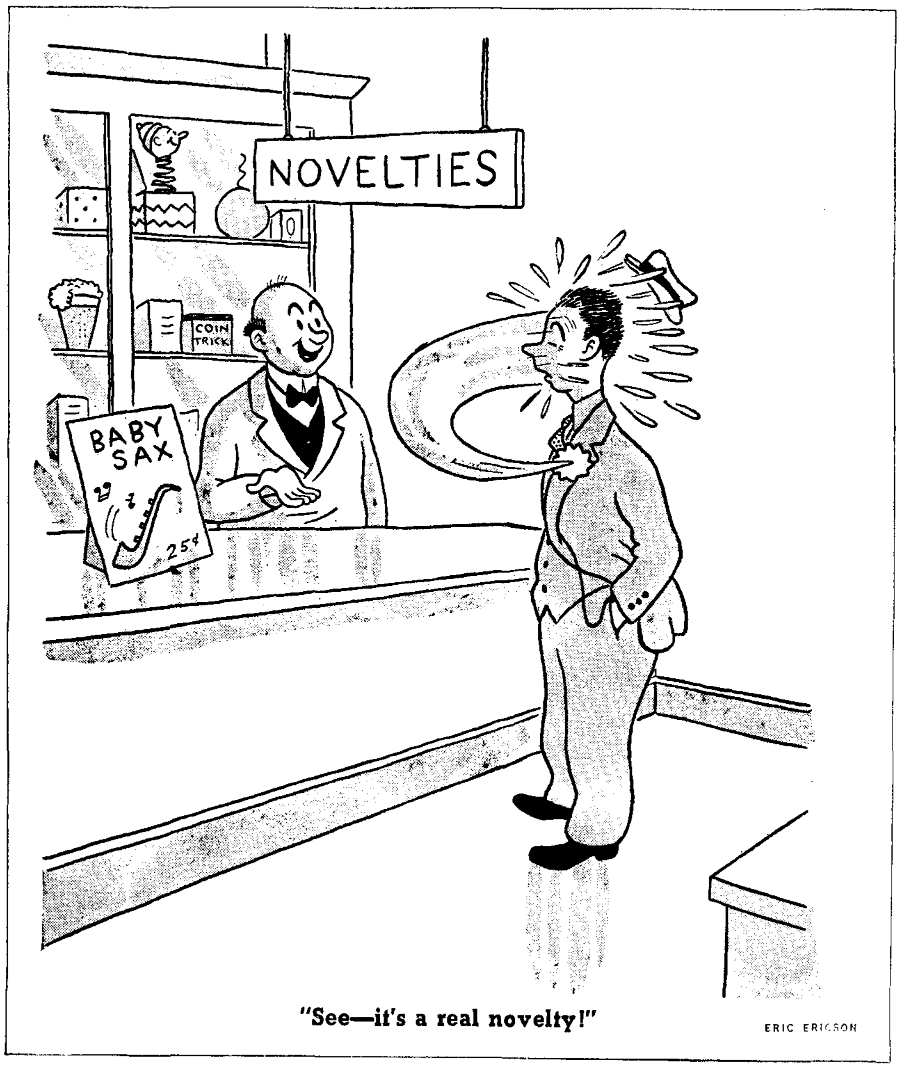
A town was like an anthill, except that the people in it had less logic than ants, did more foolish things and wasted more energy. With rare exceptions none of these men who walked abroad in the sun had any really driving emotions to carry them along, no burning ambition to justify their lives. They were nothing so much as shapes pulled about by appetites and greeds and fears and prejudices. Upon these emotions a clever man played.

He was clever, and knew it. He was also sly, but though he knew this, too, and had some self-scorn because of it, he never allowed himself to look that fact squarely in the face. A complete opportunist, he sat in this corner room by the hour and studied the people passing below him with his attentive interest, storing the revelations of their little acts back in an unforgetful brain. For he was one man in a small town on the farthest barren edge of the state. The state, whose complete attention he meant to have, now knew him not. This obscurity was a great rock blocking his progress. The way to move that rock was not by battering himself against it, but by finding the one spot beneath which a small pressure, skillfully placed, would roll it aside.

He had a sallow freckled face that no amount of sun could burn or color, and coarse black hair and a long nose and chin never meant for smiling; he was an awkward, rawboned plowboy with a tremendous strength never used publicly and therefore never known. He sat now deep in the chair, a dour and ingrown young man whose lack of human and appealing qualities made him hate those who possessed them; whose drudging boyhood had made him early run away from home, to scheme himself forward to this little place of power as the county's district attorney; whose terrible hunger for a place in the world had at last centered itself in the one ambition to be a senator from his state. Inching himself patiently forward, he saw how he might achieve his will, and forecast some of the ruthless and unscrupulous things he would have to do—and looked upon those things with a bloodless fascination, certain that he was hard enough to do them, yet not altogether certain.

He saw Chappie Brink advance along Willow and throw a glance at the courthouse, and because he knew Chappie thoroughly he was not surprised when the town's drunk came down the hall to his office and stood in the doorway, his burned-out eyes dull in a face that once had been rather fine. Chappie said: "Maybe you've got an extra dollar."

"Say, Chappie, what's coming off? You



"See—it's a real novelty!"

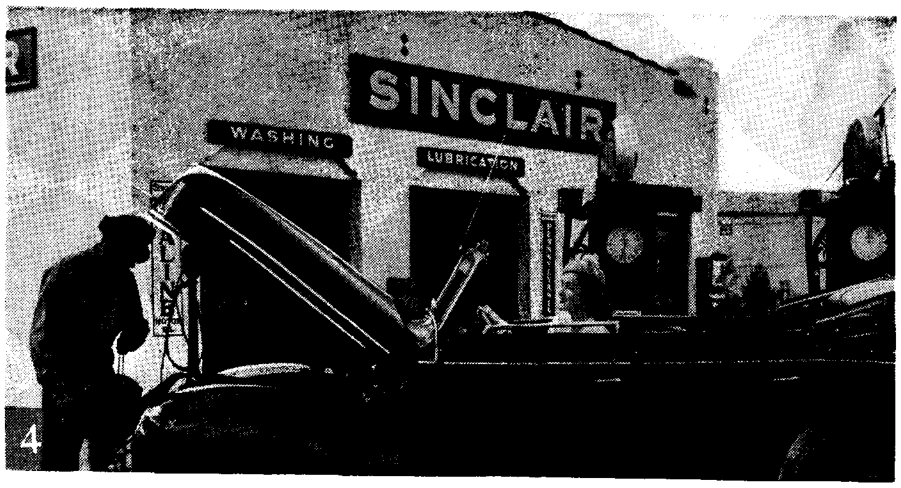
ERIC ERICSON

Joan Blondell, co-star of the Universal picture "Model Wife", is...

SCHOOL BUS
2

...pictured here with Mr. John J. Flannery, of famous Children's Bus Service. This service takes 20,000 New York...

...children to and from school daily in 156 buses. All 156 buses use Sinclair H-C Gasoline and are Sinclair-lubricated for safety. For the safe lubrication...



...of your car, see your nearby Sinclair Dealer. He offers you a special Sinclair-ize for summer service. It will safely lubricate your car for summer and take care of other important safety items. It may save you real money to have your car Sinclair-ized for summer now.

4 OUT OF 5
EVEN YOU MAY HAVE
GINGIVITIS

TENDER GUMS
SORE GUMS
BLEEDING GUMS
INFLAMED GUMS

Often Leads to PYORRHEA—
To Shrinking Gums—Loosened Teeth

At this very moment YOU, yourself, may be a victim of Gingivitis and not know it. So beware of even *slightly* tender, bleeding gums! These are often signs of Gingivitis—a mild gum inflammation which attacks *thousands.* Neglect it—and ravaging Pyorrhea often follows—which only your dentist can help. It's wise to see him every 3 months for tooth and gum inspection. Then at home—

Help Guard Against Gingivitis
This Tested FORHAN Way

Massage your gums and brush your teeth twice daily with Forhan's Toothpaste. This Forhan method is one of the *very best* you can use, because:

1. It stimulates gums to be firmer, thus more able to ward off infection.
2. Brightens teeth to their natural sparkling brilliance.
3. Helps remove acid film that often starts tooth decay.

Forhan's costs no more than ordinary toothpastes. So why not enjoy its *advantages.* All drug and department stores. Week-end size at 10¢ stores.

use
Forhan's
with massage

FOR FIRMER GUMS—CLEANER TEETH

"tapped me last week," said Ford Green.

"Once a week ain't bad."

"You're pretty thirsty," said Ford Green.

"Sure—sure," agreed Chappie, made irritable by his craving. "Don't talk so damned much about it. How much I got to crawl to get a dollar?"

"Mitchell was in The Pride a while back. Just smell around there. See if he talked to Charley Fair. See if you can find out what happened."

Into Chappie Brink's lackluster eyes came a resemblance of pride. "I'm no damned eavesdropper—"

"You're a bum," said Ford Green, "and you'd do anything for a drink."

Chappie Brink lowered his head so that the little look of shame would not show, and he went through his private torture, to at last murmur: "All right, Ford. All right. But I can't go in there without money to buy a drink. They'd throw me out."

Green took a half dollar from his pocket. He said, "Catch," and deliberately threw the coin beyond Chappie's reach. Chappie Brink reached for it and fell, and crawled to it on his hands and knees. He got it and rose up and for that instant the pride he could not entirely forget caused him to throw a complete feeling of hate at Green. He turned and went out of the room.

CHAPPIE BRINK'S weakness was whisky and his price was a dollar. Chappie Brink was the lowest level in this town, not much better than the brindle dog that hung about Big Annie's door; but all men were on one level or another, each with weaknesses, each with a price. Ford Green thought this, watching Ed Balder come up Race. Balder's big weight presently groaned on the stairs. He came into Green's office.

"Not at the funeral."

"No," said Ford Green. "I was busy."

He knew immediately he had said the wrong thing. He knew he had made a mistake in avoiding the funeral, and despised himself for being clumsy. Ed Balder gave him a queer glance and Green could see that the man's sense of right had been offended. Balder was big and slow; he was proud of his authority and in many ways he was narrow. But somewhere in him was a streak of kindness. Balder said:

"You're mighty sharp, sometimes. No time to be sharp when a man's dead. He was your man. He liked you, depended on you and did your chores."

"Better get the other county commissioners together and appoint a new man, Ed."

Balder's mind didn't shift that rapidly. He said: "Now and then I make a deal with Charley Fair—when I've got to. This one went bad. I'll never make another with him. Mistake to try to get the two sides of this town to work together on anything. He knew he wasn't promising a thing. He was just laughing at us. Jett Younger did the rest."

"Was that Charley's fault?" Then Ford Green added his afterthought: "Bravo had a good man along. He had Mitchell. Why not send Mitchell out again, with a posse?"

"No," said Balder. "Forget it. He's got trouble enough in town."

"Funny," murmured Green. "He goes along but still Bravo is killed."

Balder gave him a narrowing glance. "What's funny about it?"

Chappie Brink moved up the stairs to Green's doorway. He stood there with four-bits' worth of liquor giving him a little life. It made him forget a great deal and it made him more sure of himself. He said: "Hello, Ed," and then he said to Ford Green, "Yes—and they had a quarrel about something. Where's the rest of the money you owe me?"

Ford Green took a dollar from his pocket and laid it on the desk. Chappie Brink came to the desk. He studied the dollar and lifted his glance to Ford Green. "The bargain was a dollar," he said, turned furious. "I got half of it already. You only owe me fifty cents. I don't want more than I asked for."

Green said: "Only change I got. What's the matter with you, you damned drunk?"

Chappie Brink picked up the dollar and went to the doorway. There he turned and suddenly said, "Catch," and threw the dollar with all his strength at Ford Green's head and stumbled down the hall.

Ed Balder said: "What's that all about?"

The dollar was on the floor. Green started to reach for it and changed his mind, his sallow face flushing. "Nothing," he said. "Chappie's getting insolent. Ought to be run out of town."

"Not in my time."

"All right." Green looked up at Balder. "I discovered something. Mitchell went to see Charley Fair and they had a quarrel. Did you know that?"

"No," said Balder. "I'm not his guardian."

But there was a revival of doubt in him that Ford Green saw. Green thrust his further talk into that doubt. "He's supposed to be on your side, ain't he? You sure he is?" Then, softly and with the cleverness he had, he added one more idea: "He never did like Bravo. Bravo wasn't his friend. Kind of strange he should go out with Bravo on that chase. And kind of funny Bravo should get killed. I been wondering all afternoon whose bullet got Bravo."

Balder said nothing. He turned from Green's office and tramped down the stairs. From his window, Green saw the big merchant cross Willow to his store, walking in heavy thought. Lying back in the chair, Ford Green had his weaving calculations. Mitchell was the law tolerated by the gamblers and backed by the merchants. But in twenty-four hours Mitchell had made an enemy of Jett Younger, had turned Charley Fair against him, and had left himself wide open to a charge of playing both sides for his own benefit. The soft suggestion of treachery had unsettled Balder and Balder's faith would be disturbed; and the whisper of doubt would go around town concerning Bravo Trimble's death

ONE by one Mitchell lost his supports. Riding this town on the buckskin, he was a greater and greater target. Sooner or later he would be killed and the town, bereft of its authority, would go wild That was the way with all these towns When that happened, Green foresaw, it would be the exact moment for him to step in and clean up River Bend. Dramatically, so that his reputation would rush like fire across the state. This was how it was done. And now he was thinking ahead to one more thing: He had to have a tough sheriff to step in when Mitchell fell—an outlaw with a gun and a star who would fill this town with terror. That had to be managed.

The train, two hours late, arrived at the depot and passengers stepped down from the cars and Bill Mellen hurried along Willow to meet the homesteaders who would be there. In a little while Mellen had a group around him on the platform depot and his arm lifted and pointed southeast into the flats. It was five o'clock, with the sun striking across the parapet of Willow's buildings. Mitchell came up Race on his buckskin. Ford Green lost interest in Bill Mellen, and looked down on the marshal. His lips, never very expressive, slowly moved together until they made the thinnest cut across his face. His green eyes lightened and began to glow with deep, cool fire.

(To be continued next week)

FASCINATING
Québec

Have you ever had a
French Canadian
vacation?

THIS year . . . come to the homeland of the smart French Canadian homespuns shown on Fifth Avenue. Come to La Province de Québec, land of contrast, land of Old World charm. Here you'll turn aside to pass creaking ox-carts. In farmyards, you'll watch a French Canadian woman tend her stone bake-oven . . .

Yet turn a corner and La Province de Québec offers you another world—a world of luxury hotels, smart shops and swagger resorts.

3,000,000 French Canadians bid you come to the Old-World-in-the-New . . . where exchange makes dollars spin out!

NO PASSPORTS REQUIRED
BY U. S. CITIZENS

For maps and descriptive literature, apply to your home travel agency, automobile club, Chamber of Commerce, railway, steamship or bus office, La Province de Quebec Tourist Bureau, 48 Rockefeller Plaza, New York, or write direct to

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QUÉBEC • CANADA

What Have We Got for Guns?

Continued from page 15

they weren't cleaned, and were left outdoors all night in fog and drizzle; then, with muzzles corked, they were sloshed around in a tubful of thin mud.

After each of these tests they were fired. As a general rule, the Springfield seemed utterly unaware that anything had happened; the Johnson and Winchester usually could be operated, with considerable pulling and tugging, not as semiautomatics but as single-fire guns; and the Garand, when it worked at all, most often required the most strenuous exertion.

Failure of the Garand to do its job after hard abuse sounds serious. But according to the Marines, who are—it must be remembered—impartial, it wasn't too important. Conditions in actual fighting, bad as they may be, are rarely as drastic as those cooked up for the abuse tests.

Furthermore, after all four types had been cleaned and oiled, the Garand was the most accurate—some 30 per cent better than either the Johnson or the Springfield.

The Garand bogged down in another spectacular test—endurance firing. The guns were fired from mechanical rests, for hundreds of rounds. After each 150 rounds, at 15 a minute, the barrels were hosed with water and dried with compressed air. At the end of every 600 rounds, the guns were oiled.

After a grand total of 9,000 rounds, they were fired, again from mechanical rests, at 200-yard targets. The Garand's figure of merit, a number roughly representing how far the bullets strayed from the bull's-eye, was nearly double that of the Johnson. It was 10.28. The Johnson scored 6.51. The lone Winchester still in the running had 7.41, and the Springfield was better yet with 5.24.

The Garand had more tendency to do what the experts call "keyhole," which means the bullet wobbled. Garand barrels wore more quickly than the others because they are made lighter, to save weight and to make the bayonet fit better.

This sounds dangerous to the layman, but the Marine experts decided it meant little. In any normal war, the rifles would come back to the shops for major overhauls long before they reached their 9,000th shot. Almost as a matter of course the barrel would have been replaced.

Just Ask the Boys

This is the factual story, as seen by the Marines, of the Garand, the Johnson and the Winchester. Perhaps more impressive than carefully thought-out tests are the spontaneous opinions of soldiers who handle the guns.

The men of Company K, 12th Infantry, stationed at Arlington Cantonment in Virginia, have been using the Garand almost since it was born. They have tried the Johnson. They would make some changes in the sights on the Garand, they would move the wind adjustment so they could set it without taking the rifles from their shoulders. But for a fight—and there were no officers about when they expressed themselves—they'll take the Garand over anything they've seen yet. They can pick up their target easily and, with no kick to disturb their aim, can keep their sights on it perfectly.

Not even Army men, who are definitely prejudiced, contend the Garand is the best rifle the world will ever know. But they all say—as do the Marines—that the Garand is the best there is as of this moment, not merely the best *we* have, but the best in the world.

The Army began work on the Garand 20 years ago. Whatever the circumstances of its adoption by the Army—and Melville Johnson himself wrote the War Department after the first competitive test, "I can honestly say that had I conducted the test personally I could not have been fairer nor more thorough"—it was chosen as the official rifle months before the first Johnson appeared. The Johnson was months ahead of the Winchester.

The Garand had a head start, and as a result it alone is in real mass production. Undersecretary of War Patterson says there are about 125,000 now with troops, and that they are coming from the assembly lines of the Army's rifle plant at Springfield, Massachusetts, at better than 600 a day. A new Springfield factory is nearly ready to make at least another 500 a day, and the Winchester Arms Company of New Haven is on the verge of laying down still another 200 a day.

Our Quality Armaments

Patterson objects to switching precious machine tools, so badly needed in practically every other branch of the defense program, over to the production of another new rifle, especially since none other has yet matched the Garand in tests. The Army has a couple of million Springfield and Enfield guns tucked away in odd corners anyhow, so rifles must be considered less pressing than other materials. "We have been criticized," Patterson complains logically, "for not freezing our equipment and getting into production. We did and we are criticized some more.

"And while I am on the subject I should like to point out that we don't merely think the Garand is the most effective and reliable all-round gun. We know it. Test after test has shown it and we would be completely blind to ignore the evidence. And if the distorted stories we hear about the gun are true it would mean essentially that we were either stupid or dishonest."

Our Army's military supplies are scarcely vulnerable on the score of quality. We have armor plate 30 per cent stronger than the best in Europe. We have a 37-millimeter antitank shell that whisks through the toughest tempered steel like a sunbeam going through glass. We have a 105-millimeter howitzer that tosses a 32-pound projectile seven miles. And a 155-millimeter cannon whose 100-pound shell travels more than 17 miles—almost twice the range of any similar gun in the world. A new 240-millimeter howitzer, with a 340-pound shell, will be one of the largest and most powerful mobile field guns in existence.

We have tanks with twice the speeds of the famous mechanized war machines in Europe. Our light tank of 13 tons not only is able to carry extraordinarily heavy armor because of superior American motors, but it rattles along at 45 miles an hour. The medium tank of 27 tons clips off 25 miles an hour, and so does the monstrous 50-ton heavy job.

As for how well the Garand fits into such an encouraging picture, a marksman of Company K summed it up perhaps best of all. He had just finished pouring 48 bullets into a 200-yard target in 50 seconds. "Whaddya mean, is this really a good gun? Y'damned right it's a good gun! And look, buddy, some day my skin will depend on this here gun, and do you think I'd be telling you it was good if it wasn't? I'd be yelling blue murder."

Heavenly!

FOR THAT NEVER-TO-BE-FORGOTTEN FLAVOR . . . WE USE MORE OF THE RARER, RICHER COFFEE BEANS NEVER BEFORE SO AVAILABLE

Aroma . . .

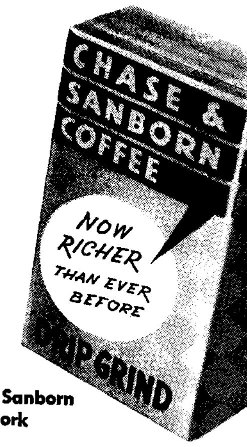
Dark and heady and tantalizing. As persuasive as a fine perfume.

Flavor . . .

Sparkling and wit-inspiring. Confidence-encouraging. Maker of new friends. Renewer of old cordialities. Serve it . . . sip it . . . savor it . . . look forward to its golden, pungent richness. Clear gaiety and mellow satisfaction in a single tiny cup—we give you the NEW BLEND Chase & Sanborn!

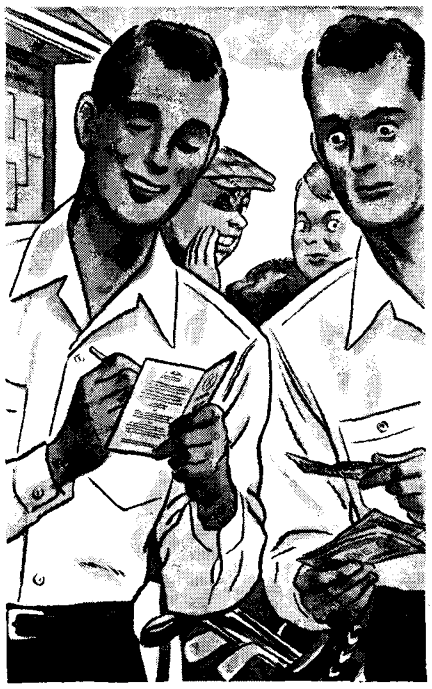
Listen to Edgar Bergen-Charlie McCarthy on the Chase & Sanborn Radio Program every Sunday on the NBC Red Network

CHASE & SANBORN COFFEE



The shirt that leads a double life:
Arrow DOUBLER

1. Regular Shirts Never look right as sports shirts and vice versa. We saw no reason why a shirt couldn't be convertible. So we invented the ingenious *Arrow Doubler*, perfectly smart *with* a tie, perfectly handsome as a sports shirt without a tie.



2. Some of Doubler's Innovations: a special, long-point collar . . . a simplified neckband that keeps the folded-down collar smooth and flat . . . the second button set an inch lower than usual to permit a wide flare when the collar's open . . . a disappearing top button . . . no seam down the shirt front.

3. The Arrow Doubler is made of fine Sanforized-Shrunk oxford cloth and other summer fabrics (shrinkage less than 1%!) It has Arrow's famed "Mitoga" figure-fit . . . has two buttonable pockets . . . comes in white, colors, and patterns. Get Doubler at your Arrow dealer's today. $2, up.

ARROW SHIRTS
Made by Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc., Troy, N. Y.
Sanforized-Shrunk—a new shirt free if one ever shrinks out of fit

Rita the Rage

Continued from page 18

roll of the ship, plus the water-taxi trip out there every night, made them ill.

Their check wasn't enough to feed the family, so between the 8:30 and 10:30 shows Rita and Eduardo would fish and take their catch home. That was all right for a while but Papa caught a fishhook in his finger during the second week of the engagement and it became infected. Rita did the show by herself for another week but the management "didn't think I had enough Spanish seductiveness," says Rita. "I was fifteen at the time and the only thing that really aroused me was food."

Then the dancing act got a real break. They landed at the fabulous gambling place at Caliente near Tijuana. That engagement was originally for four weeks and they were held over for twenty-five months. Margarita was something of a sensation and it was only a question of time till one of the movie moguls saw her as a screen prospect.

The lucky fellow was Winnie Sheehan, who sent the girl up to Fox to do dances in Dante's Inferno, the Sol Wurtzel Special which is still regarded fondly by experts as the worst motion picture ever made. Sheehan really signed her, she learned later, to do the lead in Ramona. It required a Spanish type and Rita was just what they wanted. She made every conceivable test ever devised and was okayed in them all. On a Friday she was told she had the part. On Saturday Mr. Winfield Sheehan and his entourage were tossed out of Fox and Darryl Zanuck took over. Fox became Twentieth Century-Fox and Zanuck became king. The last person he wanted was a leading lady selected by Winnie Sheehan, least of all a chit who had never officially appeared before the camera. Instead of Rita Cansino, Loretta Young got the part. "I sat on the front steps for two hours bawling my head off and rather hoping that somebody would come along and comfort me," says Rita, "but I found that everybody coming out had also just been fired by Zanuck and had tears of their own to shed."

Columbia Wakes Up

Instead of doing Ramona, she got a three-day job in a Western wonder being done by the Talisman Studios. The day began with a call for three-thirty in the morning. They were on location at four-thirty and began shooting with the first sun. Toward the end of the day the company started racing from peak to peak, trying to get in a few extra shots before the sun departed.

"As it sank lower, we'd run for a higher hill. When it went down there, we'd leg it for another mountain. That went on till almost nine o'clock that night. Fun."

After that she did free-lance work and put in a year of horror, dashing between Fox and Columbia in Westerns. The blackest day of her life was when she had to ride a mustang and bang away with two guns at a time in a George O'Brien special, The Renegade Ranger.

Somewhere along the line Columbia began to realize they had something and the experience at the sales convention with the special one-reeler convinced them of it. Then came the first real crisis in her life. The studio decided that the name Rita Cansino would limit her definitely to foreign roles. They asked her to select a new one. After hesitation she settled on Rita Hayworth, because her mother came from the English acting family of Haworths. The Cansinos took it hard, feeling that their own distinguished name should be carried on. There were tears and heartaches and reproaches. The studio was adamant. No name change, no starring roles. She finally did it but it wasn't easy and she still doesn't want to discuss it.

It was at Caliente that her romance with Eddie Judson began to blossom. Eddie would come in and watch her every night but he soon found it wasn't a matter of "H'ya, kid; howsa 'bout a date?" He discovered that if he wanted to meet Miss Cansino he would first have to meet her father. He did, and was then invited to the house, where the family gave him the X-ray analysis treatment. Just to make absolutely sure, there was always somebody along as chaperon when they went out.

The Lady Decides

When Mr. Judson's oil business took him away to South America he found he was rapidly going broke through nightly phone calls to Rita in California. Moving up to Miami, he cut the bills to a percentage of their former dimensions but still it was an item. He decided that the best thing he could do was come back and address the young lady on the subject. By this time she was in pictures and slightly more independent. One Saturday morning he had a phone call from his loved one.

"If you're still serious about that," she said, "pack your bag and come around and get me. I have a day off and we might as well do it."

That was almost five years ago and nobody had visions that the girl would eventually be setting streams on fire. Whether she will be a good actress is for the future; all that can be said now is that she is photogenic to a degree only slightly short of boiling.

The difference between Hayworth and the other beauties is that she is no outdoors creature. She swims but she doesn't lie out in the sun till she looks like the leather on a boot. Also she doesn't knock herself out with exercise. Very frankly, she likes fur coats and new clothes and novel variations on the rumba.

In response to an almost totally negligible demand for the information it may be added that Miss Hayworth is five feet five inches tall, weighs 118 pounds and has dark brown hair and eyes.

Because of the tough times the family had, she has learned a great deal about life. She is kindly and considerate and will go almost too far in being agreeable. An invitation is almost a royal command, no matter how tired she is; she's afraid people might think she didn't like them.

Being the only extra girl who has reached stardom since the coming of the talkies, her head might easily be turned but the attention has begun to pall on her. After all, she has spent her life in a theatrical atmosphere where the limelight is not uncommon. The Cansinos always had it until the bad days came. Right now she is a little fed up on the glass-house treatment and wishes people would lay off.

"Makes you feel like a race horse in the paddock before the race," she says. "Everybody hoping you're going to win."

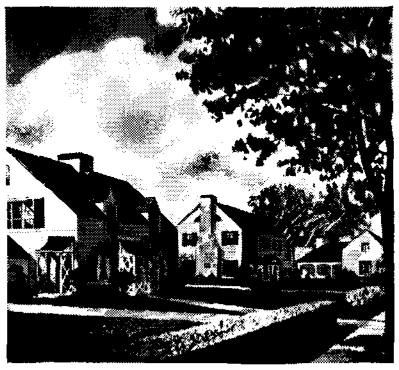
But she will admit in the next breath that when they *don't* care whether you win or not, that's even worse. A movie star has nothing but misery and a great wad of bullion to show for her life.

We, too, are great believers in turning over stones

ONCE when Euripides, the Greek tragic dramatist, was asked what was the best way to hunt for buried treasure, he replied: "Leave no stone unturned!"

We try to follow this wise advice in our search for safe, sound investments.

For *safety* must always be the first consideration when the money entrusted to the Company by its policyholders is put to work to earn the interest that helps pay the cost of your life insurance. Therefore, when Metropolitan invests in first mortgages on real estate, it tries to "leave no stone unturned" in its efforts to learn all there is to know about the property to be mortgaged.



The neighborhood is studied

When the necessary information has been assembled, it is analyzed by Metropolitan's own mortgage loan experts.

Applications for loans on city real estate come to Metropolitan from real estate owners and their agents or brokers, as well as from the Company's 73 active loan correspondents, and many sub-correspondents, in all parts of the United States.

Transportation facilities are analyzed

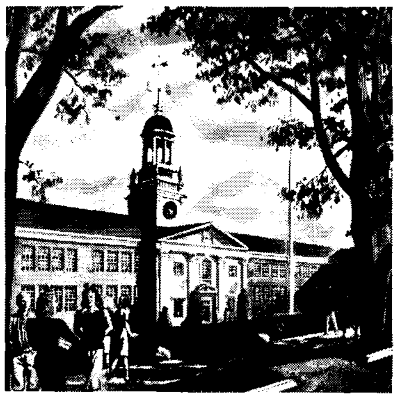
Whether the property is a private home, an apartment house, or a business building, Metropolitan must determine the suitability of the property, the physical condition of its improvements, the character and future of the neighborhood, its transportation facilities, and the reputation and financial responsibility of the owner.

In the case of a private home or apartment house, Metropolitan also wants to know about the nearness of schools and shopping districts.

If the property is a business building, its location must be suitable to the nature of the business to which the building is devoted. The integrity and efficiency of the management must be taken into account. Details of architecture and construction and the condition of the property are checked by Metropolitan's own staff to determine whether it will attract tenants at adequate rentals.

Details of construction are checked

And before *any* mortgage loan is made, on *any* type of property, it must meet the requirements of the Company's investment policies, and be recommended by Metropolitan's investment men. Their recommendations must then be approved by the Real Estate Committee of Metropolitan's Board of Directors.



Location of schools is important

Life insurance funds invested in first mortgages on real estate play an important part in our economic and social structure by helping business to carry on or expand, and people to own their own homes. At the same time, the funds so invested earn the interest that helps reduce the cost of your life insurance.

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This is Number 37 in a series of advertisements designed to give the public a clearer understanding of how a life insurance company operates. Copies of preceding advertisements in this series will be mailed upon request.

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company

(A MUTUAL COMPANY)

Frederick H. Ecker, CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD
Leroy A. Lincoln, PRESIDENT

1 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

"My night life is a dud!"

confessed Old Silver

"I'M A SHOWPIECE BY DAY," he continued sadly, "but after dinner I'm strictly a wallflower."

"Shucks!" said the briar, "that's just when the boss and I are hitting our stride! In the evening at home in the old easy chair, we *really* go to town. Why he wouldn't trade the cake in my bowl for all your fancy carving! You too would make a fine smoking mate for *any* man, if you'd just fill up with Half and Half tobacco."

IT WOULDN'T BITE THE MEANEST MAN ON EARTH

Next time you settle down with your pipe, load it with Half and Half. It's a smoke a man can understand. It's companionship when you're alone. It's a smoke that comforts when you're blue—that calms you down when you're getting edge-y. It's a smoke that never nags. A friendly smoke. A kindly smoke that wouldn't bite the meanest man on earth.

This fragrant, aromatic tobacco is a cargo of contentment in the bowl of any pipe. That's what it is!

HALF AND HALF

This magnificent silver-mounted claw pipe is one of many unusual specimens in Half and Half's $25,000 collection of unique pipes. In flavor, in aroma, and in its patented package, Half and Half is itself a unique product. The popular Telescope Tin gets smaller and smaller as you use the tobacco, making it easy to fill your pipe.

HALF AND HALF

A Cargo of Contentment in the Bowl of Any Pipe

Copyright 1941, The American Tobacco Company

Wife in Fame Only

Continued from page 13

Gargantua is a native of the Cameroons, a former German province in West Africa. He was approximately two years old when the captain of an American freighter bought him there late in 1932. The night before the ship docked at New York, someone—presumably a disgruntled sailor—doused the young gorilla with nitric acid. Part of his face and chest was eaten raw. His sight was almost destroyed.

Buddy—that was the crew's name for him—had cost $400 in Africa, but he was so healthy, so clever and so friendly that the captain had hope of selling him for $3,000. The acid destroyed that too. He was finally sold as a make-weight for another gorilla and six chimpanzees, at $2,500.

When Gargy Was a Softie

His new owner was Mrs. Gertrude Lintz of Brooklyn, a pet fancier whose success with rabbits, pigeons and Saint Bernard dogs had encouraged her to try her hand on the great apes. With the help of Richard Kroener, her factotum with animals, she set about the sorry job of healing Buddy's sores. Six months saw the job done. His sight was as good as new, but he would always carry scars—a jagged one across the left side of his chest and another that pulls his upper lip into a permanent sneer.

There were no scars on his disposition, strangely enough. He continued to be friendly and playful. Nor did he become vicious even when, four years later, a discharged houseboy sneaked back one night and gave him a drink of strong disinfectant, disguised with sugar syrup. He lost eighty pounds before his ravaged stomach could hold a full meal again.

During those four years, Buddy learned to wear clothes, to walk erect, and to obey simple commands. His greatest delight was trundling himself around on a kiddy-car. His greatest terror was the sight of a trolley or a truck. Mild as his temper stayed, though, Mrs. Lintz began to worry. His strength seemed to be outgrowing his control. His love pats were becoming clouts. One day she saw him try to stroke a kitten and crush its skull. After that, she could not leave him at large any longer. She lured him into a cage and locked the door forever.

The cage meant only one thing to his dull brain: punishment. But what had he done wrong? Bewildered at first, he turned morose, then furiously resentful. Like Hitler, his natural genius for malevolence ripened in prison. Presently, Mrs. Lintz and Kroener did not dare reach through the bars to pat him or brush him. No one has dared to since.

Mrs. Lintz could not confine her imagination as easily as she had confined Buddy. As his increasing size and strength made his cage flimsier, she found herself irresistibly drawn in fancy down the road that ended in a murder chamber in the Rue Morgue. It was Kroener's suggestion that she wire John Ringling North and invite an offer. The deal was closed in a single interview, one December evening in 1937. North gave Mrs. Lintz $10,000. Mrs. Lintz gave North Buddy, two chimpanzees and Kroener's contract. Lastly, North gave Buddy a new name—Gargantua—and started him on the climb to his present eminence as the most famous animal in the world.

Toto's life had been a curious parallel to Gargantua's. Like him, she had two narrow escapes from death. Like him, she was the spoiled darling of a childless woman. Like him, she wore clothes, had the freedom of a large house, and kept a pet kitten. Like him, she was sold to Ringling Brothers, with the same provision that her keeper accompany her.

There are two kinds of gorillas, mountain and coastal. Zoologists differ about Gargantua, but all agree that Toto is the coastal kind. They also differ about Gargantua's age. The best they can say is that he was born in November, 1930, give or take six months. They can be more definite about Toto, because she was unmistakably between six and eight weeks old when she first fell into human hands.

This happened in mid-February, 1932, in a jungle in the Belgian Congo. Her captor was E. Kenneth Hoyt, a rich American sportsman, who had—a few minutes before—achieved the purpose of his safari by shooting a big male gorilla. The old bull's harem of five, leaderless and panicky, were speared by the native boys for their cook pots. Not until they began to skin the last of these females did they notice a mite clinging to her fur.

They took it to Mrs. Hoyt. "*Memsahib, hapa mtoto,*" they said. "Mistress, here is a youngster."

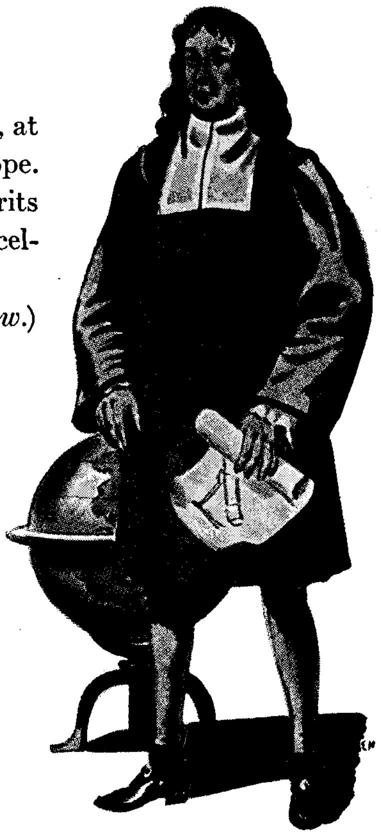
Mrs. Hoyt was astonished to hear herself announce that she would keep it. She didn't know its sex, so she simply tagged it as the boys had—Mtoto, "the youngster." (The silent M was eventually dropped, but Ringling may restore it. They feel that the spelling Mtoto or—correctly M'Toto—looks more authentically African.)

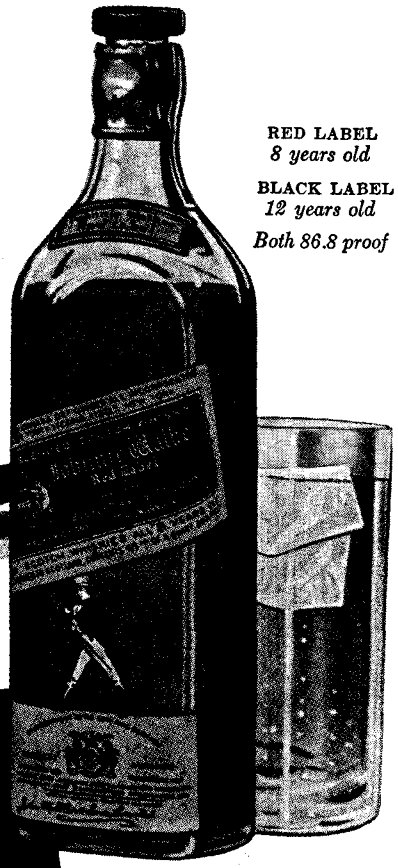
Toto weighed nine pounds on adoption and was not only helpless but obstructive. She refused to eat until Mrs. Hoyt hired a native woman as a wet nurse. In Paris, she laid an even heavier hand on the Hoyts' convenience. She caught pneumonia and so meagerly

CAN YOU FIGURE OUT THESE SCOTCH FIGURES?

1. A modest mathematician who, at 23, invented the reflecting telescope. Sir Isaac Newton debated its merits but would surely agree on the excellence of Johnnie Walker. (*Answer below.*)

2. Seasoned traveller who has voyaged to America since 1820 without a single return trip. Always comes across with a full measure of enjoyment to satisfy the demands of admirers. (*Answer below.*)





BORN 1820 . . . still going strong

RED LABEL
8 years old
BLACK LABEL
12 years old
Both 86.8 proof

IT'S SENSIBLE TO STICK WITH
JOHNNIE WALKER
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY

1. JAMES GREGORY
2. JOHNNIE WALKER

Canada Dry Ginger Ale, Inc., New York, N. Y., *Sole Importer*

IRIUM
Pepsodent
TOOTH PASTE
Pepsodent

New Beauty Test for Teeth

...as important as make-up

Learn Beauty's final secret...

MAKE THE TONGUE TEST

1—DO THIS . . . Run the tip of your tongue over your teeth . . . Feel that filmy coating? That's Materia Alba . . . and it doesn't belong on teeth!

2—YOU'LL LEARN...that filmy coating on teeth is a warning your tooth paste may be letting you down. Because sticky coating collects and stains, dims the brilliance of your smile.

3—SWITCH TO PEPSODENT with Irium. You'll *know* the power of a flashing smile when you *feel* the smooth sparkle of shining teeth.

- *Only* Pepsodent gives you Irium, super-cleansing agent that loosens and flushes away filmy coating.
- *Only* Pepsodent contains the patented high-polishing agent which buffs teeth to such shiny smoothness that coating slides off before it can collect and stain. No other tooth paste gives you this wonder-working combination. Get a tube of Pepsodent today.

Remember

Coated Teeth can spoil your loveliness. Make the Pepsodent Tongue Test . . . Now!

. . . and for fullest effectiveness
. . . for Double-Power Cleansing . . . use
PEPSODENT'S *NEW 50-TUFT TOOTH BRUSH*

missed dying that the expensive pediatrician who coaxed her back to life warned the Hoyts that they would have to keep her in a tropical climate.

They chose Havana, bought a magnificent estate, and installed Toto in a bedroom next to their own. The scope of her demands widened so imperceptibly that the Hoyts never realized exactly when she became the planet and they the satellites. First, she outgrew the bedroom and had to be moved to an apartment of her own behind the garage—a bedroom, sitting room and exercise cage. Then her waxing strength and mischievousness required protection for the servants—locks on all doors, bars on all windows. Then the neighbors, especially those with children, protested vigorously against her freedom of the grounds, so a full-time keeper had to be engaged.

This was Jose Tomás y Vicente, a burly young Cuban who airily sits on Toto's lap, rides on her back, and cuffs her around as if she were his big sister. His only weapon is a "buzz gun"—a metal rod that gives a mild shock—and yet his only injury is a nipped knee. (Gargantua has, on different occasions, crippled Kroener's arm, mangled his wrist, broken his cheekbone and punched out two of his teeth.)

Since Mr. Hoyt's death in 1938, Tomás and Mrs. Hoyt are the only persons whom Toto has permitted near her. Mrs. Hoyt walked hand-in-hand with Toto a few days before she was sold, but it was plain that her confidence in Toto's docility had begun to ebb months before. She found it hard to forget a morning when Toto thought that an approaching stranger meant her harm, and shoved her aside so violently that she broke both wrists. Mrs. Lintz, too, had dreaded the caress that would suddenly burst its bounds. . . .

In Toto's carefree, pre-Ringling day, her regimen was that of a child of the same age. Tomás woke her at seven, saw that she washed, and gave her a breakfast of fruit, cereal, eggs and milk. From then until eight, she frolicked in her sitting room, climbed her knotted rope, swung on her trapeze. Sharp at eight Tomás blew a whistle and, five minutes later, turned her out for the day. The whistle signaled the household staff to scuttle behind bars and stay there until sundown, when Toto would be locked in for the night.

Just Say It in Spanish

Most of her free time she spent in the playhouse, where she could exercise or amuse herself or sit in the sun. A cluster of thorns above her sandpile hid a microphone connected with a recording machine in the main house. Every so often Mrs. Hoyt would cut in on Toto's soliloquies. If her grunts and gurglings seemed particularly eloquent, Mrs. Hoyt would switch on the machine. Toto's four best recordings show her in four distinct moods—hungry, angry, lonely, happy. Her inflections are clear, if her "words" are not. She, on the other hand, can understand virtually everything said to her, so long as it is in Spanish.

When Tomás was posing her for her last photographs at home, she turned her face from the camera. *"Mira allí!"* he told her. Look there!" Obediently she turned to the camera again.

"Baja la patita!" he said. "Put your foot down! Count five on your fingers! Scratch your nose! Pat your head!" She did them all.

Just before each new moon, Toto becomes sulky, even dangerous, and stays so while the spell lasts. But her tantrums consist of little more than stamping and howling, like a spoiled child. Mrs. Hoyt finds this implication offensive. Toto spoiled? Certainly not! She dismisses the monogrammed pillow slips, the engraved silver drinking cup and the cringing servants as having no significance. In the next breath she admits that she never wears a dark costume when she visits Toto, "because Toto likes nice, bright colors.

Well, Toto's tyranny—or however Mrs. Hoyt may have thought of it—is over now. It ended the moment that the door of the Ringling cage clanged behind her. Right then she began to work for her living. There are tougher jobs. Her hours are short, her work is light, employment is steady, room and board are free and there is plenty of chance to travel. Should she still pine for her old home in Cuba, John Ringling North is counting on the sight of new faces to divert her. He is counting heavily on one special face. That is Gargantua's.

It was only a few inches away when she first saw it—red-eyed, black, scarred and scowling. They stared at each other for a full half minute, the first of the opposite sex that either had seen in its conscious life. Gargantua broke the silence. He scrabbled on the floor of his cage, found a left-over stalk of celery and offered it through the bars.

"Da Gargy un' besito," Tomás prompted her. "Throw him a kiss."

So the Lady Said "No!"

Toto the timid, Toto the dainty and demure, Toto the little lady went—right here—wild with rage. She barked and screamed. She tore at the bars. She bounced up and down. She gibbered and spat. Gargantua's hackles rose like a porcupine's. He beat a tattoo on his chest, but not very heartily. It died out. His hackles sank. He shuffled into a corner, out of sight of Toto, and cowered. Bad Bill was Sweet William, and everybody saw it.

That is the true story of the celebrated meeting and the whole story. Nothing else happened. After a few minutes, the vestibule doors were closed and the cages were hauled away. Toto and Gargantua had not mated. They had not even touched finger tips.

They had not mated for the critical reason (somehow it was ignored in the Ringling publicity) that neither of them was adolescent yet. They had not been allowed to touch because (somehow this was ignored, too) a touch might lead to a blow, a blow to a broken limb, a broken limb to death. Gargantua and Toto are valuable properties, too valuable to be exposed to damage or destruction. Add together their purchase prices, the cost of their vehicles, the cost of posters to advertise them and the cost of the private tent that Norman Bel Geddes has designed for them and they represent an investment of better than $125,000. Add to this their publicity value, and the figure becomes one that an astronomer or a New Dealer would recognize.

Whether they will be encouraged to mate when they are old enough, John Ringling North will not say. At least two years must pass before the question is anything but academic. Kroener and Tomás are less cautious, however. Both feel that if their charges are gradually habituated to each other, they will become friendly, even affectionate.

Kroener makes only one reservation. Gargantua has to be given a new blanket, every night, since he invariably shreds the old one. Toto brought a dozen blankets with her, but all brides are sentimental toward their trousseaux, and no bride—especially one as spoiled as Toto—would stand for Gargantua's behavior very long. Kroener thinks that maybe the solution is to take the blankets away altogether, and step up the temperature ten to fifteen degrees.

Reno Rebound

Continued from page 17

less like the courteous friend back East and apparently went in for cheer-up drinking and faro. In three weeks, Theo knew she would never marry the man, no matter what, and wondered why she had ever given it a thought. Now she could see he had another side, not quite so good, and that he might make a terrible husband for any woman. More and more she was left to herself.

In her hotel, she encountered pleasant people and among them one Kay Starr, a proud product of Reno. Kay spoke up with the breezy freedom of the community. Theo was playing the dime slot machines.

"I'm a sort of press agent for the hotel," Kay said, smiling. "Are you getting along all right?"

"Perfectly well," Theo answered. "Except for these slot machines."

"If you need advice, call on me," Kay said. "I live here."

After that, the two nodded at each other daily and Theo could see that here was one of the town's popular figures, for the gentlemen followed her from room to room, offered to buy her drinks, stake her to slot-machine money or just take a walk. The only thing Theo could complain of was that Kay rouged her cheekbones too much. Outside of that, Kay was a handsome, tall figure and friendly to Theo without being nosy.

PRESENTLY Theo had a rented car and a horse to ride and she used them both, leaving Mrs. Hatcher and Norman to shift. Theo loathed gambling, except slot machines, and one night club a month was enough for her.

She liked to ride and found plenty of trails and mountain roads. One of her favorite jaunts was to the south of Reno, in a rocky country, where the pavement ends and the road becomes a ribbon of dust. Often she followed this trail, at peace with the world, content with mountain and sky, and at a point ten miles from town she noticed the little house. She had to notice it, as it was the only house for miles. The paint was somewhat faded. The fence in front had begun to sag and there was no gate. There was a front yard and a back yard, overgrown with weeds, and somebody lived there, for a car stood in the drive.

In the front yard was a great tree, with heavy, drooping branches, covering the space like an enormous umbrella. Bushes and weedy undergrowth rambled along the fence, providing privacy.

ON HER second ride past the house, Theo caught a gilmpse of the occupant and it was the striking Kay Starr, friendly girl from her hotel. She was working energetically at something, bending over a table, and Theo rode along, wondering. What she didn't know and couldn't see was that a raffish-looking man sat directly beneath the big tree, surrounded by boxes, tables, coffee pots, lounging chairs, remains of old meals and general confusion.

He wore an army shirt and white overalls, once blue; and his hair was never combed. Some days, he lolled under the tree in his bare feet, rubbing his feet into the sand and staring fixedly at the sky. Kay Starr was present to do his typing and for no other purpose.

When Theo rode by the place, he glanced out at her in casual approval, but did nothing. After three afternoons, he peered from under his tree, watched her approach and then lazily made his way out to the gate. When she came abreast on her brown horse, he waved at her and grinned. Theo stared in astonishment, for this ragged bird was her husband, Greg Leeds, formerly as neat a dresser as Norman Rickey.

"What are you doing out here?" she asked.

"I live here," he said. "This is my home. I rent it from Mr. Cullen."

"You *live* here! What for?"

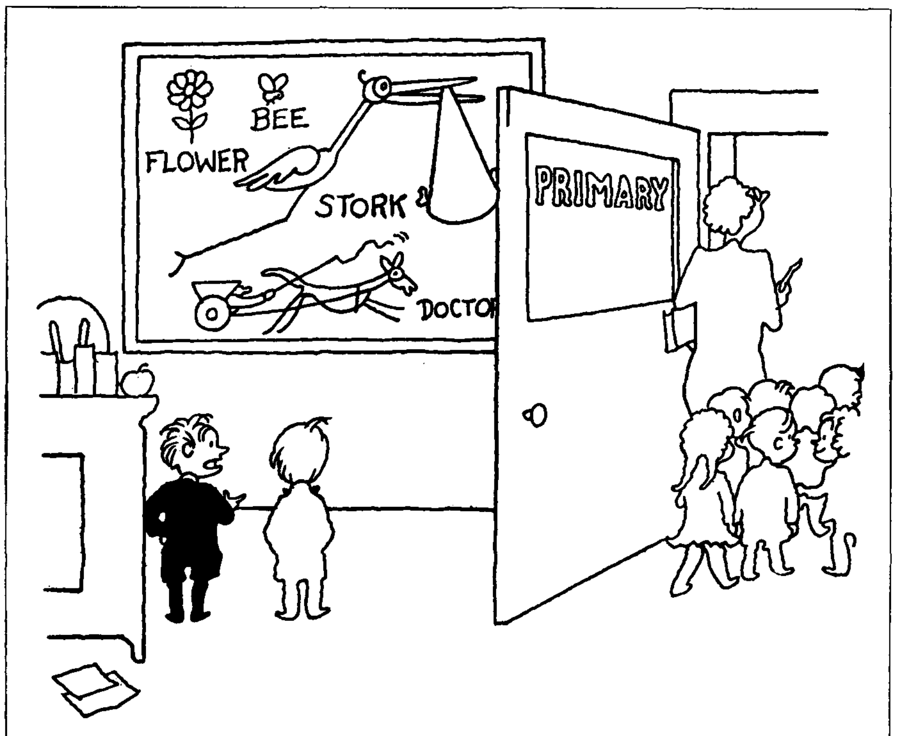
"I work here. This is my workshop. I write a book. It is now more than half finished and will earn me a nice spot of money. And I have an admirable helper, Miss Starr of Reno, whom you know."

"Yes, I know her," Theo said, with a small frown.

"But what I wished to inquire is where do you go each afternoon. You ride along this road to the east, but you never return."

She exchanged the frown for a smile and said, "It curves around to Reno beyond the hill. You look like Jeeter Lester, with a dab of Wally Beery."

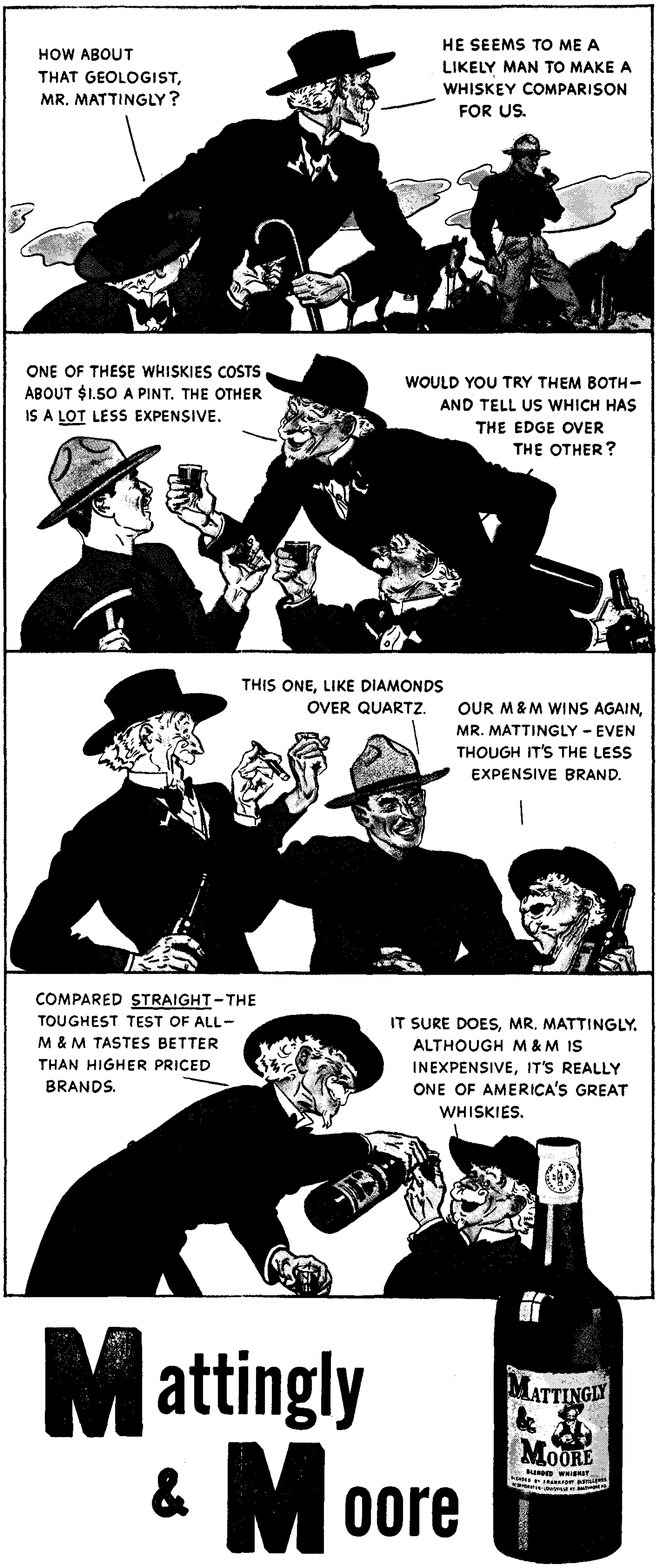
"Work clothes. I labor here, assisted


BEE
FLOWER
STORK &
DOCTOR
PRIMARY

"It seems to me some simpler system could be worked out!"

GARDNER REA

Mr. Mattingly and Mr. Moore


HOW ABOUT THAT GEOLOGIST, MR. MATTINGLY?
HE SEEMS TO ME A LIKELY MAN TO MAKE A WHISKEY COMPARISON FOR US.
ONE OF THESE WHISKIES COSTS ABOUT $1.50 A PINT. THE OTHER IS A LOT LESS EXPENSIVE.
WOULD YOU TRY THEM BOTH— AND TELL US WHICH HAS THE EDGE OVER THE OTHER?
THIS ONE, LIKE DIAMONDS OVER QUARTZ.
OUR M & M WINS AGAIN, MR. MATTINGLY - EVEN THOUGH IT'S THE LESS EXPENSIVE BRAND.
COMPARED STRAIGHT—THE TOUGHEST TEST OF ALL— M & M TASTES BETTER THAN HIGHER PRICED BRANDS.
IT SURE DOES, MR. MATTINGLY. ALTHOUGH M & M IS INEXPENSIVE, IT'S REALLY ONE OF AMERICA'S GREAT WHISKIES.
MATTINGLY & MOORE
BLENDED WHISKEY

Mattingly & Moore

BLENDED WHISKEY—*86 proof. 72½% grain neutral spirits. Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore.*

BIFF...
STIFF!
AND QUICK RELIEF!

Help Nature Reduce Fatigue Acids in Sore Muscles

If your first game of golf leaves muscles sore and stiff, it's because your extra effort has caused an accumulation of fatigue acids! That's one of the reasons why your muscles hurt. But here's good news! Fortunately, most of the muscle tissues affected can be reached by the fast, stimulating action of Absorbine Jr.

Relief! Splash your sore and aching muscles with Absorbine Jr. It speeds the blood flow through these muscles to carry away fatigue acids. This helps reduce swelling —ease pain and stiffness. Then your muscles can relax again. Keep Absorbine Jr. handy. At all druggists, $1.25 a bottle. FREE SAMPLE —write W. F. Young, Inc., 201H Lyman St., Springfield, Mass.

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Famous also for relieving Athlete's Foot, Strains, Bruises

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DAYTON Steel RACQUETS

Daytons are extra strong and "whippy"—help you play a faster game. Aid accurate placement. Not affected by any weather. Need no press or cover. *Guaranteed.* Last a life time with care. Preferred by many Champions. Send a post card for free offer above.

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FOR HAIR TO BE PROUD OF!

Any serious attempt to curb Dandruff, relieve Itching Scalp or check excessive Falling Hair calls for a serious-purpose MEDICINAL treatment—not something that's just slicked on the hair. Use Glover's Mange Medicine and massage and it will soon be apparent to you how really effective it is. Nobody knows better than your Barber—ask him! For the shampoo, use Glover's Medicated Soap—an important part of the treatment. FREE booklet on Glover's famous System. Write GLOVER'S, Dept. B, 460 Fourth Ave., New York.

GLOVER'S
MANGE MEDICINE

by Miss Starr, from morning till night and with the utmost cheerfulness. No grouchings in these high hills. Sometimes I work half the night. At such times I do not have Miss Starr to help me, of course. Would you care to sit down a while?"

She dismounted without a word, still puzzled, a trim, handsome figure, clad in the latest Reno riding costume. She walked through the gateless gate, greeted Kay Starr warily, noted her surprise and sat down amid the confusion of boxes and bridge tables.

"That's all for today," Greg announced, and Miss Starr arose, picked up her bag and departed for Reno with a cheerio. When the secretary was gone, Greg said, "We can have tea later, and some of those little cakes they make for me in town. You look handsome in your horse garments."

SHE continued to stare at him steadily and with curiosity, as though he were a strange beetle moving across the window. He stared back at her.

"Just what," she asked, "brought you out to this particular house and road? Why did you come to Reno?"

"Well," he said leisurely, "I sort of love mountains and I never had any mountains to love and these are the best. I like quiet for the job. I have it. I love this clear sunshine and the zippy tang in the air. I felt certain I could work out here and so I have . . . Why, I'm more than half finished."

"Indians?"

"Indians, hell! I ducked out of that job by main force, took the accumulated tripe to Hoag, told him to hire another boy or finish it himself or give it to some worthy family. I'm writing a novel and I may say I enjoy the job, and love the novel. How are you getting on with this Mr. Rickey?"

"Not too well," she said. "The West makes him nervous and irritable and we're not even good friends. I refused to marry him and he sulks day and night. Says I tricked him into the jaunt. He gambles and drinks and is far from the charming gentleman of New York."

Greg chuckled long and loud. "How does the lively Hatcher stand it?"

"Better than Norman. She isn't bored, because she has lost so much money at roulette that her whole life is devoted to getting it back. When did you come here?"

"A week before you and your gay party. You see, I still felt I was responsible until you divorced me. After that, you're on your own. I thought it would be right to be on hand if anything happened. And then there was my novel."

"A sort of concealed guardian," she commented. "With a secret secretary," she added.

"No, just an idle beholder. I get reports about you daily. That's Kay Starr at work. Try getting into trouble and see how soon I know it."

"It's a touching compliment and surprising to me. Pity you didn't feel so back in New York."

"Put it down to the clear, limpid sunshine. Possibly those rugged peaks yonder. I walk for hours in these hills, all alone, and the mountains keep me company. A strange thing, I like Reno."

AFTER that, Theo paused afternoons at the little house and they had tea and talked together like old pals. Sometimes Kay was present and was a lively addition.

Then one morning and without announcement, it was Theo who suddenly appeared in Kay's chair under the big tree, sat before Kay's typewriter and declared to both of them that she had taken over the job.

"You won't mind, Kay?" she asked.

"Not at all, Mrs. Leeds," laughed the Reno Juno. "I think it's fine."

"You see, I did all his typing once before."

"Until I fired you," said Greg.

"Until I quit."

"If he fires you again, I'll come back," said Kay; and she kept smiling and saying, "I understand," until she was finally gone. Greg began on his side and Theo stumbled along a while and so they plugged on till lunchtime.

Then Theo came out from town with expected news that she was soon to be abandoned and on her own, that Mrs. Hatcher had lost her last thousand and that Norman would die if he had to stick it another week.

"He's sure now you're not going to marry him, is he?" Greg asked.

"Quite sure and a trifle unpleasant."

"When do they leave?"

"In a few days and I won't miss them."

"You suppose I ought to go in and bid them a fond farewell?" he asked, grinning.

"I don't see why not. You can do anything in this state."

On the morning of departure, Mr. Rickey and Mrs. Hatcher were at the train and Theo was on hand to see them off. Mr. Rickey looked stern and wounded in his soul. He acted like a man imposed upon, a man deceived by woman. He wore the bowler hat and butterfly necktie to emphasize his hatred of the entire community; and Mrs. Hatcher was radiant in a costume saved from the clutches of roulette.

At first, they didn't notice Gregory, who was farther down the platform, separated from departing passengers by an iron fence with spikes. He was clad in his usual working costume: scuffed brogans, once golf shoes, now only remains, faded overalls, army shirt and a straw hat designed for either man or horse.

Presently Norman and Mrs. Hatcher moved along toward their train and Theo came slowly down to where Greg idled. On the train side of the fence, Mr. Rickey glanced up, stopped abruptly, spoke in a sharp tone to Mrs. Hatcher and indicated the lounging figure. He came close to the fence and demanded, "What are you doing here?"

"Me?" said Greg. "I live here."

"How long have you been in town?"

"Ever so long. Seems like years."

"It looks like a nasty trick to play on us," Norman said, raising his voice and staring at Theo, who had stopped beside the truck and was smiling. "You two have cooked up some sort of trick to make a fool out of me. It's contemptible and humiliating."

"Nobody cooked up anything, Norman," Greg said mildly. "Nature works out her little problems in her own peculiar way, but you wouldn't know about nature."

"You're a nasty little trickster," Rickey said hotly and Greg reached in between two of the bars. He reached quickly and placed his thumb under Norman's nose and his finger on the brim of Norman's bowler and pinched abruptly. The hat spun over the fence and was returned by a grinning boy.

"Go on back to New York," Greg advised, "and don't ever leave there."

The conductor was starting his usual nervous gestures with a lantern, the engine was hissing, passengers were hurrying and so the visitors turned, Mrs. Hatcher waving goodby heartily. Norman was blacker than ever. Greg turned to Theo, who was laughing. "That's over," he said cheerily. "Let's go."

THEY strolled out side by side, passing through the station, wordless at first, staring at Reno's lights and the opening blast of the night's business, gaiety and gambling. Greg said, "I know I like it out here. I like it fine, everything pleases me and I know I can work. How about you?"

"I like it, too," she answered.

"Well, then," he said casually, "I've been sort of looking around for a nice place, as I intend to stay a while and the nicest in this town is the Merrick house on the hill. Overlooks the whole show. We ought to go out there and see if you like it."

"You look like a tramp to go calling," she laughed. Then she took him by the shoulder and turned him to her. "Are you going to do any more Indian things?"

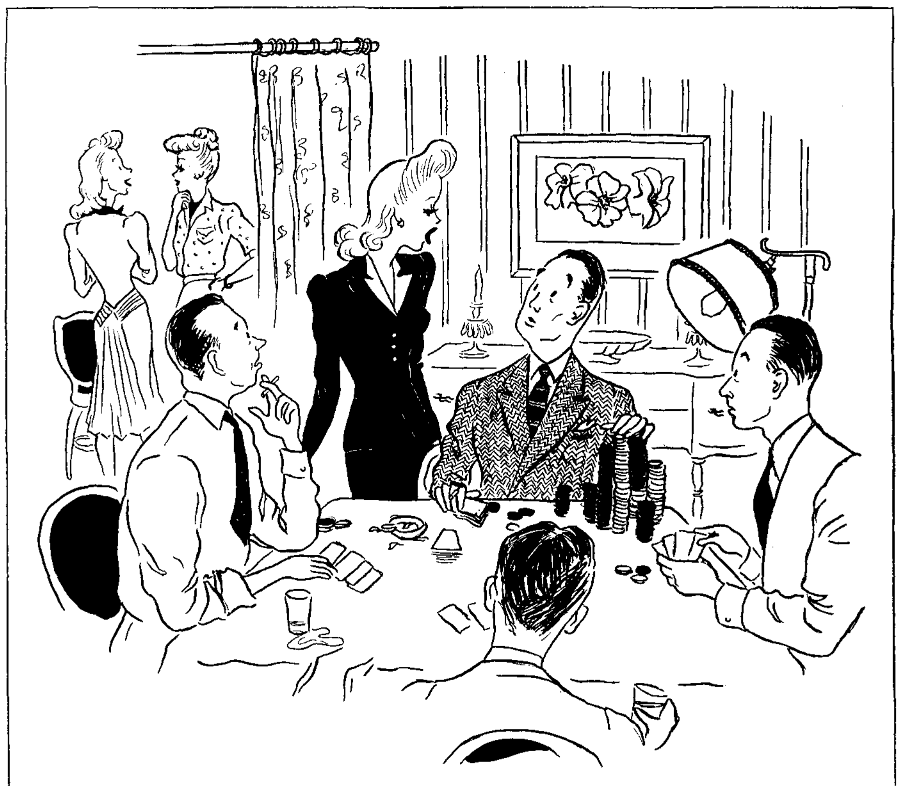
"Not in this lifetime," he said solemnly.

"And are you going to have any more hired secretaries with good looks and winning ways?"

"Not while you live," he declared.

"Then come along. My car is around this corner."

She suddenly kissed him and fizz went another divorce that would unquestionably have made the first pages from Gonzales to Miami.

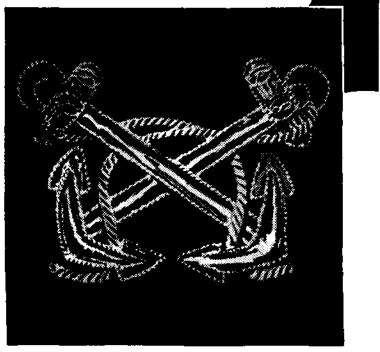


"Darling, is it now I'm supposed to say 'C'mon, it's time to go home'?"

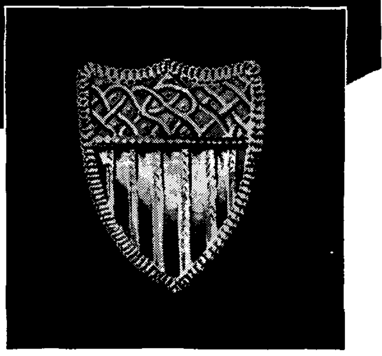
MERRYLEN TOWNSEND

Salute to Safety

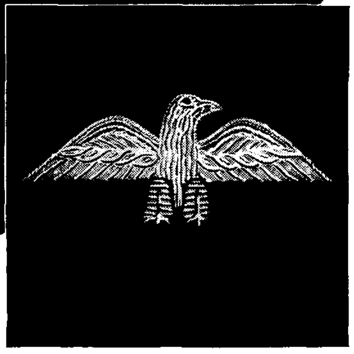
THREE BIG GUNS! Not one or two, but three big guns in each turret! That's what the U. S. Navy's battleships rely on for safety. And for *your* safety's sake each Fisk Safti-Flight tire with its Safety Stripe tread has not one, or two, but *three big safety features:* a quicker-stopping, non-skid tread; a tougher, heat-resisting carcass; a smooth-as-flying, cushioned ride that gives you more safe miles!



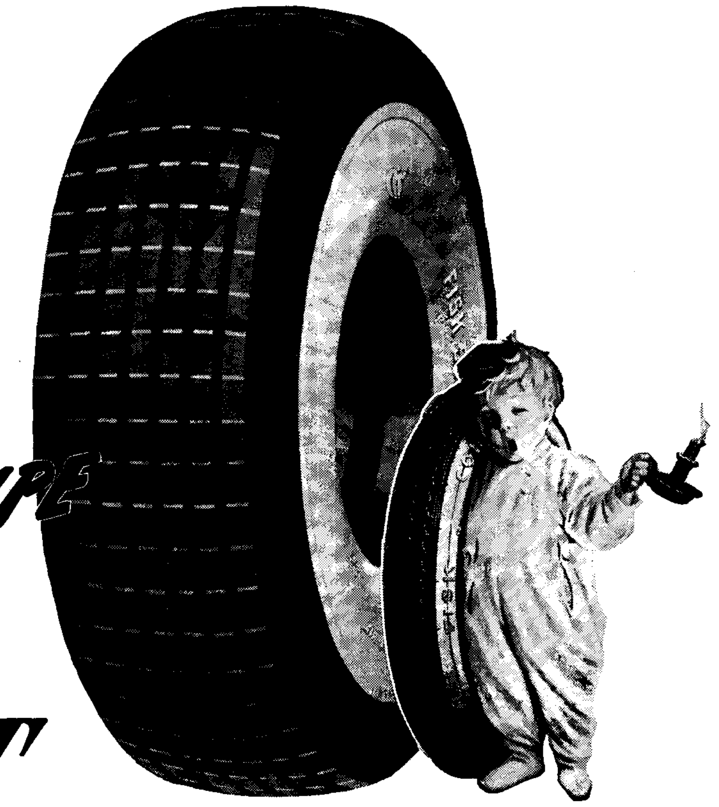
ANCHOR GRIP! White strips of costly, soft cushion-rubber (inlaid the *full* depth of the ribs) link together hundreds of tread blocks to form the Fisk Safety Stripe Tread. As you step on the brake, these tread blocks pile up against each other in a continuous wedging, gripping action—anchor you to the road, stop you quicker on wet pavement.



EXTRA PROTECTION against blowouts and ply separation due to internal heat is provided by Fisk's high-strength, anti-friction cotton cords which are Safti-Sealed in pure latex to resist friction-heat. (The Safti-Flight *Super Rayon* tire, at extra cost, runs even cooler, gives greater blowout protection—especially at high speeds.)



QUIET FLIGHT! You'll hear no noise from this tire, and here's why: The Fisk Safti-Flight principle gets the full *air-cushioning* effect out of a tire; the independent spring action of each tread block *absorbs* road bumps instead of transmitting them along the tread! And it's this *absence* of noise that tells you you're getting *more* mileage.



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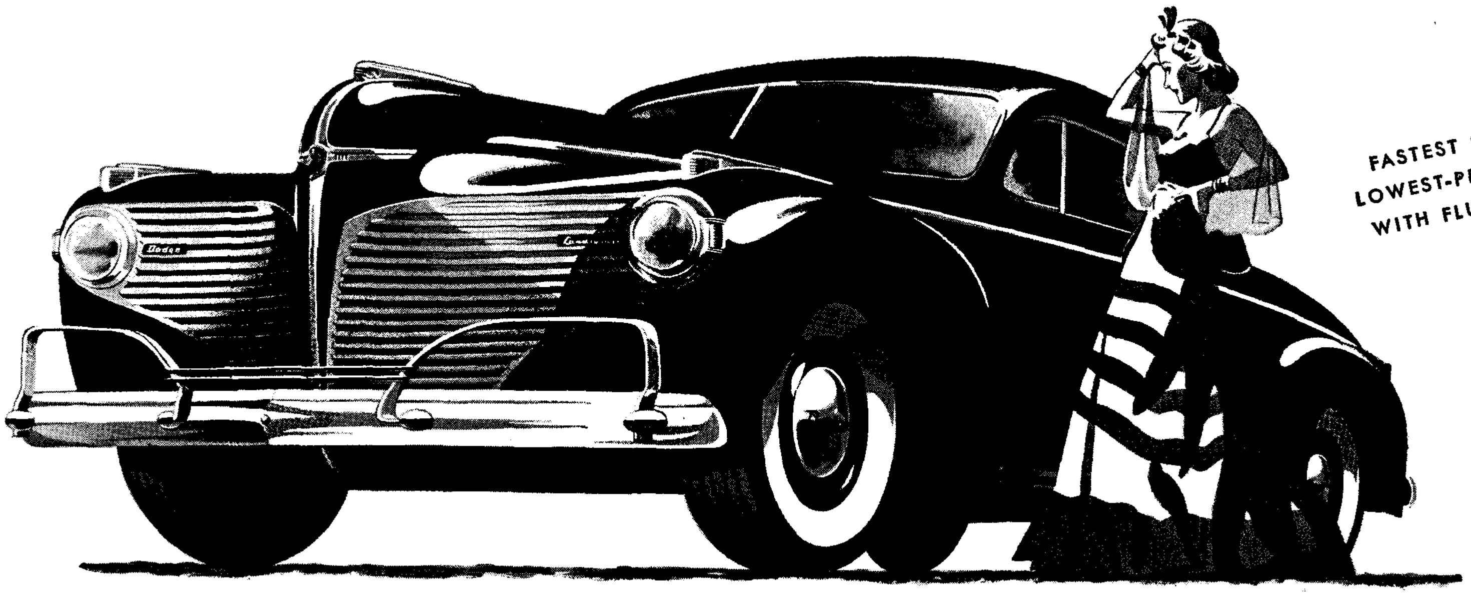

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PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY HARRY PENNINGTON

MILITARY POLICE TRAINING

During peacetime Military Police battalions exist mostly on paper. Now they are being formed with urgent speed in posts throughout the country. At Fort Sam Houston, Texas, approximately 100 men have been graduated; 450 are halfway through a six weeks' course developed by Major Wayne C. Smith, commanding the Second Division Military Police, and directed by Platoon Leader Lieut. Abraham R. Johnston in collaboration with San Antonio Police Captain Edwin P. Bogash. Potential M.P.'s, selected from infantry battalions following completion of basic training, are instructed in some twenty-five major subjects including driving and care of motor equipment, advanced first aid, pistol marksmanship, map reading, traffic control, accident and crime investigation, rules of land warfare, typing, public relations. Emphasis is placed on the manual of self-defense; comprising boxing, wrestling, use of the riot stick and judo (modernized jujitsu). Pictures on this page show some of the phases of training at Fort Sam Houston. Students get practical work in evenings and on Saturdays and Sundays with the provost marshal at the fort, and on duty with San Antonio police, whose methods form a basis for M.P. operation. Most Army schools follow this routine but there is no uniform course

OUR NEW ARMY

CALIFORNIA

CAMP CALLAN. Seventy-five hundred soldiers, mostly from Chicago and Detroit, are getting the low-down on Hollywood. The film capital's delegation fills almost an entire barracks, which is continually fraught with studio gossip. Pvt. Sidney Goldman, film writer, suggests: "'Camp Callan is thirteen miles north of San Diego and 100 miles south of Lana Turner,' which is much too far." One of the Hollywood recruits is Jacket, a trained seal, whose presence is unexplained and who hasn't as yet been classified by the Army. The Hollywood boys usually head for Beverly Hills on week ends; the others trek into San Diego and moan that "it's practically impossible for an artilleryman to get a date there—the Navy and Marine Corps have had the town sewed up for years."

FORT WINFIELD SCOTT. Pvt. Miello J. Dublielak, of Battery E, 18th Coast Artillery, is having a time learning the Army game, but don't worry about him. Born in Chicago twenty-two years ago, he was taken to Poland by his parents before he was out of safety pins, and returned just in time to get smacked in the eye with Selective Service. When he arrived from Fort Sheridan, Illinois, Pvt. Dublielak could speak, read and write only a few words of English and the going was fierce until he met Pvt. Sylvester A. Ryba, another Chicagoan who speaks English and Polish with the greatest of ease. "Buddy," said Pvt. Ryba, "what you need is a mouthpiece and I'm it. First thing, you go into San Francisco as often as you can and study at night school. Daytimes I'll give you a boost with Army talk." Pvt. Ryba had the right dope. The other day Pvt. Dublielak took tests for Second Class Gunner and won out by about eight lengths.

FORT ORD. This Monterey Bay country, dotted with exclusive resorts and clubs, always has been a playground for the wealthy. Soldiers haven't even thought of trying to crash the clubs, but they won't have to, come June. Work is under way on a WPA-built $1,800,000 recreation center just across the Monterey - Watsonville highway from the fort. First unit scheduled to be opened next month is the Privates' Club, which will feature a ballroom 152 feet long and 86 wide, a 45-by-87-foot taproom, reading and writing rooms and ladies' lounge, each roughly fifty by thirty feet; a barbecue court big enough for a regiment; porches, terraces and patios smack on the elegant Monterey Bay beach. The playboys haven't anything that will touch the layout.

Other units of the center will be an even more extensive two-story Noncommissioned Officers' Club, with a ballroom on each floor, a large dining room and a dozen lounges and game rooms. Third unit, a chapel built along mission lines which will have altars on turntables so all faiths may be served. Sponsorship and certain professional costs, $60,000 in all, are being raised by voluntary club dues ranging from two bits a month for privates to a dollar for N.C.O.'s. Outside features include two swimming pools, a track and two football fields seating 5,000 each; four baseball diamonds and two dozen assorted game courts. Old-timers from the Presidio of Monterey, recalling the chilly glances tossed their way when they wandered too near some of the tony Pebble Beach resorts during off-post hours, are gleeful but forgiving. "Nothing exclusive about our club," they say. "Even a rich guy will be welcome if he's dressed properly. In uniform."

WASHINGTON

FORT WORDEN. Pvt. Harry Plummer, of the 248th Coast Artillery, sadly reports that officers have caught on to the "dead man" trick in mock war maneuvers. Some of the boys were supposed to get "killed" to make hillside skirmishes look real, and at this Pvt. Plummer got to be a wiz. He'd throw up his hands, spin a couple of times and flop to the ground—where he'd cop himself a swell snooze while the other guys went on skirmishing. It wasn't long before the rest of the boys

(Continued on page 58)

Let's Play Choo-Choo

By Rae Richard Hess

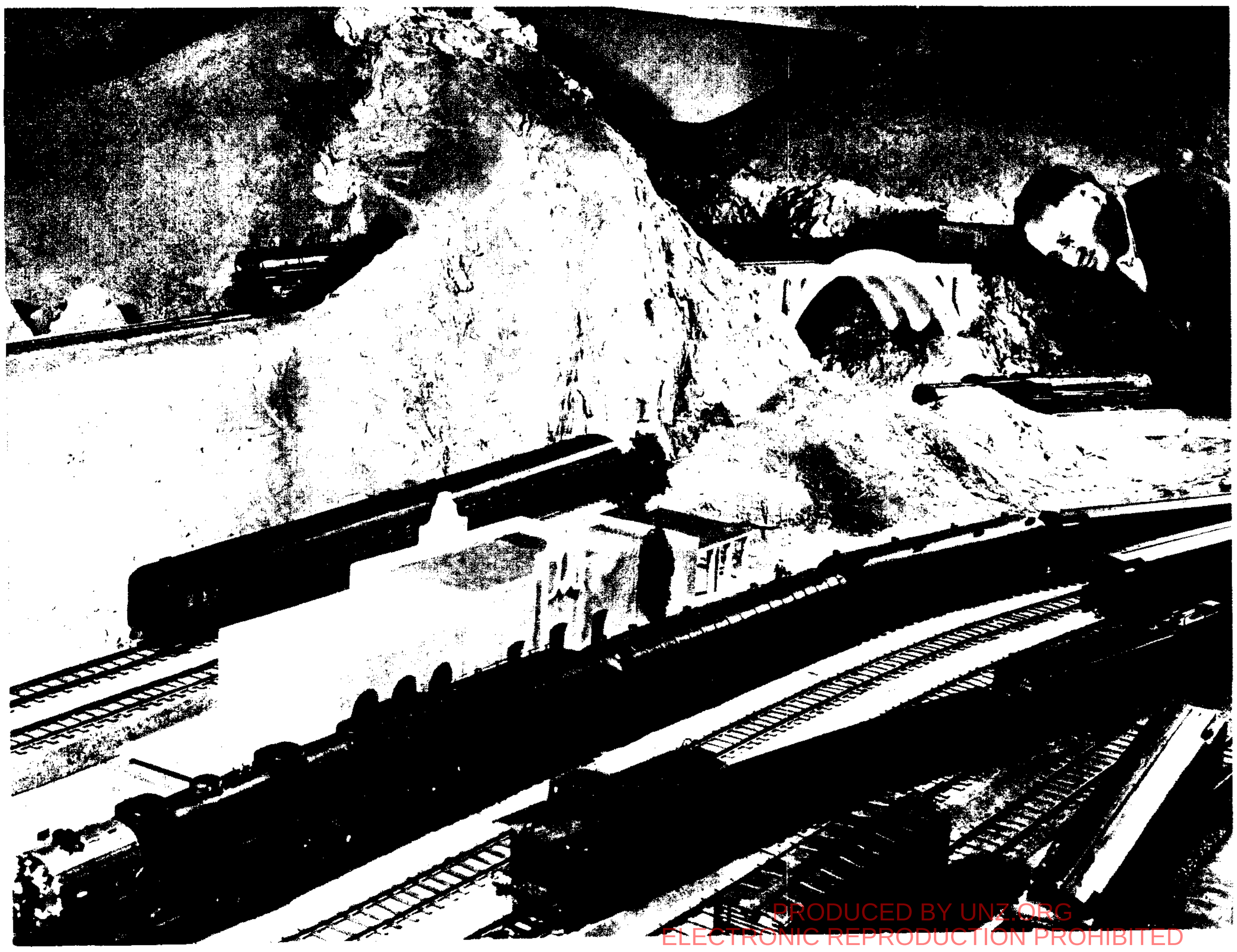
Every year, a hundred thousand fans lay out over ten million dollars just for the thrill of working on their own railroads

TURNER RICHARDS

Toluca Lines' president and roundhouse foreman is W.C. Tayloe, Los Angeles banker. This locomotive is being readied for a run. The small brass model on the shelf is an authentic historical model

The Toluca Lines have grown so fast that Mr. Tayloe is moving the furnace in his cellar to extend the track to 1,400 feet. When anything gets in the way of a model railroad, smidgineers just move it

TURNER RICHARDS



All over America tonight about a hundred thousand men and boys, from eight to eighty, will rush through dinner with preoccupied stares, shove back their chairs hurriedly and dash for the basement, the woodshed, the attic or the garage and live for a few hours in a dream world of freight hogs, varnish drags, highballs and reefer specials. Until dawn's early light, hundreds of them will be switching freights into sidings to let the limited zing by or building themselves new Dieselectric streamliners.

And all of them will be glorying in the proud title of "smidgineer."

Ten years ago there were only a few model railroad builders and operators in America. It was difficult and expensive to get models and materials. There was little standardization. There were only a few dozen layouts being operated. Today, the smidgineers spend $200,000 a week on everything from ties to tunnels, freight hogs to refrigerator cars, signals, switches and stations. A score of firms build parts and models for the fans.

Why this popularity? A psychologist would see model railroading, which requires intense concentration, as an "escape" from the worries of daily life and an outlet for the "will to power" that most of us possess. However that may be, it's still no poor man's hobby. A scale model of a locomotive costs from $150 to $600; other equipment is in proportion. You can create yourself a small railroad empire—a hundred yards of track, a couple of locomotives, a handful of cars and some scenery for around $1,500. If you have mechanical ability you can perhaps cut the cost in half by assembling your own models from unfinished parts. It takes an expert around sixty hours to complete a locomotive; four or five, maybe, to put together a Pullman car or an electrically operated signal bridge.

There are more than three hundred model railroad clubs in the country, each of which believes its private system superior to all others. Many of the clubs have layouts in home basements and are neighborhood affairs. These layouts are always growing—and so are the basements. W. C. Tayloe, a Los Angeles banker and smidgineer, recently shoveled twenty-eight truckloads of dirt out of his cellar to accommodate the growing Toluca System. Now he's moving the furnace to get in another four hundred feet of track.

In some cities, railroads sponsor model clubs, giving them space, light, heat and power in depots or office buildings, and helping to install control systems. Just a good-will gesture.

New wrinkle in the game is the leasing out of privately owned model systems. There's a quarter-mile layout in New York anyone may operate for ninety minutes, for a modest fee.

The Midwest boasts one of the best model "rail empires"—the Museum & Santa Fe System, housed in the Museum of Science and Industry, Chicago. This system covers 3,000 square feet, reproduces many types of country, has a thousand feet of track and a score of working models of shops, factories and other familiar trackside operations.

Some smidgineers finance their own systems by building models for wealthier fans. M. A. Peacock, for example, works in a bank in San Francisco, but makes and sells model cars in his spare time and uses the proceeds to extend his own trackage. Minton Cronkhite of San Marino, California, is famous among model railroaders for his rolling stock and ability to lay out new systems.

Typical model builder is Rollin J. Lobaugh of San Francisco. He's an old railroad engineer and constructs exact models of a dozen locomotives, a hundred types of cars, on a scale of a quarter inch to the foot, which is the most popular gauge. He can turn out a working model of any new engine four months after its prototype has been delivered to a man-size railroad. The model will have about three hundred parts, tooled to thousandths of an inch, driven by a tiny electric motor at a scale speed of a hundred miles an hour. In-between times, Lobaugh makes tiny red lanterns, three eighths of an inch high.

You can start a model rail system in a space about twelve by sixteen feet. But where you can stop it, no one dares to say. When anything, from the grand piano to ten tons of basement rock, gets in the way of a smidgineer, there's only one result. ★★★

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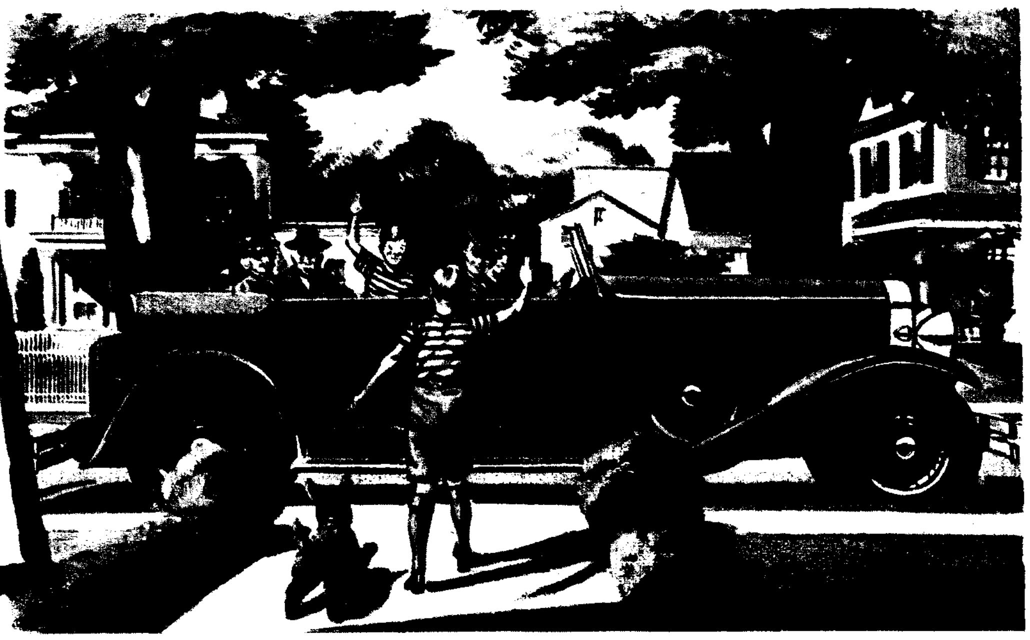
1 WHEN YOUR CAR WAS NEW, she 'stole' each snapshot. You were just part of the scenery. It *excited* you just to look at her.



2 EVEN WHEN SHE SETTLED DOWN as one of the family, affection grew with every good time you had together. To load her with bags, hampers, kids, and explore distant hills—that was adventure. As time went on, you found it paid to keep "Old Faithful" perked-up with fresh Mobiloil regularly...and *limbered-up* with Mobilubrication. "Old Faithful"—still hale and hearty—there's lots of mileage in the old girl yet!

3 SURE, SHE'S BEEN A GOOD CAR—for you've been good to her. And she still gets pepped-up by a Fresh Start—everything expertly serviced.

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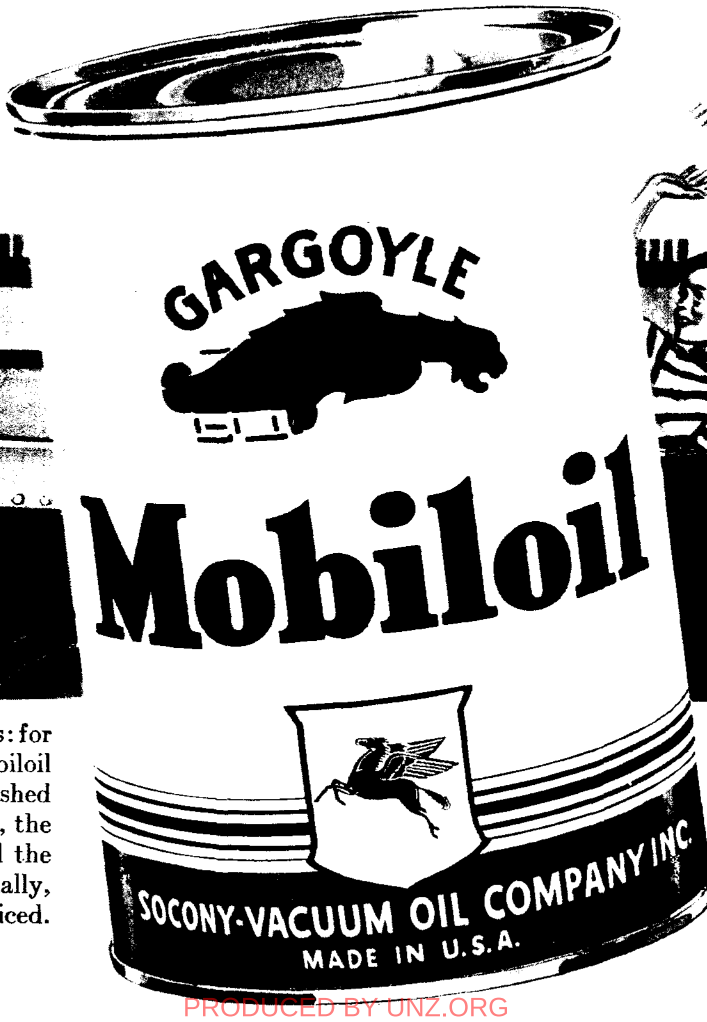
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5 HERE'S HOW YOU'LL ENJOY IT: First, you know you're *taking care* of your car—preventing costly wear...repair bills. Second, your car rides smoother, quieter. You're *proud* of it. And it's more fun to drive!

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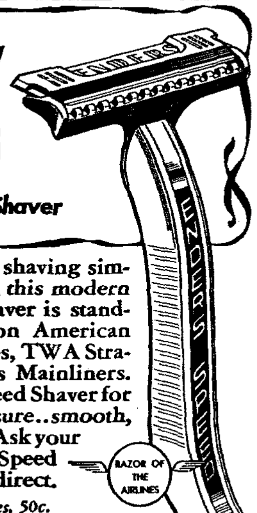

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LASALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY
A Correspondence Institution
DEPT. 540-R CHICAGO

Nazi Showboat

Continued from page 24

corporation kept her there by filing a libel against her owners. Later, smaller libels were filed by American companies. This co-operation relieved the Orion from patrolling the harbor entrance, permitted her to assume more active participation in the war.

The Arauca is a 4,500-ton turbo-electric supermerchantman, 434 feet overall. With lush cabins for twelve passengers, luxurious quarters for the crew—far finer than anything in the American merchant marine—she was scheduled for the Latin-American trade. The plan was to exhibit her as typical of the luxury available for everyone under Hitlerism.

Two small, efficient high-pressure boilers generate steam for two turbines which drive two dynamos. All other machinery is electrical, including condensers, winches, water heaters, galley, navigation instruments and a machine shop complete with lathe and drill press. There is no wheel. Steering is by push button.

THE Arauca was built in Bremen by Chief Engineer Mueller, who intended to stay aboard for the maiden trip only. Then he was to have remained in Germany to build more ships like the Arauca.

The day before the ship was taken over, he led the way down shiny steel ladders. "This is not an engine room," he said, "only a power station. Here we have 5,000 volts.

"These two dynamos feed juice to the motor in the stern and to every other machine on the boat. In port we use those Diesels and small generators for lights, for cooking, for winches, whatever we need. But at sea, only the turbines. And those turbines are cheap! Three thousand marks. Cost less than the auxiliary Diesels. The big motor aft weighs 64 tons. About 5,800 is the most horsepower so far; 17-18 knots."

Cabins of the line officers are on the port side of the main deck. The captain's and passengers' cabins and the wardroom comprise the deck above; flooring and rails are teak; starboard on the main deck are the engineers. There, opposite the ladders to the power room, is the engineers' washroom, where engineers are required to clean up and change clothes as soon as they come off watch. Showers, basins, hot or cold, salt or fresh water; teak gratings on the deck. Not that there is anything in the power room to soil them ordinarily. At present everything below is coated with oil. "To prevent rust," Chief Mueller said.

At sea only three men are required in the power room, nobody in the motor room aft. "Only I go there," the chief explained. "Maybe one time a day; maybe not at all. In the power room we have one engineer, one assistant engineer, one fireman. On the whole ship we carry only three firemen."

The fireman on duty watches two oil burners in the boilers, checks water and fuel-pressure gauges. The assistant engineer moves around, continually inspecting turbines, dynamos, bearings, fuses, electric switches. The engineer stands at the control box, a wide, slant-topped affair like an old-fashioned bookkeepers' table. A large wheel there controls speed and the direction of the propulsion motor. Starboard is ahead; port, astern; center, stop. Gauges record the kilowatt output of each dynamo and they must be exactly the same. Push buttons for each outfit increase or decrease the kilowatts as desired.

The massive shell of the electric motor aft is hollow so that cooling water can be pumped through it, to decrease friction; increase efficiency. Above the steel propeller shaft is a spare shaft, complete with huge lag bolts and four-foot wrenches to install it.

The Arauca left the Bremen shipyard August 6, 1939. Three days later she put out of Hamburg with 9,000 tons of general cargo, including 75 small German automobiles and, on the afterdeck, 60 live bulls. "Each bull had his own apartment," Captain Stengler recalls. "They were for the Mexican government; for breeding.

"First we went to Havana, then various ports, Matanzas, Progresso, Vera Cruz. We were returning, trying to get back to Germany, when the Neutrality Patrol picked us up for three days. They left us. Then came the Orion. He fired a shot at me and I ran in close to port and anchored. He waited outside the 3-mile limit. The Neutrality Patrol came back and waited too."

This encounter was 12 miles north of Port Everglades. Captain Stengler escaped the fast Britisher by circling inside a coastwise American passenger vessel. Orion did not dare fire again and Stengler made port.

Last October, 23 of the crew who were between the ages of 21 and 35 were registered under the American Selective Service Act.

Port charges—$100 a day the first week; $50 a day the next month and $20 daily thereafter—as well as partial wages and incidental expenses, were paid by the German consul at New Orleans, Baron Edgar von Spiegel. Excluding dockage, the captain said, the German government paid $1,500 a month to keep the Arauca here. Dockage has amounted to $10,580. Fifteen months' expenses, plus dockage, plus settlement of libels, equals $535,580 in American dollars the Nazis have paid to keep the Arauca from the British.

"FOR us on the ship money is no worry," Captain Stengler said recently. "Everything is settled. We are free from thinking of it. We get some pay; our families in Germany get the rest. If anybody has no family the money waits for him in the bank at Hamburg.

"We all belong to a union, the Arbeits Front; means labor front. There is a separate part for each type of industry. We belong to the Auslands organization; the German foreign organization."

In a country where the hatred for their ideology increases every day, the Germans consistently were well-behaved, sometimes under severe provocation. One day, Kurt Heuser, chief steward, went in to the Anchor Grill near the ship for a beer. The proprietress, a Chicago woman of German descent, spoke to him in that language. Heuser was answering her when a bystander interrupted and waved his fist. Heuser and the woman told me about it next day.

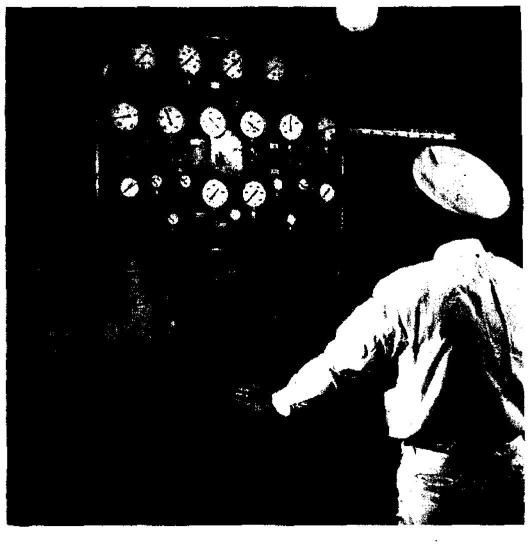
"He say to me, 'Talk English, you ——' then he call me a word—'or I ram this fist down your throat.' So I say come outside and then I say to him, 'Mister, why you talk to me like that? That lady is American. She want to talk to me in Sherman. We are talking about a duck and some buppies and I am telling her when the duck has buppies I will give her one.' So then he say he is sorry." Heuser's voice changed and he continued whimsically, "And I am in Shermany a amateur boxing shampion. Heavyweight."

I asked the chief steward if it were true, as reported in a Miami paper, that the Arauca had failed to show due courtesy to the President. "Not true!" he said indignantly. "We did not fly American flag from the forepeak, why? We did not have American flag. We had four when we came in. All are worn out now from courtesies to other ships. We did take down our small Sherman ensign and hoist our biggest one; our best one. It was all we could do. And so today, when the President's yacht is coming out behind my boat, what am I doing? I am taking off my cap. And so is everybody else on my boat. Why? Because he is head of the state."

"What are your plans?" I inquired. This was ten days before the ship was confiscated.

"We are waiting for orders. But soon, I think, the United States enters the war and we go to a camp. We have to go; that's all." He shrugged. "Can't help it. That is war."

New high in freighter luxury was the dining salon and bar for passengers and officers



Central control board (above), at which engineer in charge stood to equalize and direct flow of current from dynamos to propellers. Below, the cabin occupied by the Arauca's first officer

Henry Ford's idea has come a long way!

MANY MOTORISTS OF TODAY can remember when the Ford business was started.

America was growing. New horizons called for something new in transportation. Motor cars would do it, but the car was a rich man's toy.

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Out of that idea directly have come 29 million Ford cars up to now.

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POWER WITH ECONOMY. This year, more than ever, Ford owners are enthusiastic about the economy and fine all-round performance of Ford cars.

BIG WINDOWS. Windshield and windows increased all around to give nearly four square feet of added vision area in each '41 Ford Sedan.

LARGEST HYDRAULIC BRAKES in the Ford price field give added safety, longer brake-lining wear.

GET THE FACTS AND YOU'LL GET A FORD!

Ford

Our New Army

Continued from page 53

got wise to this nifty and officers noticed that skirmishes were petering out dismally; so a new order was issued: Nobody could stay "dead" for more than two minutes. "Casualties," says Pvt. Plummer mournfully, "have dropped to nothing. Two minutes aren't worth falling down for when you're wearing a heavy pack."

FORT LEWIS. Gravy job for enlisted men is D.E.M.L. duty, which means Detached to the Enlisted Men's List. Among other things, D.E.M.L.'s escort trainees to Kentucky, Georgia and New Jersey posts, and, like the trainees, they get $2.25 a day for meals. Best part of the duty is that the lads get three days of liberty on the way back and can hang out anywhere they have a yen to.

A COOK in a 41st Division headquarters company has found a practical use for his gas mask. One of his less tasty jobs is cleaning out the big coal stoves, which are not only sooty but don't smell like a flower shop. The gas mask makes the job more agreeable but the cook is a little worried about what an inspecting officer might say if he got a gander at the mask.

IN THE interest of harmony the Army tries hard to eradicate all distinctions between regulars, guardsmen, reserves, one-year volunteers and drafted men; but it's fairly easy to tell the 5,500 new men from the 10,000 guardsmen by the red rings around the necks of the former. The rings are caused by the standup collars on the World War I uniforms issued to the trainees, who envy the guardsmen's lapels and pleated, itchless blouses. Some of the men have stayed in camp over week ends because they're ashamed of their antiquated duds; a situation which brings laughs from many an old-timer who remembers how that very same uniform had the gals all aflutter twenty-two years ago.

KANSAS

FORT LEAVENWORTH. If a prospective soldier reported for induction wearing a full suit of armor and leading a pet elephant, it wouldn't cause the twitch of an eyelid. Trainee-recruits have shown up in everything from overalls and hip boots to snappy business suits. Some come with no baggage at all; others lug typewriters, trunks, radios and golf bags. One gent carried only a small box. No clothes in it. Just fishing tackle.

"WE HAVE paper and string," said a sergeant to a group of trainees. "Bundle up your clothes and send 'em home. They'll just be in the way here." One befuddled recruit took the sergeant at his word—wrapped up his new uniform and left it at the fort's post office. Somebody found out about it just in time.

"WHAT size shirt d'ya wear?" a trainee was asked at the outfitting station. "I dunno what size my father wears," he answered. "I didn't ask ya that," the fitter said. "What size do *you* wear?" "I dunno," the rookie told him, "I always wear my father's shirts."

GEORGIA

FORT BENNING. "Jeepers!" cries Draftee Howard D. Slavik, of Chicago. "I wish people around here would talk American. I can't understand them half the time." He's not alone in his dilemma; most of the Southerners are bending anxious ears toward Draftee Slavik in an honest effort to understand what he, in typical Chicagoese, says.

TEXAS

CAMP BOWIE. When the guardsmen moved into this arid precinct, commanding officers knew about the Texas dry-country custom: For two bits or perhaps half a buck a doctor will issue a prescription to make a liquor purchase legal. An order was issued prohibiting guardsmen from taking advantage of this idea, so the thirstier soldiers now turn their dough over to street-corner civilians, who get the prescriptions from the medicos and buy the liquor—for a twenty-five-cent tip. Soldiers say the only flaw in this transaction is that the middlemen have been knocking down an extra quarter or half dollar, claiming that the price of the stuff has gone up. This means that a ninety-eight-cent pint often costs the soldier $2—and it has cut down the consumption considerably. Most of the boys think it's just as well, though; they've tried drilling all morning with a hang-over and don't like it much.

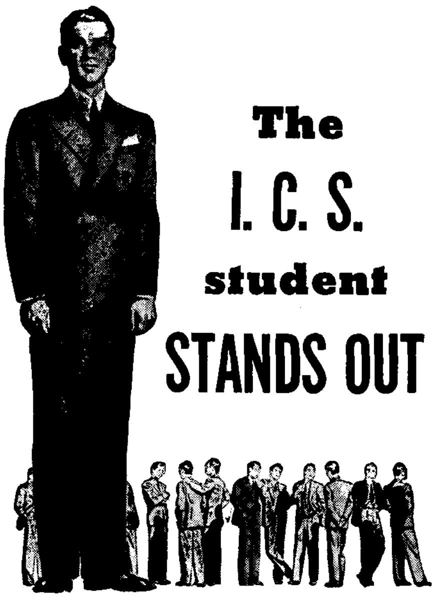
THERE'S no camp laundry in operation yet at Bowie, and plenty of selectees and guardsmen have been customers for washboards and irons. Most of the Bowie wash goes 100 or more miles to approved laundries in Fort Worth, San Antonio, Austin and other towns, but staying cleaned and pressed at laundry prices costs a soldier three to five dollars a month . . . So, equipped with washboards, hunks of G-I soap and stiff brushes, the boys scrub their clothes for free in the company latrines.

First Class Pvt. Robert Cavanaugh, San Antonio guardsman, isn't beefing about the laundry situation: he takes in washing. Two pairs of socks for a nickel; fatigue uniforms, twenty cents; long underwear, one dime. Pvt. Cavanaugh's overhead is nil; he uses his tent for an office, the company shower for a work room and gets his soap gratis from the government. As a side line he cleans up a tent for thirty cents, guaranteeing it'll pass weekly inspection. No pass, no pay.

For $1.50 a night visiting civilians can find out what it's like to bunk on an Army cot under a G-I blanket (G-I means Government Issue, just in case). Camp Bowie opened its two-story yellow pine guest house just seven weeks ago, with twenty-eight double rooms for rent to camp visitors, and week-end guests are jamming it to the rafters. The place is no palace; it's entirely unpainted and the double-room furnishings comprise only such essentials as two Army cots, two chairs, a field table, shade, curtain, waste basket, rug and ash tray. Each customer gets two Army blankets, a regulation comfort, two sheets, pillow and two towels. Each floor has a community bath; soap is supplied by Miss Addie Mitchell, official housekeeper, who thinks it's about time she and her colleagues got a little recognition. "These hostesses," says she. "Why, they've had so much publicity, you'd think they'd have sprouted wings by this time."

FLORIDA

PENSACOLA NAVAL AIR STATION. One half of Francisco Villa's air force during the Mexican business of 1913 was Lieut. Edward C. Parsons,



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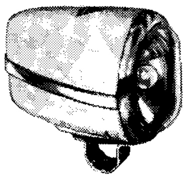

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originally from Springfield, Massachusetts, now adjutant of the Cadet Regiment here. Villa's air armada consisted of one doddering plane, and his Air Corps was composed of Parsons and Jefferson de Villa of Martinique, French West Indies. Parsons flew the crate while de Villa lolled on the ground; when he got tired they'd change places. Lieut. Parsons joined the Foreign Legion at the outbreak of World War I, later transferring to the famous Lafayette Escadrille. After the Armistice Parsons joined the Department of Justice but quit in 1934 to assume his commission at the Naval Air Station.

BECAUSE it is one of the oldest seaports in the country, Pensacola long ago took steps to control prostitution; and until recently there were no headaches despite the fact that the Navy has been there 115 years. Chief of Police William O'Connell attributes the present difficulty to the traveling prostitute, and believes that if some method could be devised to keep the girls off the road there wouldn't be half the problem for either the Army or the Navy anywhere in the country. Main trouble is recognizing the girl. One Pensacola officer did no less, one night recently, than pick up two young women who turned out to be thoroughly respectable wives of two thoroughly respectable Pensacolans. Cops shudder at the recollection of the scene that followed, and are a little gun-shy about picking up girls on suspicion.

All hands agree that supervised recreation is the answer. The Army and Navy are going all-out to provide recreation facilities at camps and Naval stations, but they don't really expect men with liberty privileges to stay on the reservations. The large downtown churches of Pensacola, however, have assembly halls and recreation facilities, and four of them are sponsoring as many affairs each week, offering wholesome entertainment, refreshments, the welcome opportunity to meet the best young women of the city—and no preaching. One development that has astonished some is the yearning of many younger soldiers and sailors to talk with older people. When this angle cropped up, more of Pensacola's older citizens began to participate actively in the work—and the boys go for their "foster parents" in a big way.

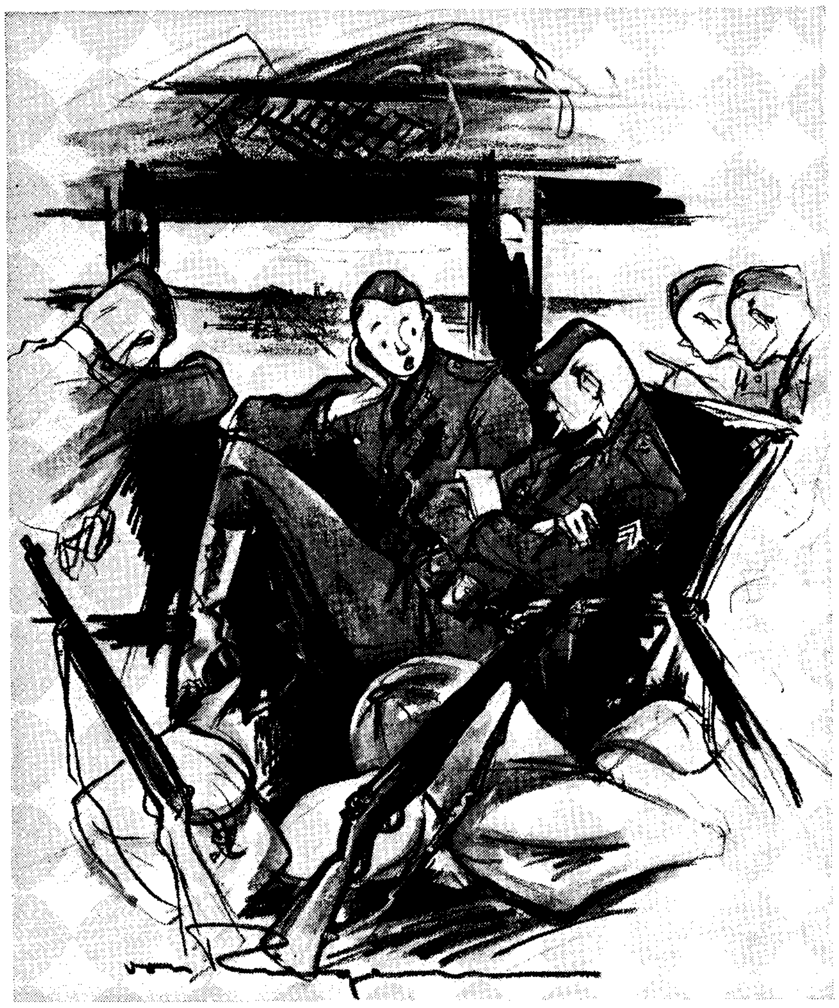
EVERYWHERE

THE Army's efficiency experts failed to anticipate one thing when they provided only one electric line per tent: That innumerable soldiers would hook innumerable pee-wee radios into the circuit and make an electrician's nightmare out of it.

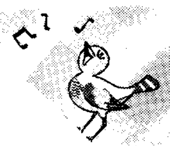
SAID Publisher Joseph G. Pircarsky to Editor Frank Poeton of the Desplaines Valley News (Argo, Illinois): "These local inductees will be mighty homesick—I almost died of it myself, last war. Announce that we'll send the paper free to home-town boys who send us their permanent unit address." This department will be glad to publish the names of other papers willing to do likewise.

COMMUNIQUÉ. A citizen of Elyria, Ohio, wants some assistance—and in a hurry. "In practically no time," writes he, "I will be part of the defense program, and the local draft board is unable to advise me on certain business matters. I am a co-signer on three loans and on two leases. The loans have one year to go before being paid in full, the leases are three-year contracts with two years to go and the automobile plan isn't even half paid. What is your advice?"

GET into the Army quick—and grow a beard. G. W.



"I'll be glad when I get back to camp. All you hear back home is war, war, war!" WILLIAM VON RIEGEN



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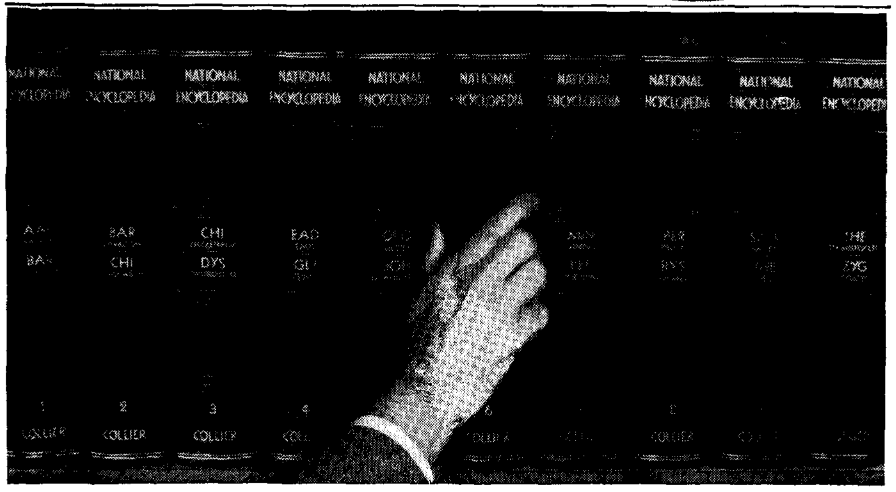

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Big Bobo

Continued from page 20

Buck when he was a young hill-William unable to distinguish a salad fork from a fork in the road at his native heath in Hartsville, South Carolina. The Newsom boy could not pronounce Buck, however, and it came out "Bobo." It has been Bobo ever since. And "Bobo" is his all-inclusive name for everyone, friend and foe. Joe McCarthy, Joe Cronin, Hank Greenberg, Del Baker, Owner Walter O. Briggs, the bat boy, the cop on the corner—all are Bobo to Newsom.

"It saves a lot of time," he explains gravely. "You meet so many people in this racket you go nuts tryin' to remember them."

A Plague of Broken Legs

Newsom has had a broken leg for every given or acquired name. A few months before he was to report to the Cubs' training camp in 1932, his car skidded off a small mountain and Bobo was untangled from the wreckage, 225 feet below, with a thoroughly fractured leg. While he was convalescing, Bobo wrote long, chummy letters to Philip K. Wrigley, owner of the Cubs, congratulating him on his perspicacity in buying Bobo, who would win the pennant for the team, of course. A few days after he was discharged from the hospital, Bobo went to a mule sale to buy a critter for the ancestral estate. A mule kicked him on the newly healed leg all the way back to the minors.

Newsom's right leg was broken all over again in 1935 in a battle of wits. Bobo should've known he couldn't win that one. The Newsom told Earl Averill, one of the better hitters in circulation, he was going to strike him out on an outside pitch Averill said he would bash the ball through the box. What happened?

"Averill bounced a line drive off my leg," Newsom reports casually. "Broke the kneecap and laid me up for five weeks. Bobo lives and learns. Bobo never threw another outside ball to Averill."

That happened in the second inning, but Bobo went the full distance with a broken kneecap and barely was beaten in the ninth, 5-4.

He has the disarming trick of tacking on a few victories to his record for any given season. He will tell you, for example, that he won twenty-two games for the Browns in 1938. You then will confront him with the record book, which shows he won a mere twenty.

"Why blame Bobo for the other guy's mistakes?" he will scream.

If attendance at ball games was made mandatory by law, Bobo never would lose. Well, hardly ever. Bobo loves to perform before big crowds, which bring out the best in him and the least in the opposition. A simple child of nature, he delights in being the center of attention, as he was for ten crowded days last July.

On July 8th, the day before the All-Star game at St. Louis, the oversized lad announced that he would refuse to pitch against the National League. Outraged because nobody took him seriously, Bobo declared he was the American League's best pitcher and deemed it rank discrimination to have him follow Charley Ruffing. Bobo had to start the game or it was no dice.

Mollified when Joe Cronin pointed out that Bob Feller would follow *him,* Bobo pitched the next day. The National League scored on Ruffing and Feller, but Bobo worked three scoreless innings and got one of his side's three hits.

En route to Washington the following day, July 10th, Bobo was invited to join a pinochle game in which Clark Griffith was a participant. Griff, who owns the Washington club, asked Bobo when he was due to pitch against the Senators.

"I want to advertise you in the papers," Griff said. "It will help the crowd."

"I go Saturday," Bobo answered, "and you can put in your ad that I'm gonna beat you."

On July 11th, Bobo diverted the populace by engaging in a clubhouse brawl with Bob Ruark, Washington sports writer. Ruark had written a story several weeks before which read, in part:

"What about Newsom getting the heave out of the Shoreham Hotel the other night for ostensibly trying to pick a fight with a 70-year-old man?"

Bobo asked Ruark if he had written the piece. Ruark did not disclaim authorship. Bobo said Mr. Ruark was a dirty name. Ruark unloaded a punch in the general direction of Bobo's prominent chin. Bobo, who was drinking a bottle of pop at the moment, continued to belabor the bottle and pushed Ruark over a bench as a man brushes off an annoying insect.

Washington papers played up the story on July 12th, and screamed additionally when Griffith, the cutie, broadcast Bobo's boast to the effect that he would lick the Senators. On July 13th, Bobo shut out the Washingtons with two hits before a violently partisan mob that beseeched the local heroes to knock his brains out. During the next three days Bobo was practically ignored, save for a few interviews in which he modestly revealed he was the pitcher of the generation. On July 17th, he made the big, bold headlines again when he befouled his thumb.

It Isn't Ego

Every good athlete has a deep, abiding confidence in his ability—which often is mistaken for overweening ego—and Bobo was a very excellent athlete. He was promised a new suit of clothes by Donald Barnes, owner of the Browns, if he defeated the Indians in the opening game of the 1938 season. Bobo pitched and won easily, 6-2, at Cleveland. Barnes, eager to keep his word, offered Bobo a bundle of folding money immediately after the game.

"You're too late," Bobo said with an imperious gesture. "The bill is in your office. I ordered the suit before we left St. Louis."

Bobo has been traded four times in the last six years. This wanderlust stems from another quirk in the Newsom character. He develops a great affection for a certain team, pitches his head off to make himself desirable to the ball club of his choice, then loses interest as soon as he achieves his heart's desire.

Bobo was briefly happy when the Browns rescued him from the minors after a spectacular season at Los Angeles in 1933. Tom Yawkey had bought the Red Sox, however, and the cushy salaries he was paying intrigued Bobo mightily. So he pitched a no-hit game for nine innings against the Red Sox on September 18, 1934—and lost in the tenth, 2-1, when a dinky grounder by Roy Johnson hopped over Shortstop Alan Strange's head for the only hit Bobo yielded that day.

The Browns traded him, all right, but not to the Red Sox. He was sent to Washington in 1935, and Bobo expressed his profound pleasure. He could, he said, get many valuable pitching pointers from Griffith, the Old Fox. Griff possessed all the pitching lore in the world, to be sure, but little money in the bank. Yawkey still had his nest egg. Bobo continued to make a pest of himself to the Red Sox, defeating Lefty Grove by 2-1 and again by 4-2 in fourteen innings.

The Red Sox bought him purely in self-defense in '37 and Bobo, having made his dream team, developed a crush on the Detroit Tigers, who are owned by Walter O. Briggs, a citizen with even more money in the bank than Yawkey. Newsom pitched a one-hit game against the Tigers and gave Hank Greenberg the horrors by striking him out four times in a game late in 1938, when Henry was making passes at Babe Ruth's home-run record.

Bobo finally made the Tigers, but there was a slight detour. The Red Sox shipped him back to the Browns seven months after acquiring him. Bobo, whose rugged individualism did not endear him to Joe Cronin, did little better than break even for the rich Red Sox, but he won twenty games for the impoverished Browns in 1938, which doesn't make much sense. He was traded to Detroit in May, 1939.

Every Inch a Pitcher

Our hero is a fellow of very sinister appearance, resembling an old-time, overstuffed Mississippi River boat gambler. Big Bobo has 210 pounds well distributed over a six-foot, two-inch carcass, and has a dark, forbidding visage. His high, piping voice seems incongruous, almost ludicrous.

First impressions are misleading, though. There is nothing vicious or evil about Bobo. He even frustrates batters with an air of detached amusement. And he looks every inch a pitcher when he rears back on his hind legs and lets that thing go.

The ballplayers say they'd rather hit against Feller than Newsom, who has as many varieties of deliveries as an express company. He throws with a sidearm, overhand and three-quarter motion, all fast, and sometimes, when he is feeling his oats, he will wind up with an astonishing series of convolutions which are first cousin to a windmill. On such occasions it is a great relief to the batter to hear the ball smack into the catcher's mitt. Only then has the batter any assurance that the ball will not skull him or, indeed, that Bobo has even thrown it.

Since Bobo usually pitches his head off against the team he would like to join, it looks bad or promising, as the case may be, for the Yankees. He was extremely affable to Joe McCarthy off the field last year and most aggravating to the Yankees on the field. After all, he has been with Detroit two seasons now. Don't forget that wanderlust.

As a matter of fact, Bobo was within an ace of going to the champions in 1938 after he struck out six Yankees in a row to tie the American League record. A straight trade, which would have sent Newsom to the Yankees in exchange for Lefty Gomez, fell through when the Browns decided they could not afford the luxury of Gomez's $20,000 contract, which more than double the amount Bobo received.

Bobo, who once announced he was a holdout before a contract was mailed to him, had no trouble last year getting a just reward for the most remarkable and consistent streak of pitching seen in recent seasons. He collected about $30,000 and was worth it. A few hours after the Indians announced, with mixed emotions, that Bob Feller was the highest salaried pitcher in baseball history, Mr. Walter O. Briggs said pish-tush. Mr. Briggs hinted delicately that his sweaty slave Newsom would draw in the exclusive neighborhood of $35,000 in 1941. Every one of the twenty-one games he won was a complete, nine-inning effort with the exception of one contest in which another pitcher was summoned to retire the last man. In only three of Bobo's winning games did the opposition get more than three runs and seven hits. During his spectacular thirteen-game winning streak, Bobo allowed on the average of 1.9 runs and six hits a game.

"Old Bobo talks a lot," he says with a sly grin, "but he pitches a lot, too."

Wing Talk

Continued from page 6

While the War Department has wanted to give the airlines every possible break, officials have felt it necessary, first, to divert to the Army and Britain a large share of the planes using material and equipment which the airlines had ordered; second, to place certain restrictions on commercial-plane output.

Production of models now in use has been allowed to continue. But there has been a disposition to "freeze" designs lest retooling for new models interfere with military-plane assembly.

PLANES now in airline service, though safe and reliable, are obsolete in terms of speed. Out of the wind tunnels of the National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics and out of the research laboratories of the aircraft industry have come constant improvements in design which add greatly to speed and performance.

Military pursuit ships are good for more than 400 miles per hour and bombers for more than 300 miles. Our airliners cruise at less than 200. So it seems that transport planes at least 50 per cent faster than those now in service could be built.

If designs remain frozen to obsolete models, the airlines will be faced with the need of wastefully scrapping their whole fleets after the war rather than replacing over a period of time. Meanwhile the new transport planes will be limited as to speed, capacity and range for the urgent duties which war would place upon them.

As this is written, the priorities board is considering whether to allow production of the Douglas DC-4 and the Lockheed Constellation, big 4-motor jobs which the airlines have ordered. There is some hope that this development work will be allowed to proceed.

To increase their equipment and personnel substantially beyond the present level, the airlines do not need federal loans and subsidies. Mainly they need to be let alone under fair regulation to develop through private capital and their own initiative as they have against all odds in the past. Reasonable appropriations for airports and air-traffic aids, which are a recognized responsibility of the federal and state governments; permission to purchase a reasonable number of new planes; and a modicum of encouragement to fly new routes are the main requirements.

That is the easy and orderly way to expand the air-transport reserve for which all reports from Europe show urgent necessity.

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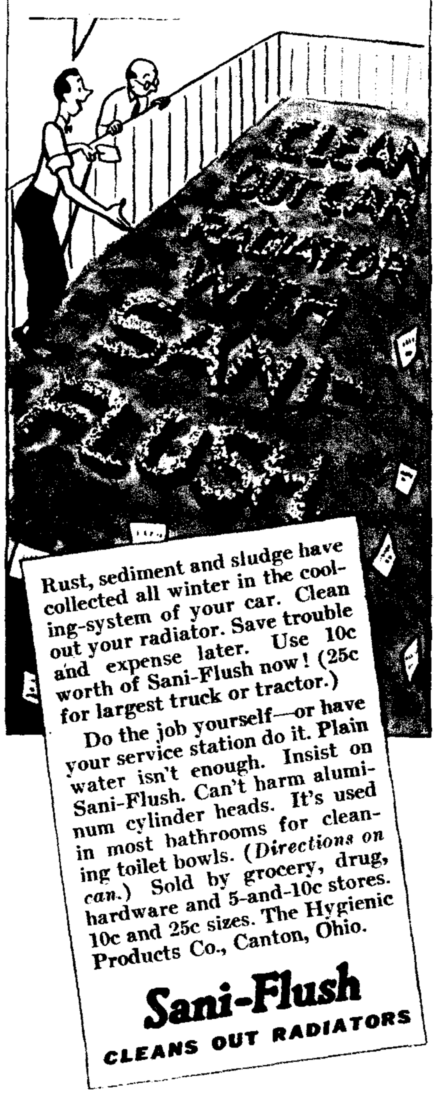

IT'S JUST SOMETHING THAT COMES UP EVERY SPRING

Rust, sediment and sludge have collected all winter in the cooling-system of your car. Clean out your radiator. Save trouble and expense later. Use 10c worth of Sani-Flush now! (25c for largest truck or tractor.)

Do the job yourself—or have your service station do it. Plain water isn't enough. Insist on Sani-Flush. Can't harm aluminum cylinder heads. It's used in most bathrooms for cleaning toilet bowls. (*Directions on can.*) Sold by grocery, drug, hardware and 5-and-10c stores. 10c and 25c sizes. The Hygienic Products Co., Canton, Ohio.

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CLEANS OUT RADIATORS

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USE "3-IN-ONE" ON RAZOR BLADES

Rust dulls razor blades quickly! A drop or two of 3-IN-ONE Oil applied to the edges after shaving prevents rust—lengthens blade life! Get it at Hardware, Drug, Grocery, 10¢ Stores.

3-IN-ONE OIL

KIDNEYS MUST REMOVE EXCESS ACIDS

Help 15 Miles of Kidney Tubes Flush Out Poisonous Waste

If you have an excess of acids in your blood, your 15 miles of kidney tubes may be over-worked. These tiny filters and tubes are working day and night to help Nature rid your system of excess acids and poisonous waste.

When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.

Kidneys may need help the same as bowels, so ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

Lady in Armor

Continued from page 12

it warmly. She said, "Peter! This is grand!" and he smiled shyly and said, "Beastly hot, isn't it?"

But he wasn't looking at Dale. He was staring down at his daughter, at the little three-year-old whom he hadn't seen for a year.

Peter Aylesworth's eyes dimmed . . . not perhaps at the reunion, but rather because he'd last seen his little girl with her mother on the veranda of their cottage . . . and he swept her up to him with his one arm. He kissed her and whispered something and then she put her arms tight about his neck and kissed him. He put her down suddenly and said, "You're quite grown up now, Joyce," and his face was flushed because he was embarrassed.

Peter Aylesworth and Jerry Hamilton shook hands. They were different in size, but alike in coloring, and alike, too, in the directness of their gazes. They exchanged casual words . . . and then Jerry turned to Dale and said he'd better be getting back to Chinquapin, and Peter wanted to know what that was, and they explained it was the name of Jerry Hamilton's plantation.

Then Dale and her father and sister, and Peter Aylesworth and little Joyce all piled into the Meredith car and started to zigzag through the crowded parking space. They rolled up Court Street and circled the square. Dale pointed out her father's drugstore and then they continued on to Marsden Avenue and turned right. Dale stopped the car in front of a modest cottage which had a comfortable front lawn and a flower garden, all shaded by a venerable live oak, from the branches of which gray Spanish moss hung in graceful festoons.

"Welcome home," said Dale, and Peter Aylesworth nodded and said, "This is jolly, really . . ." and he meant it. Utter simplicity, a complete lack of ostentation, a pervasive hominess.

THEY trooped inside and were greeted by Spurious Williams, the colored man who worked as porter at Otis Meredith's pharmacy. "I done put Mistuh Aylesworth's valises in his room," Spurious announced proudly. Then, to the new guest: "Us sho is happy to have you heah, suh."

They all dropped into chairs on the front porch. Peter Aylesworth looked at his daughter as though undecided what to do, and Joyce solved the problem for him by climbing into his lap and asking, "Why haven't you got two arms, Daddy?"

It wasn't a serious note at all. It was funny, rather, and they all smiled. Peter said, "Talk to me some more," and Joyce asked, "Why?"

"Because you've become an American, my dear. You talk like one."

"You talk funny, too," she confided.

"I suppose I do . . ." He lighted a cigarette and leaned back. It was relatively cool here, and dusk was creeping in from the pine barrens to the west.

Peter Aylesworth turned so that he faced Dale Meredith. He said, "I'm not much of a hand at speechmaking, Dale. But I want you to know . . . well, dash it all, I want you to know that I'll never quite make you understand what you've done for me."

She shrugged and tried to laugh it off, but he went on: "You've made me feel at home. I shall like it here, the place and the people. And that big fellow I met at the station—he seems a deucedly good sort."

Dale's eyes moved toward the west. They looked out beyond the swamp toward the gracious plantation house at Chinquapin.

"Yes," she said, "Jerry is a very good sort. Very."

PETER AYLESWORTH seated himself at the breakfast table, peeped under a covered dish and exclaimed, "Kippers! Incredible!"

Dale laughed. "They arrived in a can, Peter. But I'm warning you, it's only a special celebration in honor of your arrival. We expect you to learn to like hominy grits—"

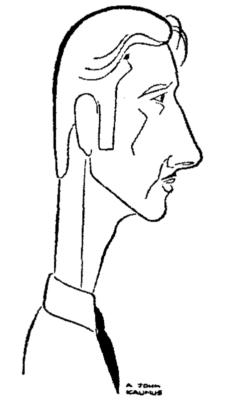
"Doesn't sound very appetizing."

"And, most particularly, Southern hotbreads." The cook arrived opportunely with a plate of light, flaky biscuits. "You can start in on these."

The scene in the dining room was pleasant, tranquil and domestic. Little Joyce ate methodically while her elders talked. But it was Peggy, Dale's seventeen-year-old sister, who dominated. She was fascinated by Peter's easy manner; his keen, dry humor; his crisp, thoroughly British speech, by the martial background of his immediate past.

FUNNY-BUSINESS MEN

Self-Portraits of Collier's Cartoonists
No. 38



Born of Lithuanian descent not many years ago in New York, A. John Kaunus has a hard time finding suits to fit his six-foot, five-inch frame, but doesn't let that spoil his zest for swimming, tennis, riding, fencing, bridge and chess. When not engaged in whipping up oyster stews for his guests, he tosses off gags (see opposite page) for his public.

Breakfast completed, they strolled onto the veranda. Aylesworth and Mr. Meredith lighted pipes, and the older man announced that he'd better be getting down to the drugstore. "I reckon Dale will bring you by there on your sight-seeing tour. I'll introduce you to a genuine American ice-cream soda."

Peggy went inside—reluctantly—to help with the straightening of the house. Joyce turned her attention to a doll and carriage under the benevolent live oak. Peter asked, "When do we start our tour, Dale?"

"Almost immediately. I'll be free as air as soon as I've voted."

"Voted?" He raised his eyebrows. "For whom?"

She smiled. "For myself."

He exhaled a cloud of fragrant smoke. "And what office are you seeking?" he inquired amusedly.

She said, "I'm a candidate for sheriff."

His sensitive lips expanded into a smile. "You're pulling my leg, Dale."

"No, I'm not. You see, Peter—you're in America, where strange and unbelievable things happen. This is one of them. Actually, and, as we say here—no kidding—I'm a candidate for the office of sheriff of Karnak County."

"Right-o!" He seated himself on the porch railing and looked down at her. "If this isn't a rag—what *is* the answer?"

She went into the house and returned a few seconds later with a throwaway which she placed in his hands. "Perhaps if you'll look that over, it will make things clearer—or, at any rate, simpler."

The throwaway was brief and unpretentious:

"ANNOUNCEMENT
"TO THE CITIZENS OF KARNAK

"For more than ten years this county has been rigidly controlled—and selfishly governed—by an unscrupulous political ring. The decent element among the men has refused to do anything about it.

"The women of Karnak County are therefore offering a complete list of candidates for county office. We will conduct no campaign. We know that we shall receive only a very small percentage of votes. We are not office seekers, nor shall we campaign to that end.

"The final vote polled by our women's ticket will indicate only what percentage of the people in Karnak County wish to live under a decent, honest government."

PETER AYLESWORTH nodded. "Very impressive," he commented. "Do you ladies expect to win?"

"Of course not. I doubt whether we will poll ten per cent of the votes. You see, Peter, there isn't one of us who wants to be elected to anything. But we do want to find out just how many folks there are in this county who resent what they've had to put up with for ten years."

"I see. . . . I was afraid for a moment that you'd gone militant."

"Not I. I've got too much else to do. It's this way, Peter—they tried to pick representative women: young, old, and middle-aged." Her gray eyes crinkled at the corners. "Though why they should have thought of me in connection with the office of sheriff, I can't imagine. And now, if you're ready to inspect the sights and sounds of Karnak . . ."

He walked with her to the garage. "This election thing," he inquired. "I suppose you have parties: Whigs and Tories and that sort of thing—with different names?"

"Everywhere but in the South," she answered, as she eased behind the wheel of the modest little car. "It just happens that down in this part of the country we have only one real political party. Tomorrow that party nominates candidates for the various offices. Sometimes the party is split wide open and we have a real campaign. The election comes two months from now, but it doesn't mean anything. The nominees go in automatically, because there's no candidate to oppose them. Is that clear?"

"No."

"I thought it wouldn't be. To give it in its simplest terms: in other parts of the country, primaries mean very little and elections mean much. Here in the South—primary day is everything."

She backed out onto Marsden Avenue. "You may relax," she said. "We have a nice little town here, if you like nice little towns."

For more than an hour she drove her visitor about Karnak. He was content and very warm when they finally stopped in front of the courthouse and Dale announced that she must cast her vote.

She nosed the car into the curb and got out one side while Peter alighted from the other. The election booth was a highly informal affair located on the veranda of the great, sprawling old building. There were perhaps a dozen men loafing about, all of them in their shirt sleeves.

DALE and Peter approached the table, but there they paused. Dale put her hand on Peter's arm and said, "Better wait a minute. Something seems to be going on."

The manager of the polling place, a runty little man, was in earnest conversation with a large, florid individual whose clothes bespoke the farm and whose manner was definitely pugnacious. Dale recognized the big man as Des Everett, a farmer from Lee's Crossroads who bore a reputation for heavy drinking, hard fighting and an exceedingly evil temper.

The election manager put his hand on the big man's arm and said, "Now looka heah, Des—you ain't bein' right bright about this."

"How come I ain't?"

"You know good an' well what I'm talkin' about. Last primary day you come into town shootin' off yo' mouth about Neil Berkeley . . . callin' him all kinds of names an' tellin' folks what a crook an' a grafter he was—"

"He still is."

"That's yo' opinion. But right or wrong, you remember what happened. I never did understan' why Neil didn't do things to you right then. But he warned you to git out of Karnak an' stay out."

Des Everett clenched his powerful fists. "This is a free country," he growled. "I'm back, an' I aim to stay heah. An' there ain't no low-down political crook goin' to make me change my mind."

The little man shrugged. "Neil's bound to hear about you bein' in town, Des. So it's yo' funeral."

Everett slouched against one of the pillars. He had been drinking, but he was not drunk. Peter said to Dale, "My word, he's a huge fellow."

"Yes. But not very sensible."

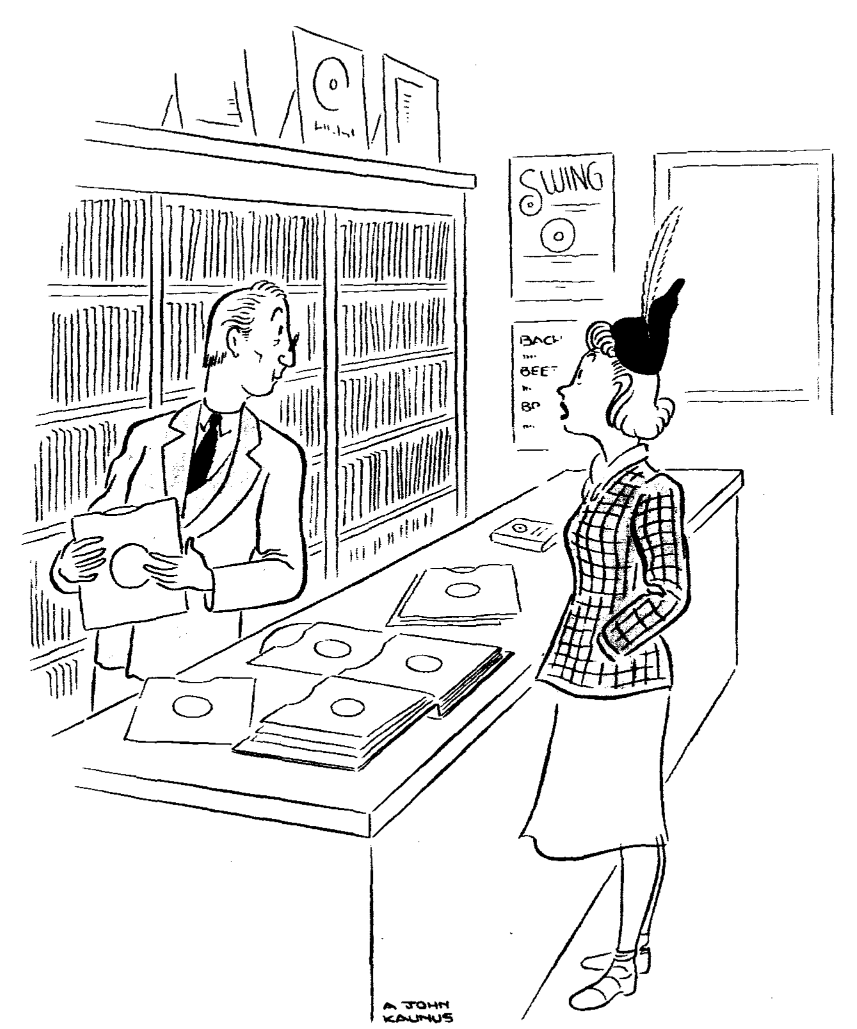
The manager scurried forward. His voice was trembling. "You better hightail it away fum heah, Des," he urged. "Yonder comes Neil Berkeley."

Peter looked across the square. He saw the man they were all looking at and his first thought was, "Handsome chap," and his second: "A gentleman, too . . ."

Neil Berkeley, political czar of Karnak, was better than six feet in height. He had black hair and pleasant black eyes. His complexion was dark, his features patrician and he affected a little mustache. He had a slender, powerful figure: broad shoulders, small waist, lean flanks, and he approached the courthouse with even, unhurried strides.

He crossed the street and came up the concrete walkway toward the veranda where Des Everett was standing. Peter was rather amazed by the whole procedure, because there seemed nothing formidable about this man, nothing to inspire apprehension.

As Neil Berkeley passed the polling booth he saw Dale and raised his hand in a gesture of friendly greeting, smiled in a way that included Peter and said, "Good morning, Dale." But he walked



"Mozart wrote it, and then Benny Goodman did a swing version, which has been arranged for full symphony orchestra by Leopold Stokowski"

A. JOHN KAUNUS

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All smokers do—some of the time

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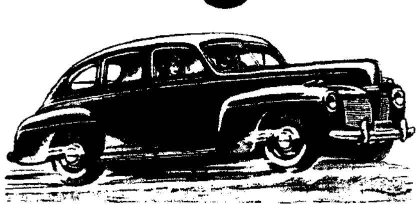

BASIC differences, down to the core, give Mercury fleet, trigger-fast responsiveness that's amazing in so big and rugged a car! And Mercury develops all this pep and ginger on small car rations. ● Built to aviation principles, with no superfluous weight, Mercury has more power per pound than most cars. That's why its smooth V-8 engine whisks you along with effortless ease, while every drop of gas does extra duty. Owners report up to 20 miles per gallon. ● Mercury's big, wide tires put *more rubber on the road* for sure-footed traction. And new center-poise seating, in the *comfort-zone*, between long, slow-motion springs, provides a revelation in smoothness and riding ease. ● You can't pay much less for *any* new car—so why not drive a Mercury soon!

FORD MOTOR COMPANY

MERCURY "8"

THE AVIATION IDEA IN AN AUTOMOBILE

right on past where she was standing and stopped in front of Des Everett.

The men were about of a height, but Everett was bulky where Berkeley was slim and graceful. Des was standing flat-footed and scowling, ready and unafraid. Only the excited whispering of the onlookers made it possible for Peter Aylesworth to believe that anything out of the ordinary was about to happen.

Neil's voice was level and unexcited: "You shouldn't have done this, Des."

"I shouldn't've done what?"

"Come back to Karnak. I warned you a year ago that I didn't want you around here any more."

"I reckon you don't." There was a sneer in Des Everett's voice. "Now let me tell you somethin', Neil Berkeley: I'm figurin' to stay right where I am. I got as much right in Karnak as anybody else, an' no cheap, crooked, thievin' politician is goin' to . . ."

That was as far as he got. Peter, who was watching fascinatedly, never even saw Neil's first blow. The whole thing was more like the stroke of a lightning bolt: sudden, unexpected, devastating.

Neil's eyes had narrowed and grown hard. He struck with incredible power. The blow caught Everett flush on the point of the jaw, and the head of the big man cracked against the pillar against which he had been leaning.

But that was only the beginning. With a speed almost too fast for the eye to follow, Neil struck again and again.

Dale, who had watched the brief battle with wide-eyed horror, moved forward so that she stood close to the struggling men. She said, "Neil! Stop! You'll kill him!"

One of the men said, " 'Tain't smart to butt in on Neil when he's mad," but a couple of the others grabbed Neil's arms. One of them said, "That's enough, Neil. He's out cold."

The fury drained suddenly from the dark, expressive face of Neil Berkeley. He released his victim and Des Everett lay there, motionless. Even before Neil had risen to his feet and smoothed his coat he had reverted to the calm, quiet, suave gentleman. The transformation back to normalcy was almost as startling as the onrush of his murderous fury.

He faced the other men, and spoke quietly. "Somebody better get him away from here quick," he said flatly. "If he ever shows up again, I'll finish what I started."

HE WALKED away as steadily, as calmly, as he had come. The men on the veranda breathed deep sighs of relief, and started to chatter as though quick conversation might relieve the tension.

Peter took Dale's arm. He said, "Rather beastly thing for you to have seen."

"It wasn't very pretty, was it?"

"Not exactly. And that chap Berkeley: amazing, what? He'd have killed the fellow."

"Yes . . ." She tried to smile. "We've had too much of that sort of thing around here, Peter. Sorry you got such a big dose of it for a starter."

"Int'resting. It was, 'pon my word. I presume that this Berkeley chap is the political chief that you ladies are so excited about: isn't he?"

"Yes."

"Extr'ord'nry! But surely he isn't always like that."

"Whenever he needs to be."

"If that's the case," said Peter, "I should hate to oppose him in anything."

"So would most people," said Dale. "That's why he's had things his own way for so long."

The excitement engendered by the brief battle had died down swiftly. They had carried Des Everett into the courthouse for first aid and good advice. Someone on the veranda told a joke and the other men started laughing. Within a few minutes the atmosphere had cleared magically.

Dale approached the voting booth and the manager grinned and said, good-naturedly, "Mawnin', Miss Sheriff. Reckon you're fixin' to vote, ain't you?" Dale nodded, signed her name and cast her ballot. One of the watchers chuckled and said, "Race is gittin' pretty hot, Miss Meredith. I can guarantee you'll git a lot mo' votes than yo' own. Lyin' Bill an' Turkey Bill—they voted for you."

"Is that so?"

"Yes, ma'am." The man's eyes twinkled. "Them Parker boys—they voted for you."

This sent the hangers-on into paroxysms of mirth, so Dale merely smiled and conducted Peter across the street to her father's store.

THE booth manager watched her for a moment, then leaned back in his chair and laughed out loud. As a matter of fact, Karnak—town and county—was in a highly humorous mood that day. Most primaries were serious things: sometimes the party was split and the county elections were on the bitter side. But today . . . why feller, this was the funniest thing that ever happened.

Them women, now, puttin' up a ticket. Co'se they didn't expect to 'lect nobody. Maybe they'd poll ten per cent of the votes, an' they'd have the satisfaction of knowin' that that many people wished that Neil Berkeley an' his crowd wasn't sittin' so tight in the saddle. It was fun, it wasn't to be took serious . . . an' Lyin' Bill an' Turkey Bill, they'd made a real picnic out of it.

It had all started early that morning when Lying Bill had slouched out of the polling place. "Voted straight," he announced, "like I allers do. 'Ceptin' fo' one thing."

"What thing, Bill?"

"Waaal, seemed like to me this heah county needs purifyin'. So I voted fo' Dale Meredith fo' sheriff."

His announcement was greeted with a roar of laughter. And a few minutes later Lying Bill's cousin, Turkey Bill, emerged to announce that he had voted for one woman and one woman only. He, too, had voted for Dale Meredith for sheriff.

This repetition seemed to make the joke twice as funny. Before the voting day was three hours old, a person who didn't at least claim to have voted for Dale Meredith was rather out of the picture. It branded him as being bereft of a sense of humor.

Of course nobody really believed anybody else. Hadn't the whole farce been started by Lyin' Bill Parker, and could anybody believe anything he said? Even in Lefty Bragan's poolroom the loafers kidded about it. "Shuah, I voted for the Meredith gal. We got to have a lady sheriff." Sheriff Angel Verner grinned after casting his ballot and said he reckoned he'd voted that-a-way, too.

Sure, they were all lying. Just cuttin' up, because nobody was takin' this primary seriously. It was grand fun. And it continued to be grand fun all day long; in the town of Karnak, at Beauregard where there was an important polling place, in aristocratic little Pineville . . . everywhere that men gathered. Never had the county known so much good humor or so little seriousness. It was a superb joke; a thoroughly hilarious affair.

Until seven o'clock that night when the votes were counted.

It was Jerry Hamilton who brought the news to the Meredith home. He walked in just as they were sitting down to dinner.

He looked straight at Dale and said, "Greetings, Sheriff."

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She said, not knowing that her eyes were bright, as they always were when she saw Jerry, "Hello, Stranger. Pull up a chair and join us."

"I said 'Hello, Sheriff,'" Jerry repeated, "and I mean it." His eyes were twinkling. "They've just finished counting the votes," he stated quietly. "The women's ticket polled almost fifteen per cent. All except you."

The room grew quiet. Dale sensed that there was something more to this than Jerry had yet announced. She asked, "What about me?"

"You," stated Jerry Hamilton, "obviously have a mysterious power. Believe it or not, Miss Meredith, you have just been nominated sheriff of Karnak County."

DALE MEREDITH wanted to laugh, but no laughter came. The news was too incredible. She said to Jerry, "You wouldn't kid a girl, would you?"

He shook his head. "Not tonight, Dale. It seems that Karnak has perpetrated a huge joke—on itself. Lying Bill Parker started it. He announced that he had voted for you for sheriff. Being Lying Bill, nobody believed him—but they thought it was excruciating. Others made the same claim. Nobody believed anybody else, which often happens when everybody is telling the truth. And there you are."

"Yes." She seemed dazed. "Where?"

Otis Meredith had been regarding his elder daughter quizzically. He asked quietly, "Will you go through with it, Dale?"

"Don't be silly, Dad. Of course not."

"Why 'of course?'"

"Because it's preposterous. We weren't campaigning. We didn't expect—or want—any woman to be elected. It was just a way of allowing the decent people of Karnak to protest against the Neil Berkeley influence." She turned apologetically to Peter Aylesworth. "I don't blame you for thinking we're all crazy. Me—sheriff! And anyway," she finished, "Neil Berkeley and his crowd will do something about it."

The telephone rang. Peggy answered and grinned impishly as she held out the receiver. "Come and get it, Sis," she called. "Somebody wants to speak to the sheriff."

That was the beginning. The telephone rang incessantly. Most of the calls were from friends who laughed hilariously, and eventually Dale became a trifle annoyed. "Why is it so funny?" she inquired. "I'm more than twenty-one . . ."

"Considerably!" murmured Peggy.

"And of fair-to-middlin' intelligence. It *can* be done."

The telephone again. This time it was Mrs. Lisbeth Morrow who was, by self-appointment, the arbiter of everything in Karnak County. The others drifted out onto the veranda and listened with more glee than concern to Dale's end of what was obviously a hectic debate. Finally she joined them and dropped wearily into a chair. She said, "Lisbeth Morrow has been declaiming on the subject of civic duty. She says if I refuse this honor which has been thrust upon me—no foolin', Jerry, she used those exact words . . . that if I refused, the cause of decency would be set back twenty years in this here county, and that the milk-white flag of virtue would be trampled in the dust."

Peggy laughed. "Sounds like our high-school debating team."

"So . . ." Dale sat up straight. "I hope my family and friends will forgive me if I say 'Damn that telephone.'"

"We will. But you'd still better answer it."

When once again she came through the screen door to join them, Jerry Hamilton said, "Look, Dale . . . this thing may go on all evening. How's about a drive into the country with me?"

"Jerry! You're a genius and nine kinds of an angel." Her eyes were brighter than she realized. "Let us flee."

Jerry stretched himself to his impressive height, and looked down at Peter. "Let's make it a threesome, Aylesworth."

"Thanks, old man. But I think I'd better stick around and try to become better acquainted with my female offshoot."

Jerry's car was a convertible, and the top was down. He glanced at the girl beside him and said, "Relax, Lady."

Her clear gray eyes flashed up at him gratefully. "You're a very understanding person, Mister Hamilton."

She stretched her shapely legs out in front of her and rested her head against the upholstery. It *was* nice out here: a bright moon drenching the countryside in silver, the persuasive fragrance of fresh pine and of wood smoke. She heard the mournful baying of a hound.

Here was perfect opportunity to think about the astonishing situation in which she found herself, but somehow her thoughts didn't seem to run that way.

They never did when she was alone with Jerry Hamilton. Which brought up the old thought that she was alone with him rarely. As though he were avoiding her. It hadn't always been so. Only since his return from New York three years ago. . . .

Dale Meredith had always taken it for granted that she was in love with Jerry Hamilton. She remembered vividly when it had started.

It had been neither dramatic nor heroic. He'd been an idolized senior at the state university when she matriculated as a thoroughly bewildered freshman.

He stumbled across her one day when she was crying. He remembered the kid from Karnak . . . Otis Meredith's daughter: She was lonely. She hated college. She hadn't been rushed by any sorority . . . and that's terribly important when you're seventeen and a freshman.

He took her under his wing. The result was spectacular. She chose her own sorority. She was properly launched . . . and destined to be happy and important on the campus. And having done his good deed, Jerry Hamilton practically forgot her. He graduated the following June and prepared to go to New York for graduate work in chemistry.

BUT she did not forget him: then or ever. She wasn't in love with him . . . she was much too immature for that. But she did idolize him. And she'd never gotten over it.

He'd seen her frequently during the hot months of the next summer and had been very casual about it. But after she'd graduated and he had returned from the North and moved out onto his plantation . . . well, she had changed by that time. She wasn't an awkward kid any more. She was definitely a pretty girl, and an intelligent one: sure of herself and of her capabilities.

She rode well and shot well. He was expert in both, and so they saw a good deal of each other. There had been the time when she believed he had fallen in love with her. Even to this day that thought recurred occasionally. But inexplicably, the more certain she became that they had stepped beyond the bounds of friendship, the more scrupulously he avoided her.

Yes, she was in love with him; but it isn't simple to be in love with a man who gives every evidence of returning your affection, but who openly and obviously shies away from you. Tonight, for instance, she felt the warmth and understanding of his presence; she felt

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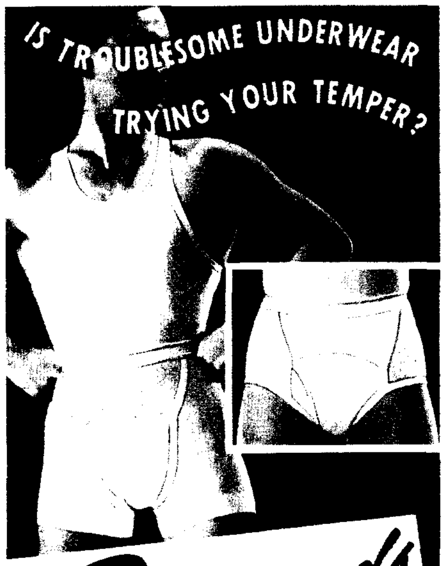

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relaxed and happy to be here alone with him. He glanced at her once—oddly—and looked away quickly as though his eyes might betray something, and again she asked herself, "Why? Why is he afraid to let himself care for me?"

They drove through Pineville. It was an aristocratic community: Colonial homes, stanch and beautiful against a background of magnificent oaks. It was not until he'd made the loop and headed back in the general direction of Karnak that his quiet, drawling, good-natured voice snapped her back to realities.

"What's the verdict, Dale?"

"I haven't decided anything," she said, which was true because she hadn't been thinking about that at all.

"You'll have to . . . soon."

She said, "I don't like Lisbeth Morrow. But she's got sense. She says that a miracle has happened—no matter how accidentally. I've been nominated. If I refuse, the whole thing becomes a joke. Neil Berkeley and his crowd will be more powerful—and there will be no chance of unsaddling them for ten years. If it had been any other office . . ."

"The deputies do the actual work," he reminded. "And you can see to it that the sheriff's office is run honestly for the next four years. The question is whether you've got the right to turn it down. I say you haven't."

"Jerry! You?"

"Why not?"

"You've never taken any interest in county politics."

"And I never shall. My own toes haven't been stepped on. I've known Neil Berkeley all my life. His ethics and mine are different, but he doesn't interfere with my operation of Chinquapin plantation, and I don't stick my fingers into his political machine."

She drew a deep breath. "I still can't get over the absurdity of it. Tell me this: If I accepted because I felt it was my duty, wouldn't it also be my duty to step on a few things which are happening around here?"

"Possibly."

She said, "You're no help at all."

"I seldom am." He stopped the car and for an instant she entertained a wild hope that he was going to kiss her. But he merely lighted his pipe, slipped into gear again and drove on.

"Nobody has ever bucked the Berkeley crowd," he said, "for two reasons. First, they wouldn't have had a chance. Second, the trouble with our average first-class citizens is that they prefer peace and quiet. The difference here is that you've been thrown into office, and . . ."

"Berkeley will see that I'm beaten in the general elections. I could cause him a lot of trouble."

"He wouldn't be afraid of that. In the first place, he wouldn't believe it."

"Because I'm a woman?"

"You're worse than a woman. You're an exceedingly pretty and domestic young girl."

"All right . . ." She sighed. "If I must, I must . . . but I still don't believe Neil will play that way."

THEY reached Karnak and joined Otis Meredith and Peter Aylesworth on the veranda. "We cut off the phone," announced Mr. Meredith. "It wouldn't stop any other way."

They sat quietly, gazing out toward Marsden Avenue through vines of morning-glory and moonflowers. They saw a car pull up at the curb.

Neil Berkeley walked up onto the veranda. His manner was suave, his voice gentle, his bearing impeccable. Peter Aylesworth, remembering the episode with Des Everett on the courthouse veranda that morning, was astonished by Neil Berkeley's poise.

Neil said, "You've heard the news, of course?"

"Yes." Dale was eager, hopeful. "And we're friends, Neil—so don't spare the rod. Of course you're about to tell me that you intend to defeat me in the general elections."

Neil Berkeley seated himself on the veranda railing: tall and graceful and amused.

He said, "Not at all, my dear. The party has nominated you, and you'll be duly elected. I merely drifted by to congratulate you."

THE month of August, 1940, passed into Karnak history with three successive days of downpour, and September came in clear and hot.

The good citizens of the town—and some citizens who were not so good—were having a grand time. Two astonishing occurrences had lightened the tedium of their rural lives: the advent of Peter Aylesworth and the nomination of Dale Meredith for the office of sheriff.

Peter was quite popular. Men liked him because the lost arm indicated that he'd been through things. Women liked him because he was so sure of himself, so considerate of them. And they warmed to the idea of this young man taking on the job of raising a very small daughter. They even said, "Living right in the house with Dale Meredith . . . how could she help falling in love with him? It would serve Jerry Hamilton right."

And so life moved on in Karnak, spiced by these two things, and otherwise placid save for the personal problems of isolated individuals.

Not the least of these individuals was Mr. Spurious Williams, porter and delivery boy for Otis Meredith, proprietor of the Meredith Drug Company.

On this day of early September, the light-complexioned Mr. Williams was undergoing an agony of uncertainty. He summoned his good friend Julian Fever into conference, and the two colored gentlemen sat in Spurious' modest room in a fog of doubt.

Spurious designated a large box on his bed. "Cast yo' opticals on that, Brother Fever," he urged. "Just look."

Julian looked. He saw a great deal of tissue paper and a great deal more gleaming satin and filmy chiffon.

"It looks," he conjectured unbelievingly, "like a lady's evenin' gown."

"Uh-huh." Spurious nodded unhappily. "Tha's the one thing it ain't nothin' else but."

"Wh-where you git it at, Spurious?"

"It was give to me."

Julian raised his eyebrows in disbelief.

"How come somebody should give a single man a lady's dress?" he asked.

Spurious sighed. "It was that white travelin' gemmun I tol' you about, Julian. You know, the one that his car bust down on the swamp road an' he was in the ditch with it—only it was on top of him. Remember?"

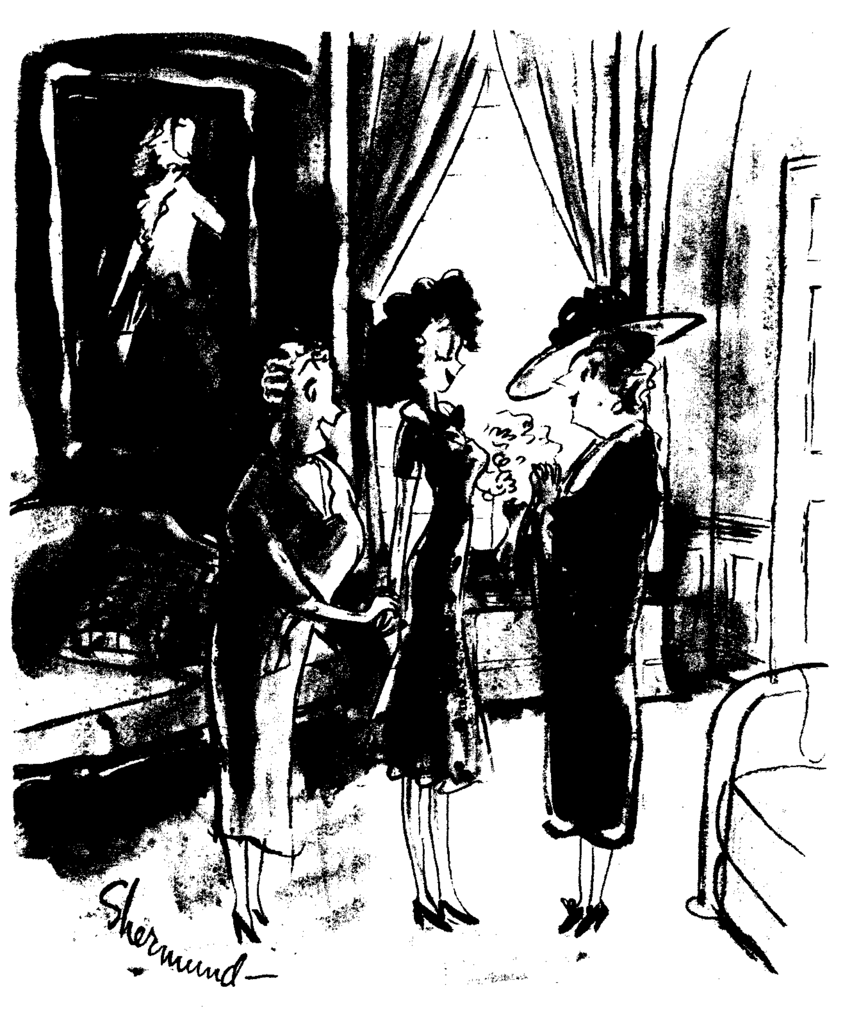
"Uh-huh. I recolleck."

"Well, I di'n't do nothin', really. I just turned the car right side up an' drug him out. Then I brung him into the Karnak hawspital an' fetched his car in. He was awful depreciative."

"Yeah. But that still don't make you no woman."

"I know." Spurious was a trifle uncertain himself. "When he got all fixed up he 'lowed he wanted to do me a favor, but he di'n't have much money. So he says to me, he says, 'Spurious, has you got a gal?' an' I says, 'Yassuh, I sho has.' An' he says, 'That settles it. Ise givin' you the most gorgeous evenin' gown you ever laid eyes on. It'll knock her fo' a loop. You'll be head man ontil eternity.'" Mr. Williams gazed forlornly at the beautiful gown. "An' tha's just ezackly what that feller done."

Julian said, "I'll be et fo' a catfish. Of all the disusefullest things . . ."



"Fay is working for 'Bundles for Britain.' She holds her finger on the string" BARBARA SHERMUND

"Yes—an' no. You see, Julian, by rights I ought to give that dress to my gal, like the gemmun said."

"That elegant dress. To Utopia Martin?"

"Uh-huh. She's an awful sweet lady, Julian. Ise even considered that I might some day gwine commit matrimony with her. An' she tol' me with her own lips that she woul'n't be adverse to doin' the same thing."

"Then what you waitin' fo', Spurious?"

Mr. Williams said moodily, "Money. It's this-a-way, Julian: I impulse to present that dress to Utopia on account of her bein' so sweet, an' specially with the big annual ball comin' on. See?"

Mr. Fever saw. He, too, was looking forward to the festivities of the United Brothers of Friendship & Supporting Social Sisters of the Mysterious Ten; he readily understood that any dusky Karnak damsel who wore this dress would be recognized as superqueen of the affair.

"The trouble is," continued Spurious miserably, "I need money. Cash is the most thing I ain't got. Ise overdrawed my wages fum Dr. Meredith, an' Ise borried fum all my friends. Ise tellin' you the troof, Julian—Ise facin' a financial astringency."

"So you got an idea; is that it? You always got ideas, Spurious."

"Yeah, I got one. You see, there ain't nobody but you an' me knows I got that dress. So I was thinkin' that sence I don't need no dress an' do need cash money, I maybe would sell it an' not say nothin' to Utopia."

Julian asked, "Sell it to who?"

"Sapho Bugg."

Mr. Fever's countenance twisted into a grimace of profound distaste. "That no good slab of poisoned side meat?"

"She's got money, Julian. Leastaway her husband has."

"Him I also don't like. Webster Bugg done me some awful dirty tricks. When somebody does business with them folks, he's askin' fo' misery. Ise warnin' you."

"Reckon nothin' couldn't hurt me no worse than bein' broke as I is."

"Okay." Mr. Fever made a gesture which indicated that he was washing his hands of the transaction. "But when somethin' goes wrong, don't say I didn't warn you."

"I won't. In fack, I won't say nothin' to nobody no time. Previded you don't, either."

"My middle name is Silence," stated Julian. "An' I was born twins."

SPURIOUS closed the box. He gazed down at it and said, "You sho is makin' a turrible sacrifice fo' me, Utopia. I suttinly is grateful."

He bade his dark friend good night. Julian had one more word of advice. "Be careful how you make yo' reproach to Sapho Bugg," he counseled. "Her husband is big as two steam ingines an' awful jealous to boot. If he was ever to git mad at you . . ."

"I'll watch out. Good night, Julian."

" 'Night, Spurious."

Mr. Williams returned to his room and tucked the box under the bed. "Looks like ev'ybody in Karnak has got things to think about," he mused. "It's awful disturbin'."

And it was disturbing—as well as true. Actually, Karnak wasn't too addicted to thinking. It loved gossip, of course; but it didn't like to worry about things. And it did not know that it was about to be treated to an occurrence more startling than the arrival of Peter Aylesworth, a fact more sensational than the nomination of a very pretty young girl for the office of sheriff.

On a clear, warm night such as this there were always a few persons at the station to greet the southbound Florida Flyer. It didn't matter whether you expected anybody, it was merely an excuse for going somewhere and watching for something.

Tonight the Flyer blazed along the flat, gray countryside. Its whistle seemed unusually authoritative. It screeched around the last curve and rocked to a halt. And the onlookers saw two things.

First, they noted that three very large and expensive-looking trunks were dumped off the baggage car onto the platform. They were wardrobe trunks, light tan in color, and impressively labeled. They saw the porter of the second-from-the-last Pullman adjust his step.

And then they saw the woman!

Somebody said, "Wow!" which seemed to summarize the general impression.

THE stranger was really something to look at. The first impression was that she was the most beautiful thing Karnak had ever seen, though had the hangers-on been of a more discriminating type, they might have classified her as flashy.

She was perhaps five feet, five inches tall, and she had a figure that her dress could not, and did not, conceal. One of the boys from Lefty's place murmured, "Voluptuous—that's what she is. And where it counts most."

She glanced at the unimaginative frame building which was the station. If she was aware of the interest she was exciting she gave no sign. It wasn't indifference, but rather the air of a woman to whom wide-eyed masculine attention is no novelty.

Nobody recognized her. Nobody remembered ever having seen anybody who even remotely resembled her. She looked like something out of Hollywood.

It remained for Angel Verner, present sheriff of Karnak, to approach her.

Angel Verner was short, stocky and powerful. He had a pleasant enough manner, and he took off his hat as he addressed her. He said, "You seem to be a stranger, ma'am. Is there anything you'd be wantin' to know?"

Her smile rendered Mr. Verner groggy. She said, "That's swell of you." Her voice was husky and intriguing. "There's plenty I want to know."

"Yes, ma'am. I sort of figured that." He looked at her handbags. "Reckon you need some help, ma'am, gittin' them things up to the hotel."

"Sure I need help. But I'm not headed for the hotel."

"Anywhere you want to go, ma'am . . ."

She asked, "Is there a place near here called Chinquapin?"

The onlookers gasped. Chinquapin! That was Jerry Hamilton's plantation. Jerry Hamilton! Living there alone. Nice, quiet chap . . . never chased after the dames. And now this vivid stranger . . .

"Yes, ma'am," Verner was explaining. "Chinquapin's just about eighteen miles out. Beyond the swamp an' on the edge of the river."

"Does a Mr. Gerald Hamilton live there?"

"Yes, ma'am. He sho does."

A smile broadened her full, red lips. "Do you suppose I could get out there tonight?"

The sigh that went up from the crowd was audible. So she was going to Jerry Hamilton's place. Late at night. She'd come to Karnak for that very purpose.

Verner said, "You could git yo'se'f a car, ma'am." He moistened his lips and asked the question that every man and woman in the crowd wanted him to ask. He asked, "Are you kin to Mr. Hamilton, ma'am?"

There was an age-long instant before she answered. And her response rocked them all to their emotional heels.

"Yes, I'm kin to Mr. Hamilton," she said calmly. "I'm his wife."

(To be continued next week)

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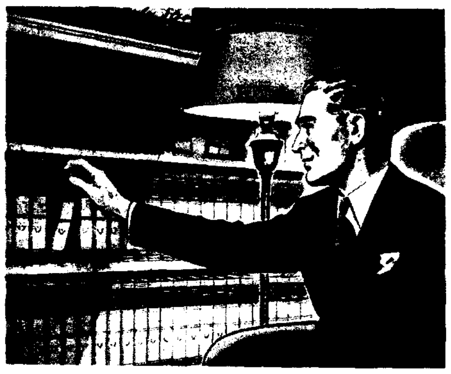

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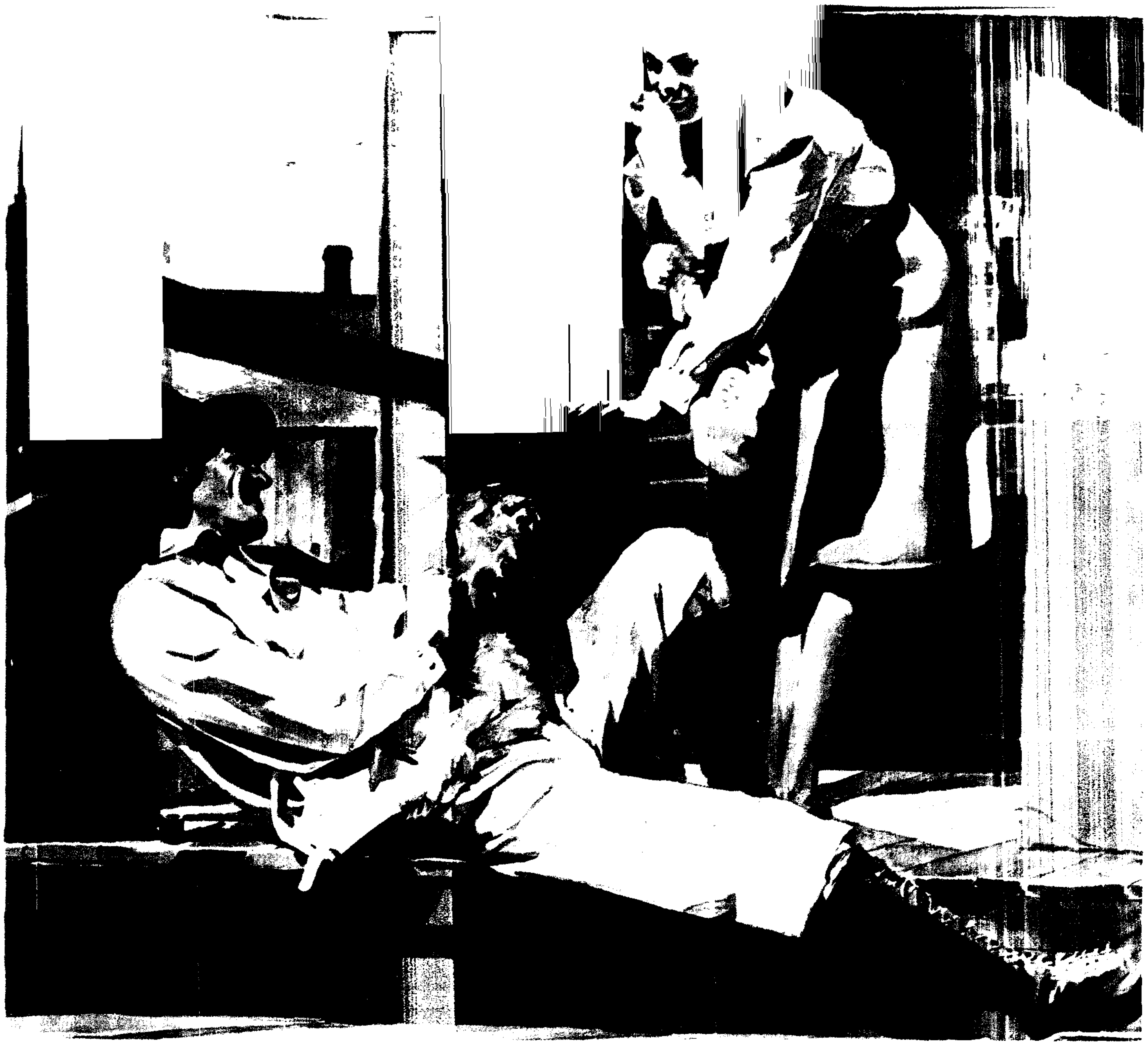
Love me, love my dog—or the story of a lovers' misunderstanding that ended as these things so often do



"May I pet him?" the girl asked. Murray looked at her quickly. "I'd rather you wouldn't," he said. "Thanks for asking, though. Most people don't know that much"

YOUNG George Murray was in the express office the night Trapper John came in for the dog. Murray sat with the back of his tilted chair to the counter, his feet on the puppy's empty crate, and his chin on his chest, a bit drunk, as usual.

Trapper John boomed through the frost on his bushy beard, "What's this about a dog?"

"Three days it's been here," old Duffy, the express agent, said. "Where you been?"

Trapper John said, "Man said he was gonna send me a dog, but I didn't know for sure. Chicago man I took huntin' last fall. What kind is it?"

Without turning, George Murray said, "Airedale, John."

"No more Airedales," Trapper John said. "Every time I get one trained, he meets a bear he thinks he can lick. Send it back."

Old Duffy banged the top of his head with his fist. "More bookwork," he said with anger. "Damn' if I send him back."

George Murray said, "Let me have him, John."

"No," Trapper John said. "You'd get drunk and forget him." He spoke with no rebuke in his voice.

Murray said over his shoulder, "I won't be that drunk, John. I'll be up in the woods all winter."

HIS face had a fine-skinned pallor that wind and sun had reddened like gold, but could not darken; it was long and bony and set in a smile that twisted the corner of his mouth, a smile that reached only himself.

Trapper John said, "Why d'ye think I don't take him? It's the bears, George. An Airedale thinks he can lick anything, and he can't lick no bear, George."

Murray said, "You train your dogs, John, but you don't educate 'em. You trust 'em too much."

"Yes?" John said, hurt a bit but not to anger. He was a dog man from far back. People called George Murray a drunken, cynical young bum who wouldn't touch a steady job; but they respected him for his own peculiar honesty and for his own peculiar talents.

Marjorie Hollister stopped just inside the threshold and then shut the door on the blue-white night behind her. "Hi, John," she said, and turned the collar of her blanket coat from her bright face. "My gun come yet, Mr. Duffy?" Then she said, "Hello, George."

"No," the express agent said. "No, no, and no!"

"Hi," Trapper John said. "Why don't your game-warden boy friend confiscate you a gun?"

"I want to shoot where I aim," she said. "I don't want one of those .30-30 wrecks you game violators carry."

Marjorie Hollister had the open, friendly face of a tomboy, and freckles on her short nose. But her neck and her shoulders and her hands had a lady's rounded daintiness.

Trapper John grinned down at her. "You only mess with a game warden so's you can get out in the woods," he said. "Whyn't you marry me, an' you wouldn't have to teach school all day?"

"You wouldn't be true to me," she said. "You're too young and coltish."

Trapper John—forty-odd years her senior—pushed his beard in the air, and boomed his laugh through it.

Under the stove, the puppy whined, and without opening its eyes tried to get farther under the gunny sacks of its bed.

The girl said with surprise and delight, "That's a pup!"

When she picked it up, the black-and-tan roundness turned its grotesquely big head from side to side, blinked sleepily, mildly resentful, and then it made the best of the situation and snuggled down between her arm and her breast.

"Whose is it?" she said.

Trapper John spread his arms and his beard on the counter. "Yours if you want it."

"I'd love it," she said, "but what could I do with it all day?"

"Then back it goes," Trapper John said.

George Murray said with insistent mildness, "Let me have him, John."

"I told you I wouldn't trust you with him, George."

The girl said quickly, "He wouldn't give whisky to a dog, would he?"

Murray looked at her and smiled. "A good deed for the day," he said.

As though she didn't know he was jeering, she smiled with boyish friendliness.

Trapper John said warningly, "If a bear gets him, George . . ."

"I'll take care of him," George said.

THAT winter they spent in the woods, trapping, George and the pup. In the spring, they came into town again, George slouching long-legged down the street, his shoulders humped and his hair shaggy under the old hunting hat on the back of his head. And beside him, equally shaggy, on a leather leash from the mail-order company, was the big-footed, long-legged Airedale, grinning and wriggling, flapping his tongue like a flag in the excitement of all those people.

Murray took his old station on the ledge in front of Vere Brothers' grocery, and at his feet was the pup, wild under constraint, eager to greet each passing person. Every day Murray sat there, the pup beside him. For a young dog, he was magnificently trained in the rudiments; and he had a youngster's delightful, almost pathetic, big-footed awkwardness—he had the appeal of any pup eager for attention. And there were a lot of people who would have liked to give him the petting he asked for. Many were offended because George wouldn't allow the dog to be touched.

But Murray didn't care. "Down!" he'd say, and the pup would sink to his belly, inching forward a little, while his eyes and his tongue and his stub tail yearned toward some cordial-looking human.

When Marjorie Hollister came down the street with Lou Dickens, the conservation officer, they stopped to admire the pup.

Marjorie said, "He has grown, hasn't he?"

Murray grinned at her where she stood a little apart from tall Lou Dickens. "That's because I been hoggin' all the whisky like you said I would. Don't feed him anything but deer meat."

She laughed. "What's his name?"

"George," he said.

"George?"

"Named him after me because he's so nice."

Dickens shook his head, half laughing, half angry. "Why can't you be friendly for once, George? You're not a bad guy if you'd forget how tough you think you are."

George said, "What's wrong with naming him after the person I like best?"

Marjorie Hollister was smiling at the pup. And the pup grinned back at her. "May I pet him?" the girl asked.

Murray looked at her quickly. "I'd rather you wouldn't," he said. "Thanks for asking, though. I appreciate that. Most people don't know that much."

"Oh," she said, and her friendly smile faded a bit.

He said awkwardly, "Later—when he's better trained. He's too friendly now. I don't want him likin' people, trustin' people. I'm tryin' to make a really good dog out of him."

"Watch that he doesn't run deer," Dickens said. "Those Airedales go for deer. I'd have to shoot him if I caught him runnin' deer."

Murray grinned at him. He put his cap back on his head. "You shoot that dog, Lou, and they'll find you in a swamp some place, and your head in the next forty."

"I'll shoot him," Dickens said. "If you let him run deer—I'll have to shoot him."

Every day George sat there on the ledge before Vere Brothers' grocery, the dog near by. And almost every day, Marjorie Hollister passed him as he sat. "May I pet him today?" she'd ask, and smile. "Not yet," he'd answer, and grin back.

He sat there all that spring, letting the dog grow accustomed to people. Then the two of them went back up into the woods to spend the summer cutting pulpwood in the swamp behind the cabin.

George would stop work at any time to give the pup a lesson. He drank little whisky that summer. The loneliness came down upon him, as it always had. But he had the pup now, to teach and to talk to, to laugh at and with.

Long before the summer was over, the pulp jobber to whom George sold his stuff, and an occasional fisherman, had carried tales of the pup's sagacity back to town.

When they came down in the early fall, the pup had grown harder, more poised; he was cocky, too. Within a limited radius of the camp, he had been woods bully. Barring a porcupine or a skunk—the latter really a problem in olfactory aesthetics—he could put the run on anything he had met in the woods.

They sat, George and the pup, before Vere Brothers' grocery, and the town dogs came sniffing, walking stiff-legged, growling deep in their chests. The pup forgot he was boss of the woods. His ears went down and his eyes rolled in fearful apology for living. Bullyingly, they pushed and shouldered him, and the pup backed up, backing and circling in a placating crouch.

George grinned—but painfully, like a father at his son's first public appearance with an unmastered fiddle.

A black dog, a descendant of a long line of alley lopers, snarled at the pup and slashed at him.

THE pup backed precipitately, and banged into the store's doorway. Panic-stricken, he slashed back. He was like a hysterical adolescent. His snarl climbed abruptly, and came out uncontrolled in high yipes. And his jaws chopped so fast they chattered.

And then he gawked, openmouthed, at the black dog, fleeing with a slashed ear. With hesitation, the pup started after him—tentatively, ready to turn immediately and take the other end of the parade. The retreat jumped to a rout and the pup went after the town dog as he'd go after a squirrel—pell-mell, and hind feet over ears. When he came back he was strutting.

George was watching him, relief on his face and slackness now in his hands.

"Supposing he was whipped?"

Marjorie Hollister stood with her hands in her jacket pockets, looking at him with her head tilted in question.

George got to his feet and pulled off his hat. "I think I'd have stopped it," he said seriously. "A dog gets licked his first fight, it takes him too long to get over it. It took me quite a while to get over some of my lickings."

"Are you over them?" she said.

He grinned at her. "I'm not afraid of man, beast or devil," he said.

She wrinkled her nose at him in amusement. "Some men never grow up."

"And a schoolteacher never knows when school is out."

"All right," she said. "All right. May I pet him now?"

"Sure," he said.

"Come here, George."

The pup came on the third call. He was courteous, but he wasn't friendly.

She said, while she stroked the pup's head, "You're running deer with him, aren't you?"

"I'm training him to trail," he said defiantly. "Now go tell Lou Dickens."

"I don't have to," she said. "The whole town knows it from that pulp jobber."

When she passed him after that, as he sat before the grocery, she'd speak, and he'd grin at her crookedly and touch his hat. She never made a move to pet the pup again.

And then they went back up in the woods, the two of them, George and his dog.

THAT fall, summer refused to leave. The bird kill was very light because of the heavy foliage. The first snow came during deer season, but it melted immediately. Many of the wounded deer got away to die in the brush that fall. It's next to impossible to track a deer without snow.

It was well into December and long after legal deer season that Saturday Hogan, the mayor of the town where Marjorie Hollister lived, banged on Murray's door. It was before daylight, and Murray was not astir. He said, "Take it easy," to the snarling dog, and shouted, "Come in."

Hogan entered, stumbling in the dark. "Get your dog, George. We gotta find that deer."

"Headlighting?" George said, and swung his legs out of the bed.

"Yeah. Only wounded the damn' thing. Couldn't trail it in the dark. So I come for you, George. Gimme a drink, George. I'm all in."

"Bottle on the shelf," George said. "Light the lamp. It's not like you to get excited about a deer."

The kerosene lamp threw shadows upward on Hogan's round, red face. "It's my gun, George," he said. "I'm the only one in the district got an eight-millimeter Mauser, and if they find my bullet in that deer I'm sunk. Them game wardens been on my trail for months. It would mean jail, George. Think of that: Me—the mayor—in jail."

"I'm thinkin'," George said, and grinned.

"Rustle up some breakfast first. I ain't et since last night."

"Hogan," George said, and yanked his belt into place, "we'll trail that deer, but I won't eat with you. Fix your own breakfast if you want it."

It was between daylight and dark when Hogan stopped his car on the old woods road. He got out and humped his shoulders against the cold dreariness. "I hope I never die this time of day," he said. He slid his rifle out of the back seat.

George said, "Where was that deer standing?"

The pup had already found it. Twenty yards off the road he was sniffing deep at blood on the ground, whining back in his throat, his legs bent under him. He started through the bushes.

"Wait!" George called, and the pup stopped, his legs still bent under him, shaking a bit, whining, looking back over his shoulder to urge haste.

George threw the noose of a clothesline over the pup's head. "All right," he said, and the pup started.

They went up the ridge, the pup digging in on the trail. Over the ridge, the ground sloped down to a swamp. The trail pierced the swamp at its brushiest part, sliding under the balsams. To keep the eager pup from choking himself, George had to go at a half-run through the thickets in the soft ground, over windfalls. Hogan followed as well as he could.

Straddling a fallen log, almost hurdling it, Murray threw himself sideward and went to his knees. He

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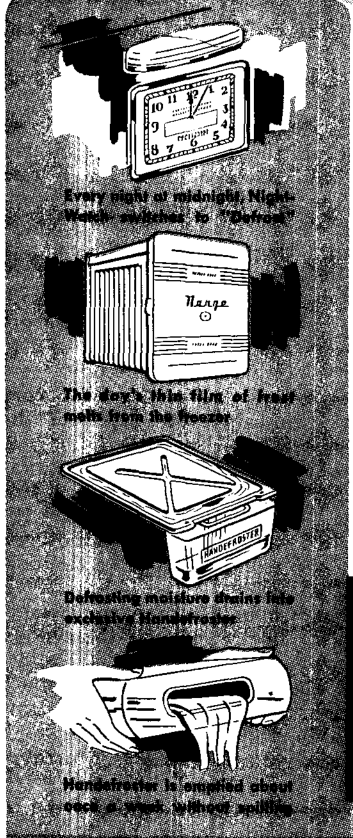
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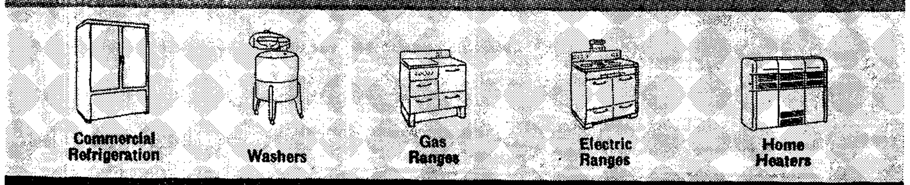

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dropped the rope to save the dog's neck. "Wait," he said, and the dog took three more steps and stopped.

Hogan said, "What're you stoppin' for?"

"That looks like a doe," Murray said, and pointed at a track beyond the log. The track was small and dainty and the toe pointed deep.

"Sure, it's a doe," Hogan said. "They're the best eatin'."

George picked up the rope. "All right," he said, and the dog went on.

They found her bedded down in a clump of cedars. Her eyes were on the dog, but she was too stiffened by her wound to move on, too near dead even to get up.

"Shoot her," George said. "Shoot her and finish her off."

Hogan said, "Too much noise. Stay here." He walked around to the back of the clump.

The doe kept watching the dog. Hogan slipped up behind her, and cut her throat.

"Down!" George said to the dog; they watched Hogan dig his bullet from the deer's hindquarters.

"Got it," Hogan said, and wiped his hands and his knife on the doe's shoulder. "Let's go, Georgie, my boy."

"Comin' back for her?" George said.

"Not me," Hogan said. "If I came back for this tonight, one of those game wardens might have found it and be hidin' right here in the bushes. I'm a little too smart for that."

He still had the knife in his hand when George slapped him.

He made a preliminary jerk with his knife, then, and George caught his wrist. Hogan bowed low beneath his twisted arm, and George gave him a contemptuous knee in the bottom, so he staggered head first toward his rifle.

At that action, the pup turned from the blood of the doe and stood stiff-legged with his hackles rising, his head sunk low.

Hogan had his hand on his rifle when he turned. "I'm goin' to kill you, Georgie," he said, and he probably meant it.

"Get him, boy," George said.

Out of the cedars, the Airedale went at Hogan in a long, ground-hugging rush. He slashed the man's thigh as he went by.

Hogan shot once, but he had no chance of hitting the dog that circled behind him. George got to him and twisted the gun from his hands before he could shoot again. "Wait!" George called, and the pup stopped, shaking.

Quite coldly, smiling that solitary smile of his, Murray worked the bolt, ejecting cartridges. They snapped from the breech into the bushes near the doe. That done, George slid the bolt from the receiver and tossed it. Still very calmly, he smashed the stock of the rifle against a tree.

He said, "I'm notifying the conservation department so they can use this meat at the county infirmary. It's probably the only eating your mother's sister ever got off of you." To the dog, he said, "Heel."

The two of them went into the swamp, heading for home through the woods.

WHEN she found him, he'd come back from a telephone and was cutting cordwood behind the cabin.

"Where's your dog, George Murray?" she said.

He stopped with the blade of the ax held close to his cheek, as though at salute. "Marjorie!" he said. "Marjorie! . . ." And then he thought of himself, and he put on his grin. "Hi," he said. "What're you doin' here?"

She was wearing short boots and trousers, and the collar of her coat was up around her little face. In the crook of her left arm, she held a thick-barreled twenty-two, a target and vermin gun. She said, "I heard your ax from the road. Where's the dog, George?"

"Back in the brush," he said. "Had a little excitement this morning, and he's still kind of crazy."

"I can imagine," she said. "Hogan reported that he found him running deer. That's why I came up to warn you."

"Thanks," he said, and his voice was still jeering. "The conservation department won't pay him any attention. No game warden'll shoot a dog on Hogan's say-so."

She said, "Hogan's going to the sheriff, where he has a political drag."

The ax swung suddenly at the end of his wrist; then stopped in mid-swing. "I guess that's different," he said, and dropped the ax head gently to the log before him.

"And, George," she said, "I saw bear sign down the road."

He grinned at her. "One thing at a time. No bear is out this time of year. And the dog won't tackle him without coming for me."

She said sharply, "Where's the dog?"

He tilted his head, listening. "He's coming now."

They could hear him tearing through the brush, and when he got close they could hear his up-and-down, hurried, worried whine, like a boy talking to himself.

HE CAME into the clearing at a dead run, stopped suddenly, barked once and turned.

George said, "That's no deer, Marjorie."

"George!" she said sharply. "Get your gun, George."

"No time," he said. He was in a full run then, the ax in his hand.

She followed, but she didn't see it all.

What pulled the bear out of hibernation is anybody's guess. But he was fat and slow and sleepy and a little grumpy.

The pup cornered him against the rock ledge on the south side of the swamp, and he held him there with his sharp, hysterically adolescent yipes. Twice, when the bear turned to climb the ledge behind him, the pup had nipped him.

George came plowing through the brush like a moose on a dead run. The pup heard him and gave him the hurry-hurry-hurry yipe.

The bear, big black devil, had his back to the ledge; the little eyes in the pig face were dull and dead, evil with the evil of stupidity. Though his teeth were skinned, he made no noise except a rumbling in his depths.

The pup was shaking and dancing over the loose ledge shale. His quivering legs were bent under him, his ears were flat to his head, his stub tail stuck to his rounded haunches. When George came through the bushes, the pup gave him one look over his shoulder, and then his yipe-yipe changed to a deeper battle cry, a bellow of pugnacious confidence now that George was there. And the featherbrained idiot went for the bear as he had gone for Hogan—in a straight rush, hugging the ground.

The bear was slow. He reared onto his hind legs. The pup got a grab at his left paw, and the bear slapped him with his right. The pup went flying in an arc, yiping shrilly in pain and surprise.

Marjorie didn't see that. Still lugging her little rifle, she heard George's yell, so shrill with anger it was almost a scream. She saw him charge the bear.

He might have made it if it hadn't been for the footing. He raised the ax in a feint, and like some monstrous man in fur the bear swung an arm to parry. The shining ax head hooked in a quick arc as George snapped his wrists in a close-handed cut at the neck.

But his foot twisted on the loose shale from the ledge, and he went to

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his knees. The jerked ax cut in downward, just below the black-furred shoulder. The bear bellowed in a crescendo bass, and stood upright for a roaring, pawing second with the ax hanging into his shoulder.

In that second, Marjorie shot him through the right eye. The twenty-two hollow-point exploded in his brain cavity. He dove forward, onto the diving George's lower body, and thrashed. Then he was still.

THE sound of the gun faded over the edges of a silence that seemed permanent. George, still under the bear, shouted to burst his chest, as though it were the third repetition: "Marjorie, answer me! You hurt?"

"No," she said—too quietly. And then the gun that hung butt-up in her hands went off when her finger jerked unintentionally. The report was ridiculous and impertinent in its sharp puniness.

The pup crawled snarling from the bushes, his hindquarters dragging, and turned to snap at the pain that squeezed him, crushed him with teeth.

The sounds George made were softer, lower, but equally unconscious. With his fist he beat the bear's thick haunch as he pulled himself out from under. And then, hobblingly, he crawled toward the dog, one leg dragging. They met, and George reached out a hand. But the pup ducked and crawled on.

"Wait!" George said.

The pup crawled a painful yard, and stopped, his eyes on the bear, his curly snarl fighting his pain.

"Let him go," the girl said. "He has to do it."

George said to the dog, "All right," and turned painfully.

The pup crawled. He tore at the bear, snarling, jerking his head.

Still on his hands and knees, George put his head far back between his shoulders to look up at her. "You understand," he said, and he was not speaking entirely to the dog.

"Yes," she said. "I understand."

He said simply, "My leg's broken," and crawled to the dog. There he lay on his side, his head raised from the ground, his hands soft on the dog. "Take him to town," he said. "He'll die, otherwise."

She said, "I can't do it, George, and leave you here."

He said intensely, "I let him down, Marjorie. He trusted me and I let him down. Please don't let him die. I can crawl to camp and keep warm."

The Airedale was growling now, and his whines were painful. He licked at George's face, and then growled at the bear to stay still or else. . . .

Marjorie said, "You didn't let him down. He knows that. He knows more than you do, George."

His impotence swirled to anger: "Forget that stuff! It's true, but never mind that now. He'll die, Marjorie. He's a good dog, and I'm not worth a damn. Please, Marjorie."

She didn't answer. She was listening. She said, "John and Lou are coming now. They stopped to look at the deer." Carefully, then, she laid the gun on the ground and came and knelt beside George and the dog and the bear.

Trapper John was first through the brush. He said immediately, understanding it all, "You know what you got comin' from me, George," and jerked open his shirt to tuck his beard out of the way before he bent over the dog.

"Put your head in my lap," Marjorie said.

Lying on one elbow, George looked at her, and she said, ". . . Unless you don't want to."

"I want to," he said.

Lou Dickens stopped at the edge of the brush. "Holy smoke!" he said, and then saw George with his head in the girl's lap. "Did he have to get killed to do it, Marjorie?"

"Yes," she said, and began to cry, without sound and without change in her face.

LOU said, "You're a violator at heart, anyway, and I'm a game warden. . . . George, I found splinters of Hogan's rifle stock. I got the Mauser sling swivel, and I found the rifle bolt in the bushes. We'll make Hogan sweat. How come he kept the barrel and forgot the bolt?"

"Excited," George said, not looking at him.

Trapper John said bitterly over the dog, "He'll do, but you educate 'em all right, George. You're the one needs the educatin'. Lie still, boy. What's his name?"

George said, "I know I do."

Marjorie said, "His name's George."

George said, "His name's Marjorie. Always was."

Trapper John's head jerked. "Marjorie? The next time I give *you* a dog! What'd ye call a he Airedale that for?"

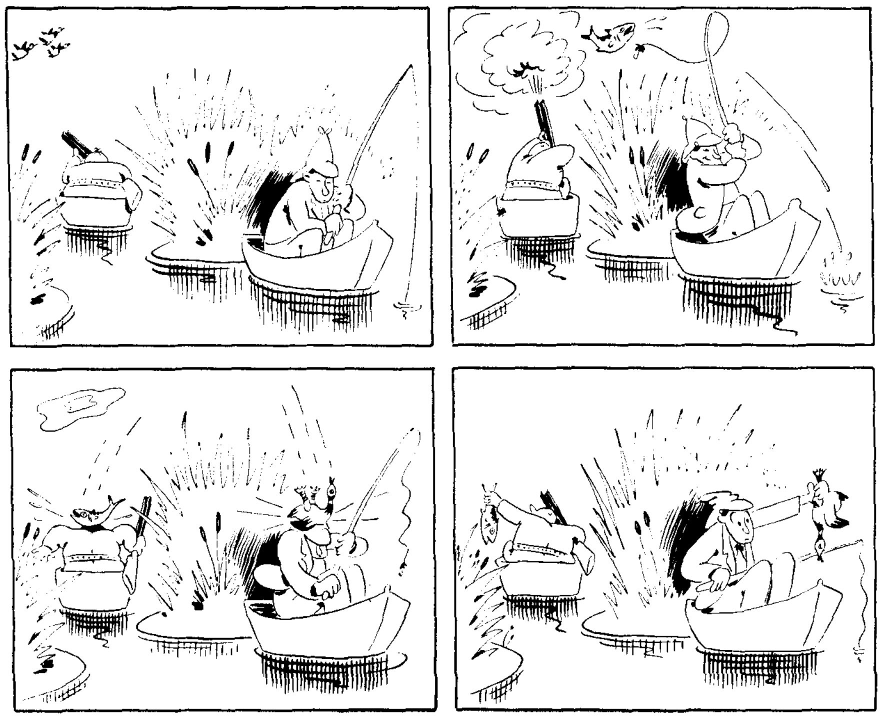
George said sullenly, "I liked to say it when I was alone."

The girl said, "You let George alone."

"You young snippet!" Trapper John said. "Schoolteachers . . ."

George reared pugnaciously. "Let her alone," he said.

The dog raised his head and growled scornfully at the dead bear to lie still or else. . . .



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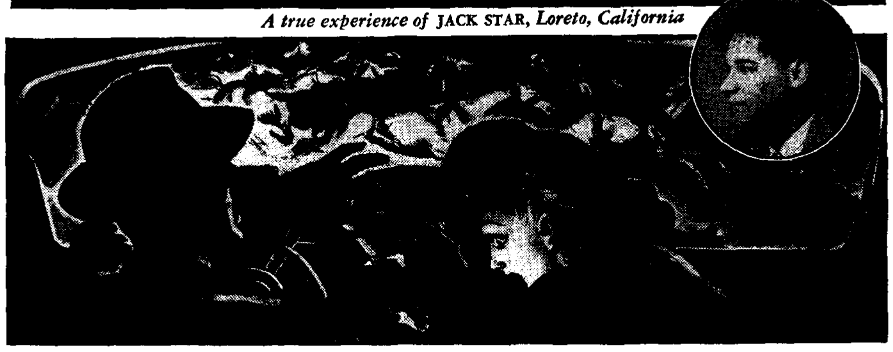

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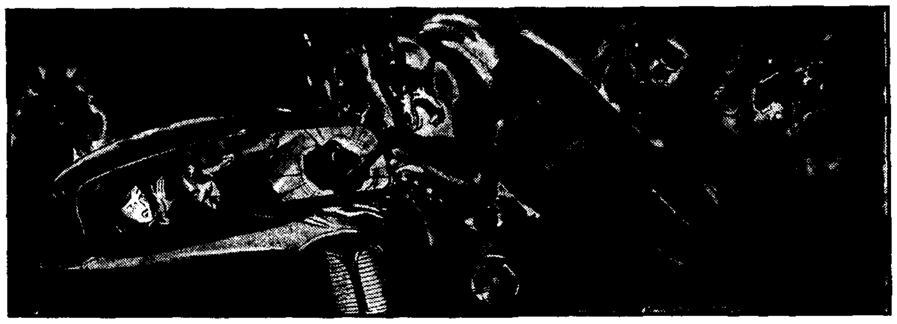

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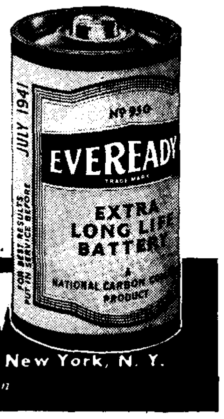
The word "Eveready" is a registered trade-mark of National Carbon Company, Inc.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and
KNIT BRIEFS
For Health
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Save Time and Labor with a

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Tired backs and aching arms just don't happen to users of MontaMower. All the drudgery and noise of lawn mowing is done away with. No dead weight to push and pull. Instead, just 7 pounds of live mechanism that first gathers then cuts the grass closely, smoothly, and to the correct height; no matting; no streaking; no clatter; no rattles. Cuts a 16" swath through long grass, dandelions, spike grass and weeds. Cuts right up to walls, fences, trees or posts; leaves no fringes to be trimmed by hand. Cutters are self-sharpening. Built to last many years. Many thousands in use. Sold direct from factory. Costs little. Write at once for guarantee information and literature.

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IT'S CUSHION SEALED
NO GOO CAN PASS HESSON GUARD
STOP GOO
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HESSON GUARD
MILANO

YOU hear about Coventry and B
tol, about Southampton and Po
mouth—but the town that's b
taking it harder than any of then
Dover. Dover's been getting it from
air, from the sea, from the big r
across the narrow, swirling Eng
Channel. And Dover's keen to do s
dishing out.

Down there, where the rolling do
and the hills of Kent break off sudde
and spill into the sea in great chalk cl
they're yelling across twenty-two m
of Channel: "Come on, you blight
We're ready for you!"

Dover is to England what Wilm
ton, Delaware, is to America, only
so. The town lies at the mouth c
little river between emerald-cove
chalky promontories that jut out i
the sea like determined chins. It
at Dover the Romans invaded Engla
From the town they built the gr
Watling Street and Dover Road to L
don via Canterbury. From Dover's cl
in 1588, you could have seen the li
British ships trading first blows with
great Armada of Spain—and watc
the gathering of the storm that blew
Spaniards into confusion and defeat.

Always Dover has been what

BRITISH COMBINE

rians call "a landing place," or "the y to England."

Lichened old Dover Castle, atop the stern cliffs, is where Henry de Brugh thstood the siege of King John's rons. From its battlements today nglishmen keep watch. On clear days ey can see the coast of France—an ir-gular purple strip low on the horizon, tween the blue-gray of the water and e smoky gray of the sky. On good ghts they can see the spurts of flames om German guns at Calais, Cape Gris-ez and Boulogne. They watch the long d-streaked flashes of yellow fire and, conds later, hear the explosion.

A Man and a Map

Doverites play a grim game, counting conds between flash and roar. A sim-e calculation tells them how far away e gun is. In the past few weeks the atchers reckon, the R.A.F. bombers ve driven the Germans back at least e miles from their original positions. very night and most days, too, the guns eak their message.

The Romans called Dover Bubrae; e British have renamed it Hell's orner. To understand why they call it at you should look at a map in Major hn Martin's bombproof control room the police station. It's a large map the small town that once held 40,000 ople. Every house, church, shop, hool and hospital is shown on a sheet paper three feet by four. On the map plotted the landing place of every ell and bomb that has fallen since the ar began.

Major Martin is a retired artillery an of sixty-three, with a tobacco-ained white mustache, wisps of white ir and the thickest spectacles you ever w. At first on his map he drew white rcles about an eighth of an inch in ameter to mark bomb-and-shell hits. e found, however, that these were too [illegible] and that the map soon became red with them. Now he's started larger map with tiny dots the size of a *nhead—red for bombs and blue for ells.*

In a schoolboy's copybook he lists ts, where they fell, what damage was one, the exact time and whether any-e was hurt.

Major Martin flaps about town in a lack broadcloth coat so old it's green, hat so battered it might belong to a ewspaperman. Major Martin's logbook ttens perceptibly on days when many ombs and shells fall. If you will take large map of *your town and drop on* several handfuls of white and red eans you will get some idea what it is ke to live through a bomb-and-shell ttack on Dover. Of course, you couldn't ear the crunch of falling bricks that omehow seems to precede the roar of ombs, or the sharper burst of shells, nd you wouldn't feel the air tremble or the ground shudder under your feet. ou couldn't see the men, women and ildren sleeping in tiers in pipe-frame unks in the catacombs of Dover's cliffs.

Major Martin has become a sort of ictator of the air-raid precautions serv-e, the fire watchers, ambulance corps nd other civilian organizations that are equired from moment to moment to ope with the emergencies of life in ell's Corner. He is very proud of these atacombs. Nobody knows how they ame to be there in the first place. They re long tunnels, some of them half or ree quarters of a mile in length, just bove high-tide mark. For that reason nd because they are driven through orous chalk they are just a bit damp—ut they're safe. Major Martin has had oncrete floors laid in them. He has in-alled sanitary facilities and built a ompletely equipped field hospital and ricked-in storerooms for emergency ood and water supplies. These shell- and bombproof shelters will accommodate at least six thousand people.

It is necessary to see Dover and how its people live to understand how the rest of England survives the physical and emotional impact of bombs.

You would think, for instance, that in Dover, of all towns, people would go about with their gas masks and helmets. *But they don't.* Only about half of them take the trouble. They have become conditioned to living in hell, just as people dance in London or queue up for the movies while sirens wail and bombs fall. It's amazing that there is still a Dover at all, but there is.

You pass rows of houses all alike. Their monotony is broken only by the slope of the streets. You stand atop a hill and look down at the regiments of chimney pots marching away smoking as they go. *Overhead fat barrage balloons float in watchful laziness.* You walk past prosperous red brick houses with brown tile roofs, rock gardens and waist-high cedarwood gates set in ivy-covered stone walls. The sparrows twitter under the eaves. Children play in the streets. No compulsion can separate them from their families any more than their parents can be blitzed loose from their homes. Mothers sun their children in prams before holing up in *the catacombs for the night*—though those who take to the shelters number only a few hundred families.

Dover Deserves the Best

There is plenty of food in Dover. We passed three butcher shops filled with meat—chops and steaks and the joints the English love so well. In Mother Brown's emergency feeding center in a convent, where the homeless are taken after a raid, we had our first really sweetened coffee since arriving in England. There is plenty of sugar in Dover because the rest of England knows that Dover has been taking it and the people there must want for nothing.

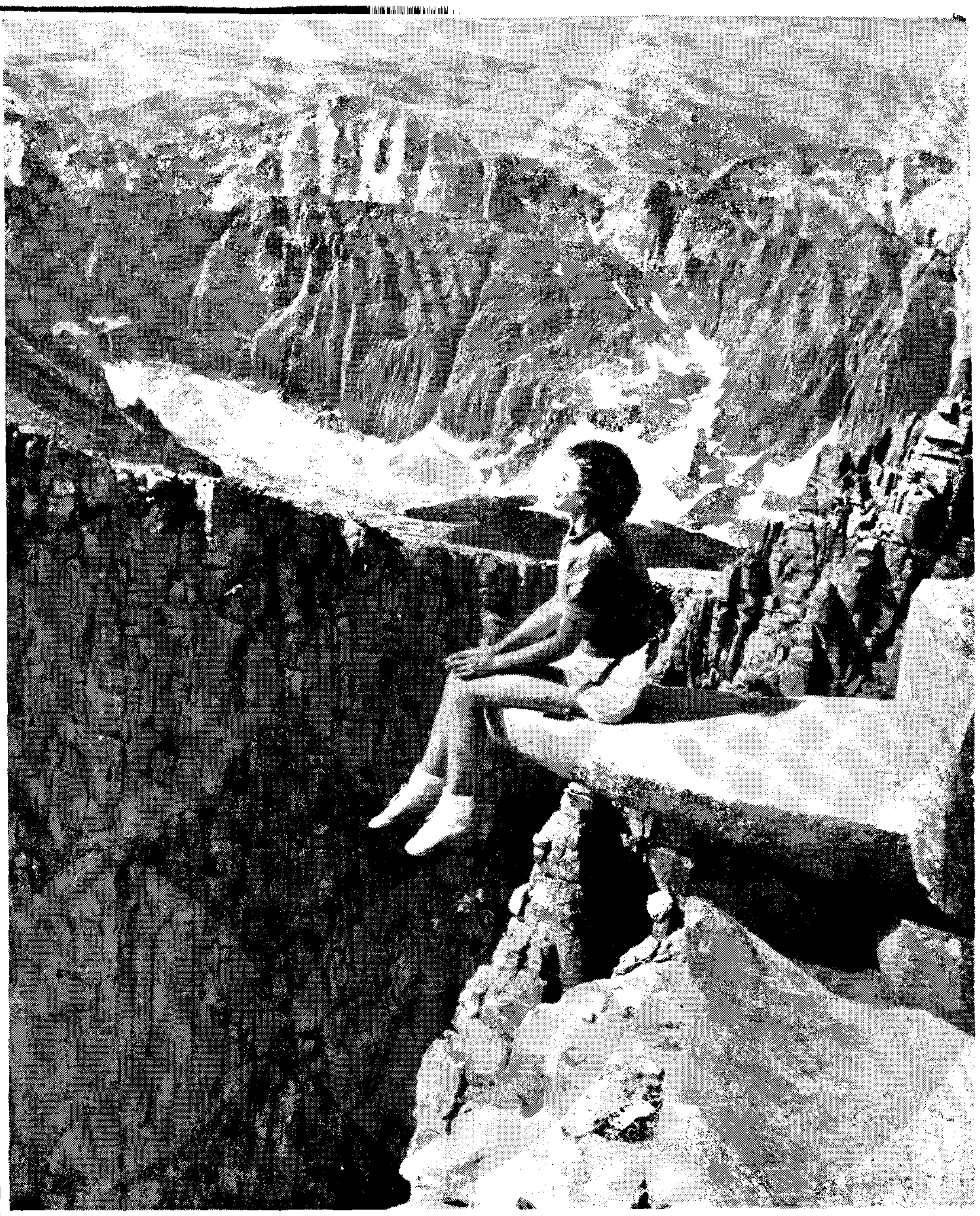
On one of Dover's main streets a *theater billboard announced* in letters a foot high that Denise Vane could be seen inside in "fan and acrobatic dances and poses." Underneath in smaller type were billed Al, Max and Annette, "Spitfires of Comedy." Beside this poster was another announcing a recent American movie.

But there's another Dover—one of entire streets of blasted houses, smashed roofs and charred shells of buildings. The esplanade along the short arc of beach, where middle-class English folks strolled under the sunshine on week ends, is deserted. The hotels that line it are closed, their neon lights out, their "bed and breakfast" signs askew. A few cats sun themselves there now. In a window is a canary in a cage, kept there by one stubborn householder who even has his brass door knocker shined and front steps scrubbed.

When Winston Churchill says that all England will fight against an invader he *knows what he's talking about.* They'll fight in Dover . . . There's a normally peaceable old lady who waits for the Germans with bottles of vitriol which she intends to pitch at them as they skulk beneath her window. There's another who keeps pots and pans of water boiling with which to annoy the Nazis. A girl has armed herself with a sling-shot—catapult in England—and is considering poisoned darts. Around Hell's Corner and elsewhere in England, people are sharpening up knives and oiling old horse pistols. Others have stores of ground glass and arsenic and plans for using them.

In Paris last spring there wasn't much will among Frenchmen to fight. In Dover this spring, it's a different story.

Dover has taken it—and Dover is ready to dish it out. ★★★



Is there a stick-in-the-mud in the Audience?

Each of us has one life. But how many of us do the things with it that we'd planned? The fine dreams, the romantic excursions get put off. The dull, humdrum things get done.

How about reversing the trend this summer? Make that "someday" Southern California trip *this* year. This year when you need it most, and while you know you can.

Cool white beaches, tall mountains, scenic drives...fiestas, Missions, horse racing, foreign colonies, interesting industries (oil, oranges, movies, airplanes)...the enchanting after-dark atmosphere of a world entertainment center ...the bright rainless days, the cool star-filled nights–memories you'll keep all your life.

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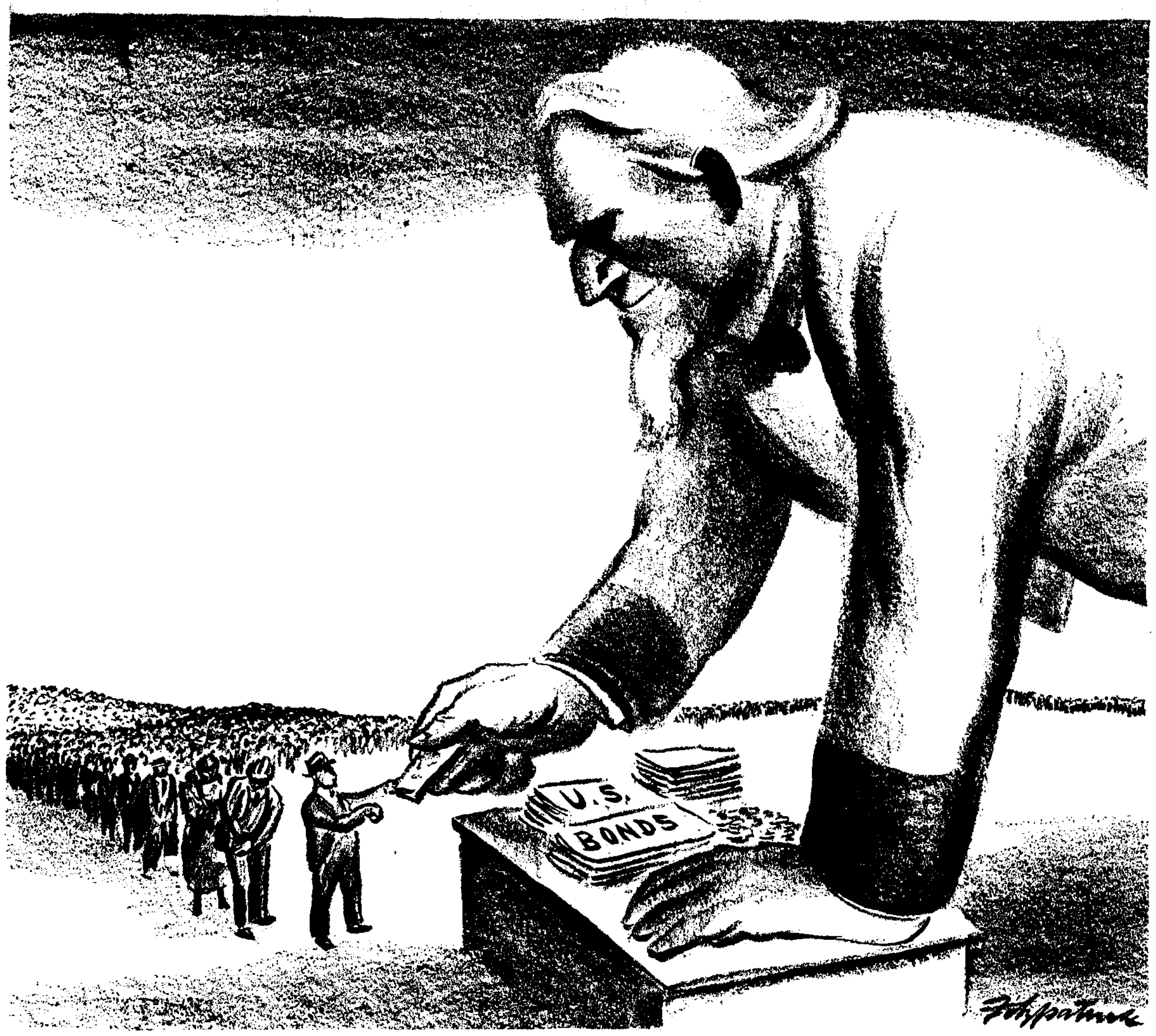


BETTER BUY SOME BONDS

WE HOPE Americans will buy the current and forthcoming defense bonds as copiously, and then some, as they bought Liberty and Victory bonds in World War times. Uncle Sam raised almost 21½ billions by that route in two years of that era.

The current defense bonds are the so-called "baby bonds," which cost $18.75 apiece, and will bring you $25 at the end of ten years, or 2.9% a year. That isn't wildcat interest; but few other investments and almost no savings banks are paying any better nowadays.

Still to be worked out at this writing are the features of the forthcoming defense bonds, in larger denominations. It's safe to assume that they will have one or more substantial attractions—maybe some sliding-scale redemption plan, maybe semiannual interest coupons to make them work like annuities.

Unless our government itself goes broke or is licked in some war, in which case we'll all sink together into some kind of vassalage, these bonds are sound investments. For several reasons they are especially meritorious and patriotic investments at this time.

From your own selfish point of view they have two outstanding advantages. For one, regular and aggressive investment in government bonds is one of the best known ways of building up an annuity for yourself and dependents. Anybody is the better off with an annuity, large or small. Not too many of us, even in this heavily insured country, own or are buying annuities.

For another thing, by putting what money you can into government bonds at this time, you take out what insurance you can against runaway price inflation. By pooling billions in loans to the government for purchases of arms and war materials and aid to Britain, we necessarily cut down consumer demand for various goods. The prices of these goods might skyrocket if both the government and private consumers were scrambling for them at the same time. Thus we should be able to keep the defense spending boom under control, and also cushion the depression that will probably come thereafter.

From the larger point of view, it is high patriotism to loan what money you can to the government for the greatest arms program it ever has undertaken, and for aid to Britain.

We're especially pleased that sundry trimmings of the old Liberty Loan drives are to be among the missing this time—four-minute speakers and kindred pep peddlers, assorted tricks to shame or browbeat people into buying defense bonds, challenges to aliens or their descendants to "prove their patriotism" by buying more bonds than they can afford, and so on.

Certainly on the face of things the defense bond issues should sell fast and heavily. This country has about $60,000,000,000 in savings-bank deposits alone. It's time for a lot of our idle or semi-idle jack to put on its working clothes for the national defense. Bigger and better oversubscriptions to you, Mr. Morgenthau.

SHOULD VALTIN GET THE BOOT?

THE book season's hottest shocker is Out of the Night, by Jan Valtin—real name, Richard Julius Herman Krebs. Krebs claims to have double-crossed the Russian Communist and German National Socialist parties and lived to tell about it for 800 or so lurid pages.

Because Krebs admits having entered this country illegally and having once been a Communist, he is threatened with deportation under existing immigration laws. That would mean a trip back to his old acquaintances of the German Gestapo, who would dearly love to lay hands, truncheons, rubber hoses and pistol butts, if not a rifle sights, on Krebs.

We hope the Department of Justice will find ways of letting Krebs stay here; or that Congress will if the Attorney General can't. After all, Krebs-Valtin has performed a public service and given democracy an intellectual weapon.

Then, too, there are about 8,000 other deportable aliens dangling around in this country, of whom Attorney General Jackson says 6,000 can't be sent back to their native lands because Hitler or Stalin has gobbled up those lands. The whole situation seems to us to call for some changes in the immigration laws to fit changed times—and to fit the ancient American pride in this country as a haven for victims of tyranny everywhere.

POSTWAR ENGLAND POSTWAR AMERICA

LORD BEAVERBROOK is the latest eminent Englishman to express the hope that the United States and Great Britain may get together after the war in some kind of alliance, confederation or federal union.

Beaverbrook is no hereditary lordling with a vague notion that the United States is some kind of British empire appendage. He's the first of the Barons Beaverbrook; and he got that way largely by hacking out a flock of big, early successes in Canada, where he learned a great deal at firsthand of the United States, its problems and its prejudices.

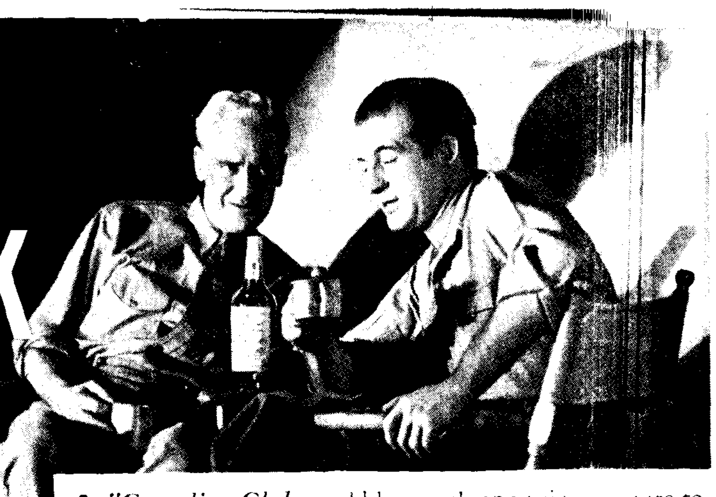
Just now it seems impossible that anything positive can be done toward any British-American tie-up before this war ends. We do think, though, that something in a negative but important way could be done. We could all of us, in both the United States and the British empire, resolve to keep open minds on the question until full debate on it can be had in a nonwar atmosphere.

People who now are ruling out the idea in loud, perish-the-thought tones are merely locking their minds against reasonable arguments in later and (we hope, we hope) more reasonable times.

A day may come when it will be the most obvious common sense, or an absolute necessity, or a gilt-edged piece of mutual life insurance, for the British empire and the United States to team up. Or a day may come when such a union will be even more dangerous and ridiculous than its worst foes are calling it now.

But nobody now knows which of those days is coming. Why can't we cross this bridge when we get to it, and in the meantime refrain from shooting holes in the bridge?

AIR ATTACK OVER LAKHIMPUR



1. "*Canadian Club* would be worth any price you care to ask," said the letter from Rangoon, "but one time I nearly paid with my life to get some of it. We were on a photographing trip in Burma when we spotted the eyrie of some golden eagles high on a cliff. I was offered a case of Canadian Club if I could get an egg and bring it safely down to camp.

2. "*I'd been singing* the praises of this distinctive whisky in camp the night before; so I took the dare. After a hazardous climb, I reached the nest. There were no eggs, just a lone eaglet—so I snapped some shots of him. They were the most exciting pictures I ever took—and almost the last.

3. "I *had just* set my lens for a final close-up when there was a rush of wings, and around the cliff flashed 'the old man.' He dropped with the speed of a Spitfire! ...Startled, I teetered backward...for a sickening second I hung over space...then caught myself by an overhead branch. When I reached camp they had a drink of Canadian Club waiting for me—and this grand whisky never tasted better to *anyone* than it did to me then!"

CHANGE TODAY, AS THOUSANDS HAVE

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WHY do *twice* as many Americans now drink Canadian Club as did a few years ago? Why have they changed to this rare, imported whisky?

The answer is in Canadian Club's utterly *distinctive* flavor—its all-round agreeable nature—that surprises and delights *all* tastes. Men themselves say Canadian Club is "*light* as Scotch," "*rich* as rye," "*satisfying* as bourbon." Yet it has a delicious flavor all its own.

In Scotland, as in U. S. A., Canadian Club is the leading imported whisky. It is a favorite in 87 lands. Discover why, for yourself. Just try this unusual whisky in your usual drink, and taste the pleasing difference. Start to enjoy Canadian Club today! Canadian Club Blended Canadian Whisky. 6 years old. 90.4 proof. Imported by Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Illinois.

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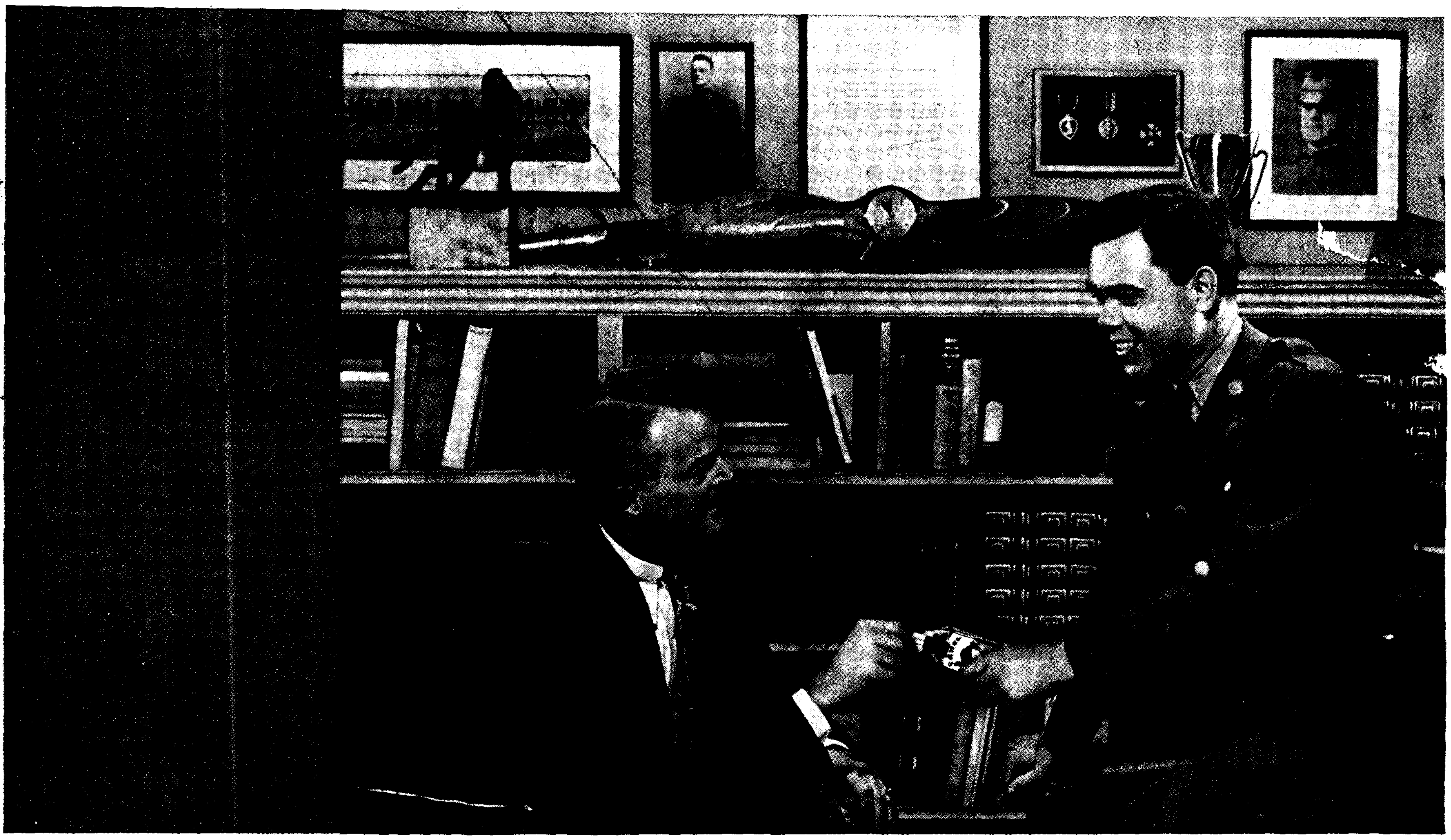


DAD ought to know. Look at the wall behind him — *his* personal military history. Gleaming sword. Photo of the troop. Dad by himself, very straight and proud in his old-style choker-collar blouse, Sam Browne belt, and second "looie's" gold bars. And his decorations — the Order of the Purple Heart, Victory Medal, Croix de Guerre *with* palm.

"You savvy quick, soldier," he says to his son as that chip off the old block in the new uniform proffers Camels. "These were practically 'regulation' cigarettes with the army men I knew. Lots of other things seem to have changed, but *not* a soldier's 'smokin's.'"

Right! Today, and for more than 20 years, reports from Army Post Exchanges show that Camels are the favorite. And in Navy canteens, too, Camel is the leader.

• • •

Just seems that Camels click with more people than any other cigarette — whether they're wearing O.D., blues, or civvies.

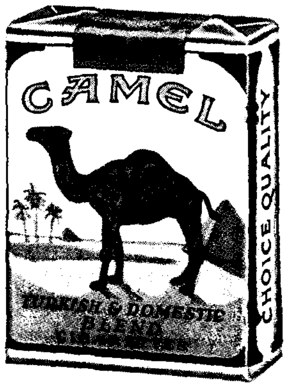
You'll savvy, too — and quick — with your first puff of a slower-burning Camel with its extra mildness, extra coolness, and extra flavor, why it's the "front-line" cigarette — past, present, and future!

THE SMOKE OF SLOWER-BURNING CAMELS GIVES YOU EXTRA MILDNESS, EXTRA COOLNESS, EXTRA FLAVOR AND 28% LESS NICOTINE

than the average of the 4 other largest-selling cigarettes tested — less than any of them — according to independent scientific tests *of the smoke itself*

● What cigarette are you smoking now? The odds are that it's one of those included in the famous "nicotine-in-the-smoke" laboratory test. Camels, and four other largest-selling brands, were analyzed and compared...over and over again...for nicotine content *in the smoke itself!* And when all is said and done, the thing that interests you in a cigarette is *the smoke.* **YES, SIR, THE SMOKE'S THE THING! SMOKE CAMELS!**

CAMEL THE CIGARETTE OF COSTLIER TOBACCOS



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